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HISPANIC NOTES
& MONOGRAPHS

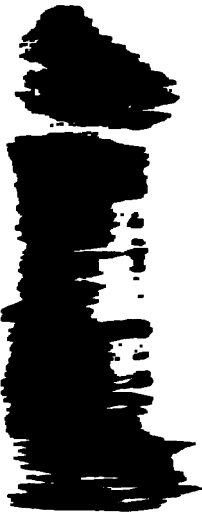


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4

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6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

HISPANIC

NOTES & MONOGRAPHS

ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF
BIOGRAPHIES ISSUED BY THE
HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

PENINSULAR SERIES

IV





*From the "Retrato perdido" in The Royal Academy
of Spain*

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

RECEIVED

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HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

POEMS TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY
ENGLISH AND NORTH AMERICAN POETS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS WALSH, Ph.D., Litt.D.

Corresponding Member of the *Real Academia*
Sevillana de Buenas Letras, of the *Academia*
Colombiana and the Hispanic Society
of America



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To the memory

OF

JOYCE KILMER

POET AND HERO, WHO EARNED A GLORIOUS

GRAVE NEAR THE RIVER OURCQ,

JULY 30, 1918,—

MY FRIEND.

iv	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY
IV	AN

vi	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY
	<p>affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north. It should perhaps be stated that, in the desire that this offering should be recognized as essentially a northern tribute, the editor has with reluctance omitted many able translations by Hispanic-Americans whose work, for the present at least, must be left to the more casual page of the periodical.</p> <p>The <i>Hispanic Anthology</i> is also offered in the belief that it will greatly facilitate the work of the writer or lecturer on Spanish poetry who, hitherto, has been handicapped by the great difficulty in obtaining English versions adequate to illustrate his theme. To him, as to the student and general reader, the chronological arrangement of the material—the amount of which is surprising—and the bibliographical notes, which in many cases are the result of very considerable research, should prove extremely useful. Particularly is this true in the case of the more recent poets concerning whom accurate information is both scarce</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FOREWORD	vii
<p>and remote. In the matter of selection, a comparison of this work with the best of the Spanish <i>Parnasos</i> and Hispanic-American <i>Antologías</i> will show that the editor has not differed greatly from the opinions of the original critics.</p> <p>The writer's thanks are due to all those who have so graciously permitted their versions to be included in this collection—notably, Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, Mr. William G. Williams, Mr. Alfred Coester, Mr. E. C. Hills, Mr. John Pierrepont Rice, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Miss Lilian E. Elliott, and Miss Muna Lee.</p> <p>THOMAS WALSH.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

viii	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

THE TRANSLATORS	ix
<p>THE TRANSLATORS</p> <p>LEONARD BACON ALICE STONE BLACKWELL JOHN BOWRING WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT J. H. BURTON LORD BYRON</p> <p>JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE ALFRED COESTER</p> <p>L. E. ELLIOTT</p> <p>EDWARD FITZGERALD JAMES ELROY FLECKER</p> <p>RICHARD GARNETT JAMES YOUNG GIBSON RODERICK GILL JORGE GODOY PETER GOLDSMITH EDMOND GOSSE</p> <p>JOHN HAY</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

x	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY
	<p>FELICIA HEMANS ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS</p> <p>JAMES KENNEDY</p> <p>MUNA LEE J. G. LOCKHART HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW ERNEST F. LUCAS</p> <p>JOHN MASEFIELD P. MOTTEUX</p> <p>THOMAS PERCY</p> <p>JOHN PIERREPONT RICE THOMAS ROSCOE R. SELDEN ROSE</p> <p>ROBERT SOUTHEY GARRET STRANGE ARTHUR SYMONS</p> <p>GEORGE TICKNOR R. C. TRENCH</p> <p>THOMAS WALSH J. H. WIFFEN WILLIAM G. WILLIAMS</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ILLUSTRATIONS	xi
<p style="text-align: center;">ILLUSTRATIONS</p> <p style="text-align: right;">PAGE</p>	
CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE	
<i>(Photogravure)</i> . . . <i>Frontispiece</i>	
VEGA, GARCILASSO DE LA . . .	155
SAINT TERESA . . .	167
CAMOËNS, LUIS VAZ DE . . .	179
FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN . . .	189
ALCÁZAR, BALTASAR DEL . . .	213
ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA, ALONSO DE . .	220
HERRERA, FERNANDO DE . . .	227
S. JOHN OF THE CROSS . . .	245
ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA, LUIS DE . .	267
<i>(Photogravure)</i>	
VEGA CARPIO, LOPE FELIX DE . .	279
ARGENSOLA, BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE	285
CARO, RODRIGO . . .	298
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

xii	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY
	<div> <div>PAGE</div> <div>FRAY HORTENSIO: FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA 307</div> <div>QUEVEDO VILLEGAS, FRANCISCO DE . 311 (<i>Photogravure</i>)</div> <div>CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, PEDRO . 332</div> <div>GRACIÁN Y MORALES, BALTASAR . 340</div> <div>SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ . 356</div> <div>FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, LEANDRO . 375</div> <div>HEREDIA, JOSÉ MARÍA DE . . . 404</div> <div>ESPRONCEDA, JOSÉ DE 420</div> <div>ZORILLA, JOSÉ 438</div> <div>CAMPOAMOR, RAMÓN DE 445</div> <div>NÚÑEZ DE ARCE, GASPAR ESTEBAN . 485</div> <div>CASTRO, ROSALÍA DE 503</div> <div>MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, MARCELINO . 546</div> <div>CASAL, JULIÁN DEL 565</div> <div>DARÍO, RUBÉN 594</div> <div>NERVO, AMADO 627</div> </div>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY	I
HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

2	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	3
<p data-bbox="410 482 575 505">ANONYMOUS</p> <p data-bbox="357 540 629 563">THE LAY OF THE CID</p> <p data-bbox="267 589 715 720"> <i>THE Poema del Cid</i> was composed about the year 1150. It is a contemporary record of the national peculiarities of Spanish chivalry. It was first published by Sánchez (Madrid, 1779). </p> <p data-bbox="486 759 494 774">I</p> <p data-bbox="267 813 715 1098"> He turned and looked upon them, and he wept very sore As he saw the yawning gateway and the hasps wrenched off the door, And the pegs whereon no mantle nor coat of vair there hung. There perched no moulting goshawk, and there no falcon swung. My lord the Cid sighed deeply, such grief was in his heart, </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

4	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And he spake well and wisely: "Oh Thou in Heaven that art Our Father and our Master, now I give thanks to Thee. Of their wickedness my foemen have done this thing to me."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Then they shook out the bridle rein further to ride afar. They had the crow on their right hand as they issued from Bivar, And as they entered Burgos upon their left it sped. And the Cid shrugged his shoulders, and the Cid shook his head: "Good tidings, Alvar Fañez ! We are ban- ished from our weal, But on a day with honor shall we come unto Castile."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>Roy Diaz entered Burgos with sixty pen- nons strong,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	5
<p>And forth to look upon him did the men and women throng. And with their wives the townsmen at the windows stood hard by, And they wept in lamentation, their grief was risen so high. As with one mouth together they spake with one accord: "God, what a noble vassal, an he had a worthy lord."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>Fain had they made him welcome, but none dared do the thing For fear of Don Alfonso, and the fury of the King. His mandate unto Burgos came ere the evening fell. With utmost care they brought it and it was sealéd well; "That no man to Roy Diaz give shelter now, take heed, And if one give him shelter, let him know, in very deed,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

6	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>He shall lose his whole possession, nay! the eyes within his head. Nor shall his soul and body be found in better stead."</p> <p>Great sorrow had the Christians, and from his face they hid. Was none dared aught to utter unto my lord the Cid. Then the Campeador departed unto his lodging straight. But when he was come hither, they had locked and barred the gate. In their fear of Don Alfonso had they done even so. An the Cid forced not his entrance, neither for weal or woe, Durst they open it unto him. Loudly his men did call. Nothing thereto in answer said the folk within the hall. My lord the Cid spurred onward, to the doorway did he go. He drew his foot from the stirrup, he smote the door one blow. Yet the door would not open, for they had barred it fast.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	7
<p data-bbox="487 346 499 369">5</p> <p data-bbox="269 400 717 1101"> But a maiden of nine summers came unto him at last "Campeador in happy hour thou girdedst on the sword. 'Tis the King's will. Yestereven came the mandate of our lord. With utmost care they brought it, and it was sealed with care; None to ope to you or greet you for any cause shall dare. And if we do, we forfeit houses and lands instead. Nay, we shall lose moreover, the eyes with- in the head. And, Cid, with our misfortunes, naught whatever dost thou gain. But may God with all his power support thee in thy pain." So spake the child and turned away. Unto her home went she. That he lacked the King's favor now well the Cid might see. He left the door; forth onward he spurred through Burgos town. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

8	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>When he had reached Saint Mary's, then he got swiftly down. He fell upon his knees and prayed with a true heart indeed: And when his prayer was over, he mounted on the steed. Forth from the gate and over the Arlanzon he went. There in the sand by Burgos, the Cid let pitch his tent. Roy Diaz, who in happy hour had girded on the brand, Since none at home would greet him, en- camped there on the sand With a good squadron, camping as if with- in the wood. They will not let him in Burgos buy any kind of food,— Provender for a single day they dared not to him sell.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6</p> <p>Then said the Cid, who in good hour had girded on the steel:</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	9
<p> "Oh Martin Antolinez, thou art a good lance and leal. And if I live, hereafter I shall pay thee double rent, But gone is all my silver, and all my gold is spent, And well enough thou seest that I bring naught with me And many things are needful for my good company. Since by favor I win nothing, by might then must I gain. I desire by thy counsel to get ready coffers twain. With the sand let us fill them, to lift a burden sore, And cover them with stamped leather with nails well studded o'er. </p> <p style="text-align: center;">7</p> <p> Ruddy shall be the leather, well gilded every nail. In my behalf do thou hasten to Vidas and Raqué. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

10	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Since in Burgos they forbade me aught to purchase, and the King Withdraws his favor, unto them my goods I cannot bring. They are heavy, and I must pawn them for whatso'er is right. That Christians may not see it, let them come for them by night. May the Creator judge it and of all the Saints the choir. I can no more, and I do it against my own desire."</p> <p>8</p> <p>Martin stayed not. Through Burgos he hastened forth and came To the Castle. Vidas and Raqué! he de- manded them by name.</p> <p>9</p> <p>Raquél and Vidas sate to count their goods and profits through When up came Antolinez the prudent man and true.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	II
<p> "How now Raquéel and Vidas, am I dear unto your heart? I would speak close." They tarried not. All three they went apart. "Give me, Raquéel and Vidas, your hands for promise sure, That you will not betray me to Christian or to Moor. I shall make you rich forever. You shall ne'er be needy more. When to gather in the taxes went forth the Campeador, Many rich goods he garnered, but he only kept the best. Therefore this accusation against him was addressed. And now two mighty coffers full of pure gold hath he. Why he lost the King's favor a man may lightly see. He has left his halls and houses, his meadow and his field, And the chests he cannot bring you lest he should stand revealed. The Campeador those coffers will deliver to your trust </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

12	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And do you lend unto him whatever may be just.</p> <p>Do you take the chests and keep them but swear a great oath here</p> <p>That you will not look within them for the space of all this year."</p> <p>The two took counsel: "Something to our profit must inure</p> <p>In all barter. He gained something in the country of the Moor</p> <p>When he marched there, for many goods he brought with him away.</p> <p>But he sleeps not unsuspected, who brings coinéd gold to pay.</p> <p>Let the two of us together take now the coffers twain.</p> <p>In some place let us put them where unseen they shall remain.</p> <p>"What the lord Cid demanded, we, prithe, let us hear,</p> <p>And what will be our usury for the space of all this year?"</p> <p>Said Martin Antolinez like a prudent man and true:</p> <p>"Whatever you deem right and just the Cid desires of you.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	13
<p>He will ask little since his goods are left in a safe place.</p> <p>But needy men on all sides beseech the Cid for grace.</p> <p>For six hundred marks of money the Cid is sore bested."</p> <p>"We shall give them to him gladly," Ra- quél and Vidas said.</p> <p>"'Tis night. The Cid is sorely pressed. So give the marks to us."</p> <p>Answered Raquél and Vidas: "Men do not traffic thus;</p> <p>But first they take their surety and there- after give the fee."</p> <p>Said Martin Antolinez: "So be it as for me.</p> <p>Come ye to the great Campeador for 'tis but just and fair</p> <p>That we should help you with the chests, and put them in your care,</p> <p>So that neither Moor nor Christian thereof shall hear the tale."</p> <p>"Therewith are we right well content," said Vidas and Raquél,</p> <p>"You shall have the marks six hundred when we bring the chests again."</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

14	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And Martin Antolinez rode swiftly with the twain.</p> <p>And they were glad exceeding. O'er the bridge he did not go, But through the stream, that never a Burgalese should know Through him thereof. And now behold the Campeador his tent.</p> <p>When they therein had entered to kiss his hands they bent.</p> <p>My lord the Cid smiled on them and unto them said he;</p> <p>"Ha, Don Raqué! and Vidas, you have forgotten me!</p> <p>And now must I go hence away who am banished in disgrace, For the King from me in anger hath turned away his face.</p> <p>I deem that from my chattels you shall gain somewhat of worth, And you shall lack for nothing while you dwell upon the earth."</p> <p>At the loading of the coffers you had seen great joy of heart.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	15
<p>For they could not heave the great chests up though they stark and hale; Dear was the melted metal to Vidas and Raqué. And they would be rich forever till their two lives were o'er.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">10</p> <p>The hand of my good lord the Cid, Raqué had kissed once more: "Ha! Campeador, in happy hour thou girdedst on the brand. Forth from Castile thou goest to the men of a strange land. Such is become thy fortune and great thy gain shall be— Ah, Cid, I kiss thine hands again—but make a gift to me; Bring me a Moorish mantle splendidly wrought and red." "So be it. It is granted," the Cid in an- swer said,—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

"If from abroad I bring it, well doth **the**
matter stand;
If not, take it from the coffers I leave **here**
in your hand."

—*R. Seldon Rose and Leonard Bacon.*

ANONYMOUS	17
<p data-bbox="368 520 583 543" style="text-align: center;"><i>RAZÓN DE AMOR</i></p> <p data-bbox="250 566 701 720">AMONG the <i>Textes castillans inédits du XIII siècle</i> (Romania, 1887, vol. xvi, pp. 368-373), M. Alfred Morel-Fatio published this poem for the first time. The name of Lope de Moros is signed to the MS, but he is conjectured to be merely the copyist.</p> <p data-bbox="250 743 625 1036"> For the heart with care o'erflowing, Here's a story that is showing An adventure fine and free All of love and melody. 'Twas a scholar made its rhymes (He was squire of dames betimes) Who in Germany and France Had his training for romance, But in Lombardy was long To learn courtesy in song. </p> <p data-bbox="250 1079 583 1102">All in the month of April sweet</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

In an olive grove I made retreat,
My dinner done, where the branches meet;
And a cup of wine mine eyes did greet
In the cooling shade of an apple-tree
Full and ruddy as wine can be.
It had been placed by a lady fair
Who was mistress of the orchards there,
For on him she loved her mind would think,
When he came that way he would stop and
drink,
He would quaff it down in a fashion meet
Whenever he loitered there to eat,
And thus refreshed would remain always
Strong and healthy through all his days.
Higher up on the apple bough
Another cup caught my vision now,
Full to the brim of the water clear
That oozed from the dewy branches near.
I would have tasted its liquor pure
But I feared in it enchantment sure,
So I laid my head to the verdant sward
Where a midday rest I might afford,
And the heat of the day was burning so
I stripped my clothing from head to toe,
And slipped in the spring that flowed
thereby—

Never the like hath met your eye!—
So fresh it was, and healthful too,
In the chill of its waters through and
through.

A step in its depths from off the shore
And you felt the heat of the day no more.
Every herb of odorous air
Was breathing fresh on its margin fair;
The salvia likewise and the rose,
With the lily and the violet close,
And numerous herbs in row on row
Whose very names I do not know;
But such a perfume from all was shed
It was sweet enough to rouse the dead.
I took a sup of the water then
And felt my body cool again;
And in my hand I took a flower,
To wit, the worthiest in that bower,
Prepared to sing of love's fond hour,—
When suddenly a damsel came—
Never in life have you seen the same—
So white, so blushing red was she;
Her short hair round her ears blown free,
Her forehead white and passing fair,
And face as sweet as an apple rare.
Her nose so straight and finely turned,—

20	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Ne'er such another have you discerned!— Her eyes of midnight shining clear; Her lovely lips where white teeth appear 'Twixt the ruby smiles so full and free— Perfection's self, so it seemed to me!— Her girdle broad and measured well To a graceful line about her fell, Her cloak and gown were of nothing less Than samite white, her form to dress; The little hat upon her head 'Gainst the midday heats was garlanded; And you would have known by the gloves she wore No peasant maid was she who bore. The flowers bent down before her feet As she walked along, while her lips repeat This song of love:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>"O friend of mine, Would that my arms could always twine About you here in love, and know The sweets of loving forever so! For you are a scholar as you show, And for this I hold you far more dear. Never a man did I ever hear</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS

21

*To boast of such love as my heart makes clear.
I had rather my love with you to share
Than the diadem of Spain to wear.
There's but one care upon my heart
And dread lest some mischance may start;
For they say that another lady bright
In beauty and goodness claims a right
Upon your love, and with such a call
That despite shall ruin her mind in all;
And for her my fear is very great,
Lest your love for me she may abate.
But now that you behold me well,
Lover and loved, let us faithful dwell!"*

The while the lady reasoned so,
I saw she did not turn to go;
That, though she knew me not for long,
She did not fear my passion strong.
That day I was no peasant boor;
I rose and took her fingers pure,
And arm in arm we settled down
In the shade of the olive branches brown.
And I said to her: "My lady, say,
Have you known no love until today?"—
She answered,—“Truly with love I glow,
And little about my squire I know;

AND ' MONOGRAPHS

IV

22	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>But I should bid his messenger hear, That I know he's a cleric, not cavalier; That he reads and writes and sings full clear, That he follows the troubadour's career. I know, as well, that his birth is fair And the first of his youthful beard is there." "For God's sake, lady, say to me What gifts hath he sent in courtesy?"— "These perfumed gloves, this hat, he sent, This ring, this coral ornament; And for his love they are the sign Of the love I bear this sweet friend of mine." There I, in truth, the trinkets knew That I had sent! and to her view The little sash I wore, displayed With the broderies her hands had made. She doffed her shoulder mantle bright, She kissed my mouth and eyelids right, And such delight she took of me That I cannot give the history. "Lord God be praised that here below My lover dear so well I know!"— Full long, full long, we tarried there, When came the thought unto my fair, And she explained,—“My Master sweet, If you should deem it more discreet,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS

23

'Twill not displease you should I go—"
 And I to her—"My heart shall show
 That it is faithful evermore,
 And prouder than an emperor."—
 And so alone my lady went,
 Leaving me to my discontent,
 For hardly had she passed the gate
 When my heart like death grew desolate.
 I tried to lay me down to sleep,
 But a tiny dove came there to peep;
 As white as any snowflake blown
 Across the garden it flew alone,
 And unto the pool it took its way
 Where suddenly it saw me laid,
 And it turned away in trouble great
 Into the orchard of pomegranate.
 Now there was fastened a cup of gold
 That its little feet could scarce uphold,
 But into the pool it bore its weight
 Where I lay in the shade of the pome-
 granate.
 And when the golden cup was filled
 And unto its very depths was chilled,
 In sign that the feast was at an end
 The water and wine it made to blend.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

24	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="506 455 799 478">GONZALO DE BERCEO</p> <p data-bbox="588 486 716 509">(1180-1246)</p> <p data-bbox="506 532 799 555">THE PRAISE OF SPRING</p> <p data-bbox="491 574 813 597">(From <i>The Miracles of our Lady</i>)</p> <p data-bbox="428 625 879 859">GONZALO DE BERCEO was born at Berceo. Little is known of the events of his life, except that he was a priest of the Benedictine Monastery of San Millán in the diocese of Calahorra. His poems, for the most part devotional, were edited by Florencio Janer (<i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i>, vol. lvii). There is an edition of the <i>Vida de Santo Domingo</i> by J. D. Fitzgerald (Paris, 1904).</p> <p data-bbox="428 882 879 1113">I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle summertide, Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side; All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide,— A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveler might abide.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all
the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but
stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose
waters pure and fair,
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm
in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees,
amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear
and apple seen;
And other fruits of various kinds, the
tufted leaves between,
None were unpleasant to the taste and
none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor
of the flowers
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered
with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the
sultry noontide hours;
Oh, one might live upon the balm and
fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had
 such power to please,
 Such shadows from the summer sun, such
 odors on the breeze;
 I threw my mantle on the ground, that I
 might rest at ease,
 And stretched upon the greensward lay
 in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares
 beside me flung,
 I heard the soft and mellow notes that
 through the woodland rung;
 Ear never listened to a strain, for instru-
 ment or tongue,
 So mellow and harmonious as the songs
 above me sung.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

CÁNTICA OF THE VIRGIN

Keep watch, keep watch, keep watch,
 Keep watch on the Council of the Jew,
 Keep watch;
 That they steal not God's Son from you,
 Keep watch!

To steal Him off they are set upon;
Keep watch,
Andrew, Peter, likewise John,
Keep watch!
Lie not in your trust so long,
Keep watch,
Hearken rather to my song,
Keep watch;
All of them light robbers are,
Keep watch,
Spying you through bolt and bar,
Keep watch;
All are tricksters by the way,
Keep watch,
Ribald thief and cutpurse they,
Keep watch!
Your own words they have employed,
Keep watch,
For your overthrow deployed,
Keep watch!
You know not the deep deceit,
Keep watch,
That is waiting for your feet,
Keep watch;
You know not the reasons wise,
Keep watch,

28	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>That from His taking shall arise, Keep watch; Thomas and old Matthew too, Keep watch, They desire this theft to do, Keep watch; The disciple Him did sell, Keep watch; The Master did not deem it well, Keep watch. Don Philip, Simon, and Don Jude, Keep watch, For the stealing aids they sued, Keep watch. If they have succeeded here, Keep watch, On to-day it will appear, Keep watch.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">— <i>Roderick Gill.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE LIFE OF <i>SAN MILLÁN</i></p> <p>And when the kings were in the field,— their squadrons in array,— With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GONZALO DE BERCEO	29
<p>But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,— These were a numerous army,—a little handful those. And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty, Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on high; And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright, Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white. They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen, And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen; The one, he held a crozier,—a pontiff's mitre wore; The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before. Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,— And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way; They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

And in their hands with dire portent their
naked sabres shook.

The Christian host beholding this, straight
way take heart again;

They fall upon their bended knees,
resting on the plain,

And each one with his clenched fist to smite
his breast begins,

And promises to God on high he will
sake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew
unto the battle-ground,

They dashed among the Moors and
unerring blows around;

Such deadly havoc there they made
foremost ranks among

A panic terror spread unto the hind
the throng.

Together with these two good knights
champions of the slain

The Christians rallied
full sore and

The Moors rallied
the King

That in
deadly
sore.

HISPANIC NOT

GONZALO DE BELLI PI

The image is a high-contrast, black and white scan of a textured surface, likely the cover or endpaper of an old book. A prominent diagonal crease or fold runs from the upper left towards the lower right. The surface is covered in a dense pattern of small, dark, irregular marks and speckles, giving it a grainy, aged appearance. The lighting is uneven, with the upper right portion appearing brighter than the lower left, which is in deep shadow. The overall effect is one of extreme contrast and texture.

IV

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA

San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent
 vast and wide;
 The sea encircles it around, and groans on
 every side;
 It is a wild and dangerous place, and many
 woes betide
 The monks who in that burial place in
 penitence abide.
 Within those dark monastic walls, amid
 the ocean flood
 Of pious fasting monks there dwelt a holy
 brotherhood;
 To the Madonna's glory there an altar
 high was placed
 And a rich and costly image the sacred
 altar graced.
 Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin
 Mother smiled,
 And as the custom is, she held within her
 arms the Child;
 The kings and wisemen of the East were
 kneeling by her side;
 Attended was she like a queen whom God
 had sanctified.

.

Descending low before her face a screen of
feathers hung,—

A *moscader* or fan for flies, 'tis called in
vulgar tongue;

From the feathers of the peacock's wing
'twas fashioned bright and fair,

And glistened like the heaven above when
all its stars are there.

It chanced that for the people's sins, fell
lightning's blasting stroke;

Forth from all four sacred walls the flames
consuming broke;

The sacred robes were all consumed, missal
and holy book;

And hardly with their lives the monks
their crumbling walls forsook.

.

But though the desolating flame raged
fearfully and wild,

It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did
not reach the Child;

It did not reach the feathery screen before
her face that shone,

Nor injured in a farthing's worth the image
or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not
burn the screen;
Even in the value of a hair they were not
hurt, I ween;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor
injure more the shrine
Than the bishop, hight Don Tello, has
been hurt by hand of mine.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

ALFONSO X

(1221-1284)

CANTIGA

ALFONSO X, known as *el sabio* or "The Wise," is in a sense the father of all Spanish literature. He was not a successful ruler, but he is famous for his codes, chronicles, and didactic collections. The principal work for which he is famous is the *Cantigas de Santa María*, in the dialect of the Galician troubadours, which has been edited for the Spanish Academy (Madrid, 1889, 2 vols.), by L. A. de Coeto, the Marqués de Valmar.

Lady, for the love of God,
Have some pity upon me!
See my eyes, a river-flood
Day and night, oh, see!
Brothers, cousins, uncles, all,
Have I lost for thee;
If thou dost not me recall,
Woe is me!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

36	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="548 355 743 381">THE TREASURY</p> <p data-bbox="422 405 867 458">The strange intelligence then reached my ears</p> <p data-bbox="422 463 867 605">That in the land of Egypt lived a man, Who, wise of wit, subjected to his scan The dark occurrences of uncome years; He judged the stars, and by the moving spheres</p> <p data-bbox="422 609 867 663">And aspects of the heavens unveiled the dim</p> <p data-bbox="422 668 867 779">Face of futurity, which then to him Appeared, as clear to us the past appears. A yearning towards this sage inspired my pen</p> <p data-bbox="422 783 867 925">And tongue, that instant, with humility Descending from my height of majesty; Such mastery has a strong desire o'er men; My earnest prayers I wrote—I sent— with ten</p> <p data-bbox="422 930 867 1014">My noblest envoys, loaded each apart With gold and silver, which with all my heart</p> <p data-bbox="422 1019 867 1104">I offered him, but the request was vain. With much politeness the wise man replied, “You, sire, are a great king, and I should be</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Most glad to serve you, but in such a fee
Of gold and silver gems I take no sort of
pride;

Deign, then, yourself to use them; I abide
Content in more abundant wealth; and
may

Your treasures profit you in every way
That I can wish, your servant." I com-
plied;

But sent the stateliest of my argosies,
Which reached, and from the Alexandrian
port

Brought safe this cunning master to my
court,

Who greeted me with all kind courtesies;
I knowing well his great abilities,
And learning in the movement of the
spheres,

Have highly honored him these many
years,

For honor is the birthright of the wise.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

MOSSÉN JORDI DE SAN JORDI
(About 1250)

SONG OF CONTRARIES

Mossén Jordi de San Jordi, an elusive figure in early Spanish literary history, is confused with another figure called Jordi del Rey. Both are said to have been born either in Valencia or Catalonia about the middle of the thirteenth or fifteenth century, although the style of the present selection would seem to point to the later as the more probable date.

From day to day I learn but to unlearn,
I live to die—my pleasure is my woe;
In dreary darkness I can light discern,
Though blind, I see, and all but knowledge
know.

I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace,
Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven
I fly.

With what's behind I run an untried race

MOSSÉN JORDI	39
<p>And break from that which holds me might- ily.</p> <p>Evil I find when hurrying after bliss, Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see; All seems a dream that most substantial is, I hate myself—others are dear to me; Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void; My <i>aye</i> is <i>no</i>; truth becomes falsehood strange;</p> <p>I eat, not hungry—shift, though un- annoyed;</p> <p>Touch without hands—and sense to folly change.</p> <p>I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall, When most I seem to sink, then mount I still;</p> <p>Laughing I weep,—and waking, dreams I call;</p> <p>And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel; Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone; Losing I gain—time fleetest, slowest flows; Though free from pain, 'neath pain's attacks I groan;</p> <p>To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Anonymous.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

40	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>JUAN LORENZO SEGURA (Late thirteenth century)</p> <p>MAY</p> <p>JUAN LORENZO SEGURA, a native of Astorga, in the latter part of the thirteenth century who became an ecclesiastic—"bon clerigo é onrado"—and who left a long poem on Alexander the Great.</p> <p>It was the month of May, a glorious time, When merry music make the birds in boughs, Dressed are the meads with beauty far and wide, And sighs the ladye that has not a spouse; Tide sweet for marriages; flowers and fresh winds Temper the clime; in every village near</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Young girls in bevvies sing, and with blythe
minds

Make each to each good wishes of the
year.

Young maids and old maids, are all out of
doors,

Melting with love, to gather flowers at
rest

Of noon—they whisper each to each,
amours

Are good—and the most tender deem the
best.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

42	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>JUAN RUÍZ: Archpriest of Hita (About 1300)</p> <p>TO VENUS</p> <p>JUAN Ruíz, was the Archpriest of Hita, in the neighborhood of Guadalajara. It is conjectured that he was born in 1283. His ecclesiastical superiors found it necessary to imprison and degrade him. He is a poet of peculiarly personal character, strangely akin in spirit to the French poet François Villon. His <i>Libro de buen Amor</i> is to be found in the <i>Biblioteca de autores castellanos</i> (vol. lvii); other editions are that of J. Ducamin (Toulouse, 1901), and of Julio Cejador y Frauca (Madrid, 1913). See also <i>El Arcipreste de Hita</i> (Madrid, 1906), by Julio Puyol y Alonso.</p> <p>Of figure very graceful, with amorous look, correct, Sweet, lovely, full of frolic, mild, with mirth by prudence checked,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Caressing, courteous, lady-like, in wreathèd
smiles bedecked,
Whom every lady looks upon with love
and with respect,—
Lady Venus, wife of Love, at thy footstool
low I kneel,
Thou art the paramount desire of all, thy
force all feel.
O Love, thou art the master of all creatures;
all with zeal
Worship thee for their creator, or for sorrow
or for weal.
Kings, dukes, and noble princes, every
living thing that is
Fear and serve thee for their being; oh,
take not my vows amiss!
Fulfill my fair desires, give good fortune,
give me bliss,
And be not niggard, shy, nor harsh; sweet
Venus, grant me this!
I am so lost, so ruined, and so wounded by
thy dart,
Which I carry close concealed and buried
deep in my sad heart,
As not to dare reveal the wound; I dare
not e'er impart

Her name, ere I forget her, may I perish
 with the smart!
 I have lost my lively color, and my mind
 is in decay;
 I have neither strength nor spirits, I fall
 off both night and day;
 My eyes are dim, they serve alone to lead
 my steps astray
 If thou do not give me comfort, I shall
 swoon and pass away.

Replieth Venus::

Tell all thy feelings without fear or being
 swayed by shame,
 To every amorous-looking miss, to every
 gadding dame;
 Amongst a thousand, thou wilt scarce find
 one that e'er will blame
 Thine unembarrassed suit, nor laugh to
 scorn thy tender flame.
 If the first wave of the rough sea, when it
 comes roaring near,
 Should frighten the rude mariner, he ne'er
 would plough the clear
 With his brass-beaked ship; then ne'er
 let the first word sever

First frown, or the first repulse, affright
 thee from thy dear.

Cunning hardest hearts grow soft, walled
 cities fall; with care
 In trees are felled, grave weights are
 raised; by cunning many swear
 cunning many perjured are, and fishes
 by the snare

Are taken under the green wave; then why
 shouldst thou despair?

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

I wish to make my sermon brief,—to
 shorten my oration,—

For a never-ending sermon is my utter
 detestation;

I like short women,—suits at law without
 procrastination,—

And am always most delighted with things
 of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool
 who's always grinning

But little women love so much, one falls
 in love with sinning.

46	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning, And in the change of short for long repen- tance finds beginning.</p> <p>To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing; To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing; So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.</p> <p>They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging, They're gay and pleasant in the street,— soft, cheerful, and engaging, They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life assuaging; All this and more;—try and you'll find how true is my presaging.</p> <p>In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes! In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

So in a little woman love grows and multi-
plies;

You recollect the proverb says,—“A word
unto the Wise.”

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons
every dinner

More than all other condiments, although
'tis sprinkled thinner;

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let
you win her,—

There's not a joy in all the world you will
not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the
richest dyes,

And in a little grain of gold much price and
values lies,

As from a little balsam much odor doth
arise,

So in a little woman there's a taste of
paradise.

Even as a little ruby its secret worth be-
trays,

Color and price and virtue, in the clearness
of its rays,—

Just so a little woman much excellence
displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity
always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though
small and light of wing
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all
the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little
thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar and flowers that
bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have
many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his
little throat
A merry little songster in his green and
yellow coat;
And such a little woman is, when Love
doth make her dote.

There's nought can be compared to her,
throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest
consolation,—

So cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all
vexation;

In fine, she's better in the proot than in
anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms
decreased,

Then surely it is good to be from all the
great released.

Now of two evils choose the less—said a
wise man of the East,

By consequence, of woman-kind be sure
to choose the least.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA

(1332-1407)

SONG TO THE VIRGIN MARY

PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA was a Basque courtier in the suite of Pedro the Cruel, Henry of Trastamara, John I, and Henry III. He became Grand Chancellor of Castile in 1398. His principal work is the *Rimado de Palacio* (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. lvii). It is also to be found in a new edition edited by Albert Kuersteiner in the *Biblioteca hispánica*.

Lady, as I know thy power,
 I place my hopes in thee;
 Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
 My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thy welcome ever was most sweet
 To those who come in care;
 When from this prison I retreat,
 I'll seek thine image there.

Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower,
My pilgrim steps shall see.

In all my sorrows would I call
On thee, Sweet Advocate;
My heart adores thee more than all,
And so my sins seem great.
Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thou art the star that shows the way,
The balm that heals my wrong;
In gentleness be mine today
And lead to heaven along.
Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALVARO DE LUNA

(1388-1453)

CANCIÓN

ALVARO DE LUNA, from a mere page became Grand Constable of Castile through the favor of Juan II. He obtained unbounded power and wealth, but earned the hatred of the nobles, who procured his abandonment and execution by his King in 1453. His poems are characteristic in their frivolous, daring manner of the age in which he flourished. Some of his poetical work is to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena* (edition of P. J. Pidal, Madrid, 1851).

Since to cry
And to sigh
I ne'er cease;
And in vain
I would gain
My release;
Yet I still

ALVARO DE LUNA	53
<p> Have the will, Though I see That the way Every day Is less free. She is light And the blight Wrecks my joy; Better death Than such breath I employ! But perchance For such glance I was born; And my griet Is relief For your scorn. <i>—Thomas Walsh.</i> </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA

(1398-1458)

SERRANILLA

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA, Marqués de Santillana, the son of the Admiral of Castile and nephew of López de Ayala, was born at Carrión de los Condes. He was a skilful politician and bitterly opposed to Alvaro de Luna. He died at Guadalajara on March 25, 1458. He is remarkable for a fine classical knowledge, and for his acquaintance with all the literary forms of the Provençal and Italian schools. He is thought to have been the first to employ the sonnet form in Spain. His *Obras* were published in Madrid, 1852, edited by José Amador de los Ríos, and his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV*, collected by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc in the *Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

From Calatrava as I took my way
At holy Mary's shrine to kneel and pray,

And sleep upon my eyelids heavy lay,
There where the ground was very rough
and wild,

I lost my path and met a peasant child:
From Finojosa, with the herds around her,
There in the fields I found her.

Upon a meadow green with tender grass,
With other rustic cowherds, lad and lass,
So sweet a thing to see I watched her pass:
My eyes could scarce believe her what
they found her,
There with the herds around her.

I do not think that roses in the Spring
Are half so lovely in their fashioning:
My heart must needs avow this secret thing,
That had I known her first as then I
found her,
From Finojosa, with the herds around her,
I had not strayed so far her face to see
That it might rob me of my liberty.

I questioned her, to know what she might
say:
"Has she of Finojosa passed this way?"

56	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>She smiled and answered me: "In vain you sue, Full well my heart discerns the hope in you: But she of whom you speak, and have not found her. Her heart is free, no thought of love has bound her, Here with the herds around her." —<i>John Pierrepont Rice.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">CANCIÓN</p> <p>Whether you love me I cannot tell. But that I love you, This I know well.</p> <p>You and none other Hold I so dear. This shall be always, Year upon year.</p> <p>When first I saw you, So it befell. I gave you all things— This I know well.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Myself I gave you
Ever in fee.
Doubt then of all things
But doubt not me.

Since first I saw you,
Under your spell,
All my wits wander,
This I know well.

Still have I loved you,
Still shall I love,
Love you and serve you
All things above.

Her I have chosen
None doth excel.
Trust me, I feign not,
This I know well.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ANONYMOUS
(Fifteenth century)

VILLANCICO

THIS *Villancico* is a remarkable little poem found in the *Cancionero musical de los siglos XV y XVI*, published by F. Asenjo Barbieri (Madrid, 1890, no. 17, p. 62).

Three dark maids,—I loved them when
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

Three dark maids who went together
Picking olives in clear weather,
My, but they were in fine feather
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien!—

There the harvests they collected,
Turning home with hearts dejected,
Haggard where the sun reflected
In Jaën,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien—

ANONYMOUS	59
<p>Three dark Moors so lovely they— Three dark Moors so lovely, they Plucked the apples on that day Near Jaën,— Axa, Fátima, Marien. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>THE BLACK GLOVE</p> <p>From the <i>Cancionero general</i></p> <p>Glove of black in white hand bare, And about her forehead pale Wound a thin transparent veil That doth not conceal her hair. Sovereign attitude and air, Cheek and neck alike displayed, With coquettish charms arrayed, Laughing eyes and fugitive;— This is killing men that live, 'Tis not mourning for the dead. —<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

60	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL (Early fifteenth century)</p> <p><i>DEZIR</i></p> <p>MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL was the son of a Genoese jeweller settled in Seville. He is important as the first poet in Spanish to imitate the poems of Dante in their allegorical style. Thirteen of his poems are to be found in the <i>Cancionero de Baena</i>.</p> <p>Passing on no vain journey was I upon the day On Guadalquiver's bridge I went with footsteps free Unto the fair encounter that thereon came to me, Where by the River's reaches, as old Triana lay, The lovely star Diana her beauty did display; Upon that May day early, hard at the break of morn</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The Feast of holy pilgrimages to adorn,—
To Santa Ana, all the praises due, I pay!—

And there my colors for to show, I chose
the flower

Of jasmine delicate and rare; the rose in
bloom

Fresh from its garden breathing rarest of
perfume;

And then the fleur-de-lis from the meadow
bower.

Their gracious hues and honest smiled so
upon that hour

They brought to mind the messenger of
angel face

Who came old time and murmured "Hail,
Thou full of Grace,"

Descending out of Paradise to speak its
power.

Hushed be the poets all, and authors wise
as well,

Homer, Horace, Vergil, Dante, and he too,
That Ovid to whose pen *The Art of Love* is due,
And all who e'er have written the praise
of lords to tell;

For she is as the moon in the stars' citadel,
When her with other women one started to
compare,—

A shining flame amid the brightest planets
there—

A rose among the flowers for beauty and
for smell.

Though not to be disdained for beauty or
for grace

The fragile enfregyme, the flowery pride of
Greece,

The blossom that the Trojan voices never
cease

To praise on high and give the loftiest of
place;

Yet native to our soil, where never furrows
trace,

There sometimes comes to blossom so
beautiful a rose,

So stately and so lovely, it quite outshineth
those,—

And that alone is worthy to be put beside
her face.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA
(Fifteenth century)

DEZIR

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA was Commander of the Order of Calatrava. Sixteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*, which show a real distinction not eclipsed by the resemblance of his works to the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique and the verses of Rodrigo Cota de Maguaque.

For love of God, let's put aside the veil,
Good Gentlemen, that blurs and blinds
 our sight,
And upon Death the conqueror look aright,
Who levels high and low beneath his flail.
And unto God in heaven let our sighs
Go up in prayer, each heart a penitent,
For the offenses everyone has spent,
The old, the child, the youth, against the
 skies.

64	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Surely no life at all we live, who here But measure the assured approach of death—</p> <p>The cruel, treacherous master of our breath And when we think to live,—ah, he is near! We are well certain of our hour of birth, But when we die, ah, certain we are not; No certitude of life an hour we've got; With tears we come, with tears we leave the earth.</p> <p>And what became of all the emperors, The popes and kings, and all the prelate lords, The dukes and counts whom history records, Their rich and strong and learned servitors? And all who in the lists of love would wage In gallant arms throughout the spreading world,—</p> <p>And all in art's and science's scroll enfurled, Where doctors, poets, troubadours, engage?</p> <p>Father and son and brother, parents fond And friends and sweethearts of our very breast,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

With whom we ate and drank and took
our rest,
The gay and gallant throng in friendships
bond,—
Ladies and damsels and brave striplings
fair
Who lay their youthfulness beneath the
ground;
And other gentles that short shift have
found,
Who once were present here and now are
where?

The Duke of Cabra and the Admiral,
And many another Grandee of Castile;
Now Ruy Diaz's sleeve to pluck doth steal
Old Death,—who 'mong his compeers out-
shone all,
So that the people of the farthest East
Dreamt of his prowess and the glory's
shine
He lent this court with all his gracious, fine
Performance graciously and bold increased.

And all we mention now are briefly grown
But dust and ashes, fallen to nothingness;

66	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Others are bones that are of flesh the less, And, refuse of the trenches, there are thrown. And others are disjointed limbs, their head Without a body, without hands or feet; Others whereon the worms begin to eat; Others new set for burial with the dead.</p> <p>Where now the lordships, prelacies, and powers, The tributes and the rents signorial? Where now their pomps and courtliness withal, Where their campaignings and their council hours? Where all their sciences and learned lore— Where are their masters of the poet's art, Where the great rhymers, where the singer's heart, Where he that struck the lute-strings o'er and o'er?</p> <p>Where are the treasures, vassals, servitors, Where are their hangings and their precious stones, Where are their pearls baroque in costly thrones,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Where are their perfume arks and scented
store?

Where are their woofs of gold and shining
chains,

Where are their collars and their buckles
now,

Where the great gems that glittered row
on row,

Where the light bells that tinkled on their
reins?

Where are the feasts and suppers gay be-
spread,

Where the bright joust and tourney after-
noons,

Where are their fashions and new-fangled
boons,

Where the new steps with which their
dancers tread?

Where the assemblies and the banquet
boards,

Where all the shows and splendor of their
ways,

Where all the laughter and the pleasant plays,

Where all the minstrel's and the joglar's
words;

In faith meseems without a shade of doubt,
 The days are now accomplished as foretold
 Isaias, prophet son of Amos old,
 Who said: "All order shall be blotted out;
 Corruption shall be over every worth,
 And death o'er all of humankind shall creep,
 And every gate shall hear the voices weep,
 And all the people be destroyed from
 earth!"

Such is the end and tribulation seen
 By Jeremias prophet of man's woes,
 Whose eyes a flood of weepings did disclose
 Whose loud lamentings did his grief demean
 Mourning his sins and errors of his days,
 And this is written, anyone may read,
 Within his chapters and clear and full
 indeed;
 These surely are the times of which he says.

Wherefore good sense advises we should
 arm
 Our souls with all the virtues that they lack,
 And take earth's empty treasures from our
 back
 Since they are sure to go at first alarm.

And he who looks on this with kindly eyes,
Need not a fear unto his dying give;
Through death he passes, ceasing but to
live,
To Life Eternal where he never dies!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN II OF CASTILE

(1405-1454)

CANCIÓN

KING JUAN II of Castile was a weak character, a futile monarch, but a good critic and a graceful poet. He was lordly patron of a court to which flocked over two hundred troubadours and poets. His story is intimately involved with that of his favorite Alvaro de Luna.

O Love, I never, never thought
 Thy power had been so great,
 That thou couldst change my fate,
 By changes in another wrought,
 Till now, alas! I know it.

I thought I knew thee well,
 For I had known thee long;
 But though I felt thee strong,
 I felt not all thy spell.

JUAN II OF CASTILE

71

Nor ever, ever had I thought
 Thy power had been so great,
 That thou couldst change my fate,
 By changes in another wrought,
 Till now, alas! I know it.

—*George Ticknor.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

72	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="540 483 753 545">JUAN DE MENA (1411-1456)</p> <p data-bbox="590 575 703 600">CANCIÓN</p> <p data-bbox="422 625 870 971">JUAN DE MENA was born at Cordoba, where his father was <i>regidor</i>. After travelling in Italy he returned to Spain and became Latin Secretary to Juan II. He was a great favorite of this monarch and died at Torrelaguna. He was the leading poet of his time being called "The Spanish Ennius." His principal poem, <i>El Laberinto</i>, imitates the scheme of Dante's <i>Commedia</i>. <i>El Laberinto</i>, also known as <i>Las Trezientas</i>, was published by M. R. Foulché-Delbosc (Mâcon, 1904). See also F. Wolf, <i>Studien</i>, p. 772, and George Ticknor's <i>History of Spanish Literature</i>, i, p. 329.</p> <p data-bbox="422 999 803 1114">As I upon my pallet lie, The greatest grief I know Is thinking when I said "Good-bye" To the breast I'm loving so.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

In spite of all the woes I feel
 Upon that parting thought,
 At times my memories reveal
 The mighty joys you brought.
 So let the world a-whispering go
 To tell why here I lie;
 Because they know I've said "Good-bye"
 To the breast I'm loving so.

I languish but I let none hear
 How deep my sorrows are,
 Although my griefs are quite as near
 As your sweet balm is far.
 And if it be the end they show
 And death is coming nigh,
 While living, let me say "Good-bye"
 To the breast I'm loving so.
 — *Thomas Walsh.*

LINES TO MACÍAS *EL ENAMORADO*

(From the *Laberinto*)

We in this radiant circle looked so long
 That we found out Macías; in a bower
 Of cypress was he weeping still the hour
 That ended his dark life and love in wrong.

74	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Nearer I drew for sympathy was strong In me, when I perceived he was from Spain; And there I heard him sing the saddest strain That e'er was tuned in elegiac song. "Love crowned me with his myrtle crown; my name Will be pronounced by many, but, alas, When his pangs caused me bliss, not slighter woe The mournful suffering that consumed my frame! His sweet snares conquer the lorn mind they tame, But do not always then continue sweet; And since they cause me ruin so complete, Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem his fame; Dangers so passionate be glad to miss; Learn to be gay; flee from sorrows touch; Learn to disserve him you have served so much, Your devoirs pay at any shrine but his: If the short joy that in his service is, Were but proportioned to the long, long pain, Neither would he that once has loved com- plain,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JUAN DE MENA	75
<p>Nor he that ne'er has loved despair of bliss. But even as some assassin or night-rover, Seeing his fellow wound upon the wheel, Awed by the agony resolves with zeal His life to 'mend, and character recover; But when the fearful spectacle is over, Reacts his crimes with easy unconcern; So my amours on my despair return, That I should die, as I have lived, a lover!"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>J. H. Wiffen.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE

(1415-1491)

TO A LADY GOING VEILED

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE, Lord of Amusco, was a nephew of the Marqués de Santillana and brother of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, called "the Second Cid." At first a mere courtier, he devoted himself to the poetry fashionable at the court of Juan II. He was called to sterner duties by his warlike brother and supported in battle the claims of the Pretender Alonso and his sister Isabel of Castile. He is distinguished for a pathos similar to that employed by his great nephew, Jorge Manrique, and this, as well as his satirical poetry, may be studied in his *Cancionero* edited by Antonio Paz y Mélia (Madrid, 1885).

The very heart went out of me
 When first I saw your face,
 And soon it did appear to me
 Your eyes in mine would trace.

I could no more than scarcely breathe
 When you drew on your veil
 And hid yourself so well beneath
 Your dark cloak's heavy trail.

But under it your gentle grace
 And simple air were seen;
 The very masque its charm would trace
 And show, instead of screen;
 So very great became my care
 And trouble that I knew
 My heart was swift entangled there
 With my enraptured view.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

COPLAS ON THE BAD GOVERNMENT
 OF TOLEDO

When mighty Rome was conqueror,
 'Twas Scipio led the van of fighting;
 Old Fabius was her counselor;
 And Titus Livius did her writing.

And not a maid or wife but came
 And stripped the ornaments from off her,
 To offer them for warlike fame
 And save her country from dishonor.

78	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Where none there be to rule the town How soon its triumph will be ended! How soon the roof-tree tumble down Where not a dweller is attended!</p> <p>When pigs without the dogs to herd Will straggle quick to their perdition, Can troops without a captain's word Be long maintained in war-condition?</p> <p>For sheep without a shepherd's rod Will lay in waste both field and garden; And monks that know no prior's nod Will fall to sins beyond a pardon.</p> <p>The vineyards left unwatched to grow Unto each passer-by will yield them; The courts where gallants never show Are hands that have no gloves to shield them.</p> <p>The shoe that fares without a sole Can ill preserve the foot that wears it; The strings escaped the lute's control Will make a sound—if you can bear it—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The church that boasts no lettered throng,
Like palace without walls, must tremble;
Who looks for fish both big and strong
Save where the firmest nets dissemble?

In faith, that blow me-seemeth light
Of which a swordless hand is giver;—
But a sword without a hand of might,
Full little thrust will it deliver!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

80	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="514 468 796 532">JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO (1433-1496)</p> <p data-bbox="514 571 796 594">CANTAR TO OUR LADY</p> <p data-bbox="433 617 878 802">JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO was one of the poets of the court of Juan II. He fell into disgrace under Henry IV. He was highly esteemed by Gómez Manrique. His work is to be found in the <i>Cancionero castellano del siglo XV</i> (Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles, vol. xix)</p> <p data-bbox="468 840 785 925">Tell me Lady, tell, pritheee, When from earth I pass away, Will you then remember me?</p> <p data-bbox="468 964 833 1102">When there shall to all be known How my time away was thrown, How with sins my days were sown, And my depths of misery— Will you then remember me?</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Through the realms of the eternal
Of the Judgment Seat diurnal,
Refuge from the doom infernal,
In your prayers alone I see,—
Will you then remember me?

When upon the dreaded scales
All my poor accounting fails
To report the bonds and bails
That your Son has given in fee—
Will you then remember me?

Finale

When my soul in grief astounded
At the judgment bar surrounded
With the charge of guilt is hounded,
And your prayers alone can free,—
Will you then remember me?

—Garret Strange.

JORGE MANRIQUE

(1440-1479)

CÁNTICA

JORGE MANRIQUE was the son of Rodrigo, Grand-Master of Santiago, "the Second Cid," and was born at Paredes de Nava. From his birth he was in the midst of wars, and he joined his father in supporting Alfonso and Isabel of Castile in their claims for the throne. He was killed before the walls of Garcimúñoz in his thirty-ninth year. His famous *Coplas* were written after the death of his father in 1476. Innumerable editions of this great poem have made their appearance; among the best being that of M. R. Foulché-Delbosc (Madrid, 1912). The *Coplas* have had many commentaries in verse and have several times been set to music. H. W. Longfellow began his literary career with the publication of a version of the *Coplas* in English.

Let him whose time hath come to go
Put never faith where he must part;

Forgetfulness and change of heart
 Are penalties the absent know.
 You would be loved—a lover you.
 Then pay your court incessant, thou,
 For hardly are you vanished ere
 Remembrance goes as lightly too.
 Be done with idle hope, and start
 Let him whose time hath come to go;
 Forgetfulness and change of heart
 Are penalties the absent know.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE *COPLAS* ON THE DEATH OF HIS
 FATHER, THE GRAND-MASTER
 OF SANTIAGO

The Introit

Let from its dream the soul awaken,
 And reason mark with open eyes
 The scene unfolding,—
 How lightly life away is taken,
 How cometh Death in stealthy guise,—
 At last beholding;
 What swiftness hath the flight of pleasure
 That, once attained, seems nothing more
 Than respite cold;

84	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>How fain is memory to measure Each latter day inferior To those of old.</p> <p>Beholding how each instant flies So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone Beyond recover, Let us resolve to be more wise Than stake our future lot upon What soon is over.</p> <p>Let none be self-deluding, none,— Imagining some longer stay For his own treasure Than what today he sees undone; For everything must pass away In equal measure.</p> <p>Our lives are fated as the rivers That gather downward to the sea We know as Death; And thither every flood delivers The pride and pomp of signiory That forfeiteth;</p> <p>Thither, the rivers in their splendor; Thither, the streams of modest worth,— The rills beside them;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Till there all equal they surrender;
 And so with those who toil on earth,
 And those who guide them.

The Invocation

I turn me from the praise and singing
 Of panegyrists, and the proud
 Old poets' stories;
 I would not have them hither bringing
 Their artful potions that but cloud
 His honest glories;

On Him Alone I lay my burden—
 Him only do I now implore
 In my distress,—
 Who came on earth and had for guerdon
 The scorn of man that did ignore
 His Godliness.

This world is but a highway going
 Unto that other, the abode
 Without a sorrow;
 The wise are they who gird them, knowing
 The guideposts set along that road
 Unto tomorrow.

86	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>We start with birth upon that questing; We journey all the while we live, . . . Our goal attaining The day alone that brings us resting, When Death shall last quiétus give To all complaining.</p> <p>This were a hallowed world indeed, Did we but give it the employ That was intended; For by the precepts of our Creed We earn hereby a life of joy When this is ended.</p> <p>The Son of God Himself on earth Came down to raise our lowly race Unto the sky; Here took upon Him human birth; Here lived among us for a space; And here did die.</p> <p>Behold what miserable prize— What futile task we set upon, Whilst greed awakes us! And what a traitor world of lies Is this, whose very gifts are gone, Ere Death o'ertakes us!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JORGE MANRIQUE	87
<p>Some through increasing age deprived, Some by unhappy turn of fate Destroyed and banished, Some, as with blight inherent rived At topmost of their branching state, Have failed and vanished.</p> <p>Yea, tell me shall the lovely blason, The gentle freshness and contour Of smiling faces,— The blush and pallor's sweet occasion,— Of all—shall one a truce secure From Time's grim traces?</p> <p>The flowing tress, the stature slender, The corporal litheness, and the strength Of gallant youth,— All, all,—to weariness surrender As o'er them falls the shadow's length Of age in truth.</p> <p>The Visigoths whose lineage kingly Whose feats of war and mighty reign Were so exalted,— What divers ways did all and singly Drop down to the obscure again And were defaulted!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

88	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Some through their worthlessness (How lowly And base among the rabble came Their estimation!) Whilst others as a refuge solely In offices they only shame Maintain their station.</p> <p>Estate and luxury's providing Can leave us pauper—who may doubt?— Within an hour; Let us not count on their abiding, Since there is nothing sure about Dame Fortune's dower.</p> <p>Hers are the gifts of one unstable Upon her globe as swift as light Revolving ever; Who to be constant is unable, Who cannot stay nor rest from flight On aughtsoever.</p> <p>And though, say I, her highest favor Should follow to the tomb and heap With wreaths her master;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JORGE MANRIQUE	89
<p>Let not our solid judgment waver Since life is like a dream and sleep Flies nothing faster.</p> <p>The soft occasions of today Wherein we find our joy and ease Are but diurnal; Whilst the dread torments that must pay The cost of our iniquities Shall be eternal.</p> <p>The pleasures light, the fond evasions That life on troubled earth deploys For eyes of mortals, What are they but the fair persuasions Of labyrinths where Death decoys To trap-like portals?</p> <p>Where heedless of the doom ensuing We hasten laughing to the snare Without suspicion. Until aghast at our undoing, We turn to find the bolt is there, And our perdition.</p> <p>Could we but have procured the power To make our faded youth anew Both fresh and whole,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

90	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>As now through life's probation hour 'Tis ours to give angelic hue Unto the soul,—</p> <p>What ceaseless care we then had taken, What pains had welcomed, so to bring A health but human,— Our summer bloom to re-awaken, Our stains to clear,—outrivalling The arts of woman!</p> <p>The kings whose mighty deeds are spacious Upon the parchments of the years, Alas!—the weeping That overtook their boast audacious. And swept their thrones to grime and tears And sorrow's keeping!</p> <p>Naught else proves any more enduring; Nor are the popes, nor emperors, Nor prelacies A longer stay or truce securing Than the poor herdsman of the moors From Death's decrees.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JORGE MANRIQUE	91
<p>Recount no more of Troy, or foeman The echo of whose wars is now But far tradition; Recount no more how fared the Roman (His scroll of glories we allow) Nor his perdition;</p> <p>Nor here rehearse the homely fable Of such as yielded up their sway These decades gone; But let us say what lamentable Fate the lords of yesterday Have fallen upon.</p> <p>Of fair Don Juan the king that ruled us,— Of those hight heirs of Aragon,— What are the tidings? Of him whose courtly graces schooled us, Whom song and wisdom smiled upon, Where the abidings?</p> <p>The jousts and tourneys where they vaunted With trappings, and caparison, And armor sheathing,—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

92	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Were they but phantasies that taunted,— But blades of grass that vanished on A summer's breathing?</p> <p>What of the dames of birth and station, Their head-attire, their sweeping trains, Their vesture scented?</p> <p>What of that gallant conflagration They made of lovers' hearts whose pains Were discontented?</p> <p>And what of him, that troubadour Whose melting lutany and rime Was all their pleasure?</p> <p>Ah, what of her who danced demure, And trailed her robes of olden time So fair a measure?</p> <p>Then Don Enriqu�, in succession, His brother's heir,—think, to what height Was he annointed!</p> <p>What blandishment and sweet possession The world prepared for his delight, As seemed appointed!</p> <p>Yet see what unrelenting foeman, What cruel adversary, Fate To him became;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

A friend befriended as was no man—

How brief for him endured the state
His birth might claim.

The golden bounties without stinting,
The strongholds and the lairs of kings
With treasure glutted;

The flagons of their wassail glinting,
The sceptres, orbs, and crowns, and rings
With which they strutted;

The steeds, the spurs, and bits to rein them,
The pillions draped unto the ground
Beneath their paces,—

Ah, whither must we fare to gain them?—
That were but as the dewes around
The meadow places.

His brother then, the unoffending,
Who was intruded on his reign
To act as heir,—

What gallant court was round him bending,
How many a haughty lord was fain
To tend him there!

Yet as but mortal was his station,
Death for his goblet soon distilled
A draught for draining;

94	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>O Thou Divine Predestination!— When most his blaze the world had filled Thou sent'st the raining!</p> <p>And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master And Constable, whom we have known When loved and dreaded,— What need to tell of his disaster, Since we behold him overthrown And swift beheaded!</p> <p>His treasures that defied accounting, His manors and his feudal lands, His boundless power,— What more than tears were their amount- ing? What more than bonds to tie his hands At life's last hour?</p> <p>That other twain, Grand-Masters solely, Yet with the fortunes as of kings Fraternal reigning,— Who brought the high as well as lowly Submissive to their challengings And laws' ordaining.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JORGE MANRIQUE	95
<p>And what of all their power and prize That touched the very peaks of fame That none could limit?— A conflagration 'gainst the skies, Till at its brightest ruthless came Death's hand to dim it.</p> <p>The dukes so many and excelling, The marquises, and counts, the throng Of barons splendid, Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their dwelling? The sway we saw them wield so strong— How was it ended?</p> <p>What fields upon were they engaging,— What prowess showing us in war Or its cessation, When thou, O Death, didst come outraging Both one and all, and swept them o'er With desolation.</p> <p>Their warriors' unnumbered hosting, The pennon, and the battle-flag, And bannered splendor,—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

96	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The castles with their turrets boasting, Their walls and barricades to brag And mock surrender,—</p> <p>The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding, Or secret passage, vault, or stair,— What use affords it?</p> <p>Since thou upon thy onslaught striding Canst send a shaft unerring where No buckler wards it!</p> <p><i>O World that givest and destroyest Would that the life which thou hast shown Were worth the living!</i></p> <p><i>But here, as good or ill deployest, The parting is with gladness known Or with misgiving.</i></p> <p><i>Thy span is so with griefs encumbered With sighing every breeze so steeped, With wrongs so clouded, A desert where no boon is numbered, The sweetness and allurements reaped And black and shrouded.</i></p> <p><i>Thy highway is the road of weeping; Thy long farewells are bitterness Without a morrow;</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

*Adown thy ruts and ditches keeping
The traveller who doth most possess
Hath most of sorrow.*

*Thy chattels are but had with sighing;
With sweat of brow alone obtained
The wage they give;*

*In myriads thine ills come hieing,
And once existence they have gained,
They longest live.*

And he, the shield and knightly pastor
Of honest folk, beloved by all
The unoffending,—
Don Roderic Manrique, Master
Of Santiago,—Fame shall call
Him brave unending!

Not here behooves to chant his praises
Or laud his valor to the skies,
Since none but knows them;
Nor would I crave a word that raises
His merit higher than the prize
The world bestows them.

O what a comrade comrades found him!
Unto his henchmen what a lord!
And what a brother!

98	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>What foeman for the foes around him! His peer as Master of the Sword There was no other!</p> <p>What precious counsel 'mid the knowing! What grace amid the courtly bower! What prudence rare!</p> <p>What bounty to the vanquished showing! How 'mid the brave in danger's hour A lion there!</p> <p>In destiny a new Augustus; A Cæsar for his victories And battle forces; An Africanus in his justice; A Hannibal for energies And deep resources;</p> <p>A Trajan in his gracious hour; A Titus for his open hand And cheer unfailing; His arm, a Spartan king's in power; His voice, a Tully's to command The truth's prevailing!</p> <p>In mildness Antoninus Pius; A Marc Aurelius in the light Of calm attending;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JORGE MANRIQUE	99
<p>A Hadrian to pacify us; A Theodosius in his right And high intending;</p> <p>Aurelius Alexander stern In discipline and laws of war Among his legions;</p> <p>A Constantine in faith eterne; Gamaliel in the love he bore His native regions.</p> <p>He left no weighty chests of treasure, Nor ever unto wealth attained Nor store excelling; To fight the Moors was all his pleasure And thus his fortresses he gained, Demesne, and dwelling.</p> <p>Amid the lists where he prevailed Fell knights and steeds into his hands Through fierce compression, Whereby he came to be regaled With vassals and with feudal lands In fair possession.</p> <p>Ask you how in his rank and station When first he started his career Himself he righted?</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

100	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Left orphan and in desolation His brothers and his henchmen dear He held united.</p> <p>And ask you how his course was guided When once his gallant deeds were famed And war was ended?</p> <p>His high contracting so provided That broader, as his honors claimed, His lands extended.</p> <p>And these, the proud exploits narrated In chronicles to show his youth And martial force, With triumphs equal he was fated To re-affirm in very sooth As years did course.</p> <p>Then for the prudence of his ways, For merit and in high award Of service knightly, His dignity they came to raise Till he was Master of the Sword Elected rightly.</p> <p>Finding his father's forts and manors By false intruders occupied And sore oppressed,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JORGE MANRIQUE	101
<p>With siege and onslaught, shouts and banners, His broad-sword in his hand to guide, He re-possessed.</p> <p>And for our rightful king how well He bore the brunt of warfare keen In siege and action, Let Portugal's poor monarch tell, Or those who in Castile have been Among his faction.</p> <p>Then having risked his life, maintaining The cause of justice in the fight For law appointed, With years in harness spent sustaining The royal crown of him by right His lord anointed,</p> <p>With feats so mighty that Hispania Can never make account of all In number mortal,— Unto his township of Ocaña Came Death at last to strike and call Against his portal:</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

102	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Speaketh Death</i></p> <p>"Good Cavalier,"—he cried,—“divest you Of all this hollow world of lies And soft devices; Let your old courage now attest you, And show a breast of steel that vies In this hard crisis!</p> <p>"And since of life and fortune's prizes You ever made so small account For sake of honor, Array your soul in virtue's guises To undergo this paramount Assault upon her!</p> <p>"For you, are only half its terrors And half the battles and the pains Your heart perceiveth; Since here a life devoid of errors And glorious for noble pains To-day it leaveth;</p> <p>"A life for such as bravely bear it And make its fleeting breath sublime In right pursuing,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Untainted, as is their's who share it
And put their pleasure in the grime
Of their undoing;

"The life that is The Everlasting
Was never yet by aught attained
Save meed eternal;
And ne'er through soft indulgence casting
The shadow of its solace stained
With guilt infernal;

"But in the cloister holy brothers
Besiege it with unceasing prayer
And hard denial;
And faithful paladins are others
Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear
With wound and trial.

"And since, O noble and undaunted,
Your hands the paynim's blood have shed
In war and tourney,—
Make ready now to take the vaunted
High guerdon you have merited
For this great journey!

"Upon this holy trust confiding,
And in the faith entire and pure
You e'er commended,

104	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Away,—unto your new abiding, Take up the Life that shall endure When this is ended!"</p> <p><i>Respondeth the Grand-Master</i></p> <p>"Waste we not here the final hours This puny life can now afford My mortal being; But let my will in all its powers Conformable approach the Lord And His decreeing.</p> <p>"Unto my death I yield, contenting My soul to put the body by In peace and gladness; The thought of man to live, preventing God's loving will that he should die, Is only madness."</p> <p><i>The Supplication</i></p> <p>O Thou who for our weight of sin Descended to a place on earth And human feature;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JORGE MANRIQUE	105
<p>Thou who didst join Thy Godhead in A being of such lowly worth As man Thy creature;</p> <p>Thou who amid Thy dire tormenting Didst unresistingly endure Such pangs to ease us; Not for my mean deserts relenting, But only on a sinner poor, Have mercy, Jesus!</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Codicil</i></p> <p>And thus, his hopes so nobly founded, His senses clear and unimpaired So none could doubt him,— With spouse and offspring fond surrounded, His kinsmen and his servants bared And knelt around him,—</p> <p>He gave his soul to Him who gave it, (May God in heaven ordain it place And share of glory!) And left our life as balm to save it, And dry the tears upon our face! His deathless story.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

106	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN</p> <p>(About 1450)</p> <p>TO THE VIRGIN</p> <p>RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN, known also as Rodríguez de la Cámara, is considered the last representative of the Galician troubadours in Spain. He is said to have been in love with a queen of Spain, and many fictitious accounts of him are discussed in Pidal's <i>Cancionero de Baena</i> (Edition, 1860), and in Ticknor's <i>History of Spanish Literature</i> (vol. i, 355).</p> <p>O fire of light divine, Sweet Flame unscorching, pure,— Against dismay our countersign, Against all grief a cure,— Shine on thy servant poor!— The fickle glory of the world, Its vain prosperity, He contemplates;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

His reasonings profound behold
The centre where there lie
The ills he hates.
Let him who thinks him wise
The Siren's call attend!
She fearing in amend
The torments that chastise,
Weeps that her reign must end.

—*Roderick Gill.*

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE

(About 1492)

ESPARSA

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE was a Christianized Jew, who has received mistaken notice as the author of the *Coplas de Mingo Revulgo* and the beginning of the *Celestina*. His most famous work is the *Diálogo entre Amor y un Viejo*.

Clouded vision, light obscure,
 Moody glory, living death,
 Fortune that cannot endure,
 Fickle weeping, joy a breath,
 Bitter-sweet and sweet unsure,
 Peace and anger, sudden crossed,
 Such is love, its trappings sure
 Decked with glory for its cost.

—Thomas Walsh.

CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO	109
<p data-bbox="322 478 683 505">CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO</p> <p data-bbox="437 525 568 551">(1490-1550)</p> <p data-bbox="456 566 548 586">WOMEN</p> <p data-bbox="280 609 728 874">CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO was born at Ciudad Rodrigo. He joined the household of Ferdinand I of Bohemia, the brother of Carlos V, and later became a priest. In 1539 he went to Venice in the suite of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. He died in Vienna where he is buried at Wiener Stadt. His works were published at Madrid in 1792. C. L. Nicolay published <i>The Life and Works of Cristóbal de Castillejo</i> (Philadelphia, 1910).</p> <p data-bbox="280 894 657 1037">How dreary and how lone The world would appear If women were none! 'Twould be like a fair, With neither fun nor business there.</p> <p data-bbox="280 1057 683 1114">Without their smile Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

110	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> A chaos of perplexity, A body without soul 'twould be; A roving spirit borne Upon the winds forlorn; A tree without or flowers or fruit, A reason with no resting place, A castle with no governor to it, A house without a base. What are we? What our race? How good for nothing and base Without fair woman to aid us What could we do? Where should we go? How should we wander in night and woe, But for woman to lead us? How could we love if woman were not? Love—the brightest part of our lot; Love—the only charm of living; Love—the only gift worth giving? Who would take charge of your house, say who? Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest? Who but the women, who guard them best; Guard and adorn them too? Who like them has a constant smile, Full of peace, as meekness full, When life's edge is blunt and dull, </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

CRISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO

III

And sorrow, and sin, in frowning file,
 Stand by the path in which we go
 Down to the grave through wasting woe?
 All that is good is theirs, is theirs
 All we give and all we get;
 And if a beam of glory yet
 Over the gloomy earth appears,
 O, 'tis theirs! O, 'tis theirs,—
 They are the guard,—the soul,— the seal
 Of human hope and human weal;
 They,—they,—none but they!
 Woman,—sweet woman,—let none say
 nay!

—*John Bowring.*

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

Some day, some day
 O troubled breast,
 Shalt thou find rest.
 If Love in thee
 To grief give birth,
 Six feet of earth
 Can more than he;
 There calm and free
 And unoppressed
 Shalt thou find rest.

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

112	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="523 366 743 566"> The unattained In life at last, When life is passed Shall all be gained; And no more pained, No more distressed, Shalt thou find rest. </p> <p data-bbox="601 572 828 597">—<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p> <p data-bbox="601 628 707 652">TO LOVE</p> <p data-bbox="431 674 842 905"> Love, grant me kisses beyond counting, As the hairs upon my head; A thousand and a hundred shed, A thousand more be their amounting, And then add thousands more again, So that none shall know the number, And no record shall encumber With the list of where and when. </p> <p data-bbox="633 911 828 936">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER	113
<p>JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER</p> <p>(1493-1540)</p> <p>ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASSO</p> <p>JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER was born at Barcelona, and served in the Spanish Army in Italy, later becoming tutor to the Duke of Alva. His early verses were written in the old Spanish manner, but when the Venetian ambassador Navagiero was passing through Granada he met Boscán and urged him to introduce the Italian styles of poetry into Spanish. He thereupon followed in the lead of Imperial and Santillana, and was most influential in establishing the Italian verse methods in Castilian. He frequently imitated Dante and Petrarch. His poems were first published with those of Garcilasso de la Vega in 1543. He made a masterly translation of Castiglione's <i>Il Cortegiano</i>, reprinted in 1873. His poems may be found in W. I. Knapp's edition (Madrid, 1875).</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

114	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Tell me, dear Garcilasso,—thou Who ever aimedst at good, And in the spirit of thy vow So swift her course pursued That thy few steps sufficed to place The angel in thy loved embrace, Won instant soon as wooed,— Why took'st thou not, when winged to flee From this dark world, Boscán, with thee?</p> <p>Why, when ascending to the star Where now thou sit'st enshrined, Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar, Alas! so far behind? Oh, I do think, had it remained With thee to alter aught ordained By the Eternal Mind, Thou wouldst not on this desert spot Have left thy other self forgot!</p> <p>For if through life thy love was such As still to take a pride In having me so oft and much Close to thy envied side,— I cannot doubt, I must believe,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JUAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER	115
<p>Thou wouldst at least have taken leave Of me; or, if denied, Have come back afterwards, unblest Till I too shared thy heavenly rest. —<i>J. H. Wiffen.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

116	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>COMENDADOR JUAN ESCRIVÁ</p> <p>(About 1497)</p> <p><i>CANCIÓN</i></p> <p><i>El Comendador Juan Escrivá was of Valencian birth, and in 1497 went to Rome as ambassador for Ferdinand. He wrote verses in Catalán and Castilian. Lope de Vega wrote a glosa on the present Canción, which is also quoted by Calderón and Cervantes.</i></p> <p>Come Death, with so much stealth I shall not feel thee near; Let not thy joy appear The very breath of health!</p> <p>Come like the thrust that cleaves The wounded ere he knows The purport of the blows Which he, surprised, receives!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Thy coming be by stealth
Else unto me, I fear,
Joy shall make thee appear
The very breath of health.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE

(Late fifteenth century)

PRAYER TO THE CRUCIFIX

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE was a devotional poet of Aragon, whose poems are to be found in the *Cancionero General*. Little is known of his life.

Almighty God, unchangeable,
 Who framed the universe entire
 Thy truth to see;
 Thou who for loving us so well
 Didst in Thine agony expire
 On Calvary;
 Since with such suffering didst deign
 To make amend for our transgression,
O Agnus Dei.
 Placed with the thief let us obtain
 Salvation in his grief's confession:
Memento mei.
 — Thomas Walsh.

JUAN DE LA ELCINA	119
<p style="text-align: center;">JUAN DE LA ELCINA (1468-1529)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">COME LET US EAT AND DRINK TODAY</p> <p>JUAN DE LA ELCINA, so called from the probable place of his birth, was educated at the University of Salamanca and entered the household of the second Duke of Alva. He made several journeys to Rome where one of his dramatic pieces—<i>Plácido y Victoriano</i>—was produced in 1512. He became a priest and was appointed chapel-master to Pope Leo X. In 1518 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He returned to Spain and died at Salamanca.</p> <p>Come, let us eat and drink today, And sing and laugh and banish sorrow, For we must part tomorrow.</p> <p>In Anstruejo's honor, fill The laughing cup with wine and glee, And feast and dance with eager will, And crowd the hours with revelry,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

120	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>For that is wisdom's counsel still; Today be gay, and banish sorrow, For we must part tomorrow.</p> <p>Honor the saint—the morning ray Will introduce the monster Death— There's breathing space for joy today, Tomorrow ye shall gasp for breath; So now be frolicsome and gay, And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow, For we must part tomorrow.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>John Bowring.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">VILLANCICO</p> <p>So rare a flock In such a sward <i>A pleasure 'tis to guard!</i></p> <p>A flock so rare, Of such a breed, Will quickly feed On land most bare; When grass is fair In such a sward <i>A pleasure 'tis to guard!</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

'Tis my delight
To lead the sheep
And fold to sleep
Their ranks by night;
The frosts are slight.
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

The fruitful throng
In silence goes;
No bleating shows
It suffers wrong;
Ere shades grow long
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

'Tis well to mind
The precious thing
And safely bring
Where no thieves find;
A flock so kind
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

O shepherd charmed,
In a happy vale,

Where the wolves may rail,
But none is harmed;
A flock unarmed
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard !

A shepherd true
Shall I alway be,
Since a joy to me
Is my flock to view;
And I swear to you
I shall ne'er discard,
But ever faithful guard !
—*Roderick Gill.*

DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

(Late fifteenth century)

EYES SO TRISTFUL

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistfull
In this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

—H. W. Longfellow.

124	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA</p> <p>(1495-1558)</p> <p>WHERE IS DOMINGA?</p> <p>FRANCISCO SAA DE MIRANDA was born at Coimbra and graduated from the university there. He traveled through Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence and parts of Sicily as well as throughout Spain. He was the typical philosopher and man of letters of Portugal, and wrote in Spanish as well as in his native tongue. See his <i>Obras</i> (Lisbon, 1595).</p> <p>All gather from the village here, But where's Dominga?—Tell me where.</p> <p>The rest have come—they all have come; I've counted them, yes, one by one,—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

But she's not here, and O, I roam
All desolate and all alone.
What shall I do?—without her, none
My path can light, my way can cheer.
Where is Dominga?—tell me where.
—*John Bouring.*

126	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="498 483 808 506" style="text-align: center;">OLD SPANISH BALLADS</p> <p data-bbox="428 529 878 951"> OLD Spanish Ballads are for the most part to be dated from the end of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, although as Gaston Paris has pointed out, some of them are concerned with snatches from older epic poems. It is an intricate question among the critics and may be found discussed in the <i>Journal des Savants</i> (May and June, 1898); in Menéndez y Pelayo's <i>Tratado de los romances viejos</i>, in the <i>Antología de los poetas líricos castellanos desde la formación del idioma</i> (vols. xi and xii, Madrid, 1890-1908), in Ramón Menéndez Pidal's <i>L'Epopée castellane à travers la littérature espagnole</i> (Paris, 1910), and in M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's <i>Essai sur les origines du Romancero</i> (Paris, 1912). </p> <p data-bbox="574 982 724 1005" style="text-align: center;"><i>RÍO VERDE</i></p> <p data-bbox="646 1036 655 1051" style="text-align: center;">I</p> <p data-bbox="428 1067 773 1121"> <i>Río Verde, Río Verdel</i> Many a corpse is bathed in thee, </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore;
For between the Moors and Christians
Long the fight has been and sore.
Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.

2

Don Nuño, Count of Lara,
In anger and in pride,
Forgot all reverence for the King
And thus in wrath replied:
"Our noble ancestors," quoth he,
"Ne'er such a tribute paid;
Nor shall the King receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

"The base-born souls who deem it just
May here with thee remain;
But follow me, ye cavaliers,
Ye gentlemen of Spain."

128	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Forth followed they the noble Count, They marched to Glera's plain; Out of three thousand gallant knights Did only three remain. They tied their tribute to their spears, They raised it in the air, And they sent to tell their lord the King That his tax was ready there.</p> <p>"He may send and take by force," said they, "This paltry sum of gold, But the goodly gift of liberty Cannot be bought and sold."</p> <p>3</p> <p>The peasant leaves his plough afield, The reaper leaves his hook, And from his hand the shepherd-boy Lets fall the pastoral crook.</p> <p>The young set up a shout of joy, The old forget their years, The feeble man grows stout of heart, No more the craven fears.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

OLD SPANISH BALLADS	129
<p>All rush to Bernard's standard, And on liberty they call; They cannot brook to wear the yoke, When threatened by the Gaul.</p> <p>"Free were we born," 'tis thus they cry, "And willingly pay we The duty that we owe our king By the divine decree.</p> <p>"But God forbid that we obey The laws of foreign knaves, Tarnish the glory of our sires, And make our children slaves.</p> <p>"Our hearts have not so craven grown, So bloodless all our veins, So vigorless our brawny arms, As to submit to chains.</p> <p>"Has the audacious Frank, forsooth, Subdued these seas and lands? Shall he a bloodless victory have? No, not while we have hands.</p> <p>"He shall learn that the gallant Leonese Can bravely fight and fall,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

130	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>But that they know not how to yield; They are Castilians all.</p> <p>"Was it for this the Roman power Of old was made to yield Unto Numantia's valiant hosts On many a bloody field?</p> <p>"Shall the bold lions that have bathed Their paws in Libyan gore, Crouch basely to a feebler foe, And dare the strife no more?</p> <p>"Let the false king sell town and tower But not his vassals free; For to subdue the free-born soul No royal power hath he!" —<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p> <p>LORD ARNALDOS</p> <p>The strangest of adventures That happen by the sea, Befell to Lord Arnaldos On the Evening of Saint John; For he was out a-hunting—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

A huntsman bold was he!—
 When he beheld a little ship
 And close to land was she.
 Her cords were all of silver,
 Her sails of cramasy;
 And he who sailed the little ship
 Was singing at the helm;
 The waves stood still to hear him,
 The wind was soft and low;
 The fish who dwell in darkness
 Ascended through the sea,
 And all the birds in heaven
 Flew down to his mast-tree.
 Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,—
 (Well shall you hear his words!)—
 “Tell me, for God’s sake, sailor,
 What song may that song be?”
 The sailor spake in answer,
 And answer thus made he:
 “I only tell the song to those
 Who sail away with me.”

—*James Elroy Flecker.*

132	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA</p> <p>The Moorish King rides up and down, Through Granada's royal town; From Elvira's gates to those Of Bivarambla on he goes. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>Letters to the monarch tell How Alhama's city fell; In the fire the scroll he threw, And the messenger he slew. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>He quits his mule and mounts his horse, And through the street directs his course; Through the street of Zacatín To the Alhambra spurring in. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>When the Alhambra's walls he gained On the moment he ordained That the trumpet straight should sound With the silver clarion round. Woe is me, Alhama!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware,
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spoke an agèd Moor
In these words the King before,
"Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering,"
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends, ye have, alas, to know
Of a most disastrous blow;
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaquì,
With his beard so white to see,

134	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>"Good King! thou art justly served! Good King! this thou hast deserved. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>"By thee were slain, in evil hour, The Abencerrage, Granada's flower; And strangers were received by thee Of Cordova the chivalry. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>"And for this, O King, is sent On thee a double chastisement; Thee and thine, thy crown and realm, One last wreck shall overwhelm. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>"He who holds no laws in awe, He must perish by the law; And Granada must be won, And thyself with her undone." Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes, The Monarch's wrath began to rise, Because he answered, and because He spoke exceeding well of laws, Woe is me, Alhama!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

OLD SPANISH BALLADS	135
<p> "There is no law to say such things As may disgust the ear of kings";— Thus, snorting with his choler, said The Moorish King, and doomed him dead. Woe is me, Alhama! </p> <p> Moor Alfaquì! Moor Alfaquì! Though the beard so hoary be, The King hath sent to have thee seized For Alhama's loss displeased. Woe is me, Alhama! </p> <p> And to fix thy head upon High Alhambra's loftiest stone; That this for thee should be the law And others tremble when they saw. Woe is me, Alhama! </p> <p> "Cavalier and man of worth! Let these words of mine go forth! Let the Moorish monarch know That to him I nothing owe. Woe is me, Alhama! </p> <p> "But on my soul Alhama weighs And on my inmost spirit preys; </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

136	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And if the King his land that lost Yet others may have lost the most. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>"Sires have lost their children, wives Their lords, and valiant men their lives! One what best his love might claim Hath lost, another, wealth and fame. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>"I lost a damsel in that hour, Of all the land the loveliest flower; Doubloons a hundred I would pay And think her ransom cheap that day." Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>And as these things the old Moor said, They severed from the trunk his head; And to the Alhambra's walls with speed 'Twas carried as the King decreed. Woe is me, Alhama!</p> <p>And men and infants therein weep Their loss so heavy and so deep; Granada's ladies, all she rears Within her walls, burst into tears. Woe is me, Alhama!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

—*Lord Byron.*

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA

There was crying in Granada when the
sun was going down,—
Some calling on the Trinity—some calling
on Mahoun!
Here passed away the Koran,—there, in the
Cross was borne,—
And here was heard the Christian bell,—
and there the Moorish horn.

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala
sung;
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were
all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Aragon they with
Castile's display;
One king comes in in triumph,—one weep-
ing goes away.

138	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his old white beard did tear, "Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city without peer! Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom! seven hundred years and more Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore!</p> <p>"Thou wert the happy mother of an high renownèd race; Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place; Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee The enemies of proud Castile—the bane of Christientie!</p> <p>"The mother of fair dames wert thou, of truth and beauty rare, Into whose arms did courteous knights for solace sweet repair; For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric made display Of might in joust and battle on many a bloody day.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

OLD SPANISH BALLADS	139
<p> "Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die, Or for the Prophet's honor and pride of Soldanry;— For here did valor flourish and deeds of warlike might Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our delight. </p> <p> "The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers,— Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers! No reverence can he claim, the King that such a land hath lost,— On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host; </p> <p> "But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see, There weeping and lamenting, alone that King should be."— </p> <p> Thus spoke Granada's King as he was riding to the sea, About to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to Barbary; </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

140	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen did cry (He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms, for together they did fly).</p> <p>"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can brook" (she made reply) "To leave behind Granada—who hast not the heart to die! Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee gladly could I slay! For what is life to leave when such a crown is cast away?"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>J. G. Lockhart.</i></p> <p>GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER</p> <p>Gentle river, gentle river, Lo, thy streams are stained with gore. Many a brave and noble captain Floats along thy willowed shore.</p> <p>All beside thy limpid waters, All beside thy sands so bright, Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors Joined in fierce and mortal fight.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

OLD SPANISH BALLADS	141
<p>Lords and dukes and noble princes On thy fatal banks were slain; Fatal banks that gave to slaughter All the pride and flower of Spain.</p> <p>There the hero, brave Alonso, Full of wounds and glory died; There the fearless Urdiales Fell a victim by his side.</p> <p>Lo! where yonder, Don Saavedra Through their squadrons slow retires; Proud Seville, his native city, Proud Seville his worth admires.</p> <p>Close behind a renegado Loudly shouts with taunting cry; "Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra. Dost thou from the battle fly?</p> <p>"Well I know thee, haughty Christian, Long I lived beneath thy roof; Oft I've in the lists of glory Seen thee win the prize of proof.</p> <p>"Well I know thy aged parents, Well thy blooming bride I know;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

142	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Seven years I was thy captive, Seven years of pain and woe.</p> <p>"May our Prophet grant my wishes, Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine; Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow Which I drank when I was thine."</p> <p>Like a lion turns the warrior Back he sends an angry glare; Whizzing came the Moorish javelin, Vainly whizzing through the air.</p> <p>Back the hero full of fury Sent a deep and mortal wound; Instant sank the renegado Mute and lifeless on the ground.</p> <p>With a thousand Moors surrounded, Brave Saavedra stands at bay; Wearied out but never daunted, Cold at length the warrior lay.</p> <p>Near him, fighting, great Alonso Stout resists the Paynim bands; From his slaughtered steed dismounted Firm entrenched behind him stands.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Furious press the hostile squadrons
Furious he repels their rage;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles;
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows
Close behind its foot retired,
Fainting sank the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expired.

— *Thomas Percy.*

ABENAMAR, ABENAMAR

O thou Moor of *Moreria*,
There were mighty signs and aspects
On the day when thou wert born,
Calm and lovely was the ocean,
Bright and full the moon above.
Moor, the child of such an aspect
Never ought to answer falsely.
Then replied the Moorish captive,
(You shall hear the Moor's reply):

Nor will I untruly answer,
Though I died for saying truth.
I am son of Moorish sire.

My mother was a Christian slave.
In my childhood, in my boyhood,
Often would my mother bid me
Never know the liar's shame.
Ask thou, therefore, King, thy question.
Truly will I answer thee.

Thank thee, thank thee, Abenamar,
For thy gentle answer, thanks.
What are yonder lofty castles,
Those that shine so bright on high?

That, O King, is the Alhambra,
Yonder is the Mosque of God.
There you see the Alixares,
Works of skill and wonder they;
Ten times ten doubloons the builder
Daily for his hire received;
If an idle day he wasted
Ten times ten doubloons he paid.
Farther is the Generalife,
Peerless are its garden groves.
Those are the Vermilion Towers,
Far and wide their fame is known.

Then spake up the King Don Juan
(You shall hear the Monarch's speech):

OLD SPANISH BALLADS	145
<p>Wouldst thou marry me, Granada, Gladly would I for thy dowry Cordoba and Seville give.</p> <p>I am married, King Don Juan. King, I am not yet a widow. Well I love my noble husband. Well my wedded Lord loves me.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Robert Southey.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

146	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>ANONYMOUS (Sixteenth century)</p> <p>THE <i>SIESTA</i></p> <p><i>Vientecico murmurador</i>, by an anonymous author.</p> <p>Airs that wander and murmur around, Bearing delight where'er ye blow! Make in the elms a lulling sound, While my lady sleeps in the shade below.</p> <p>Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest, Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er. Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast The pain she has waked may slumber no more.</p> <p>Breathing soft from the blue profound, Bearing delight where'er ye blow, Make in the elms a lulling sound While my lady sleeps in the shade below.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	147
<p>Airs! that ever the bending boughs, And under the shade of the pendent leaves, Murmur soft like my timid vows Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves—</p> <p>Gently sweeping the grassy ground, Bearing delight where'er ye blow, Make in the elms a lulling sound, While my lady sleeps in the shade below. —<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

148	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA (Sixteenth century)</p> <p>TO THE NIGHTINGALE</p> <p>PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA was a Castilian poet of the sixteenth century about whom there are no other particulars. His works are to be found in the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> (vol. xlii). He has been much admired for his poem, the <i>Auroras de Diana</i>.</p> <p>Bird of the joyous season! That from thy flower seat, Dost teach the forest singers Thy music to repeat.</p> <p>Thou wooer of the morning, That, to this wood withdrawn, Dost serenade the daybreak, Dost celebrate the dawn.</p> <p>Soul of this lonely region, That hearest me lament,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

My days in sighing wasted,
My nights in weeping spent.

Chief lyrist of the woodland,
And poet of the spring,
That well art skilled in sorrow,
And well of love can sing.

Go where my lady loosens
Her bright hair to the wind,
Held in a single fillet,
Or floating unconfined.

The beautiful, and cruel,
Whose steps where'er they pass
Tread down more hearts of lovers
Than lilies of the grass.

Sweet nightingale, accost her,
And in the tenderest strain
Say Silvio loves thee, Cruel!
Why lov'st thou not again?

Then tell of all I suffer,
How well have loved and long,
And counsel her to pity,
And tax her scorn with wrong.

150	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>My gentle Secretary! If harshly then she speak, Rebuke her anger, striking Her red lips with thy beak.</p> <p>Drink from her breath the fragrance Of all the blooming year, And bring me back the answer For which I linger here. <i>—William Cullen Bryant.</i></p> <p>THE RIVULET</p> <p>Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave The lovely vale that lies around thee. Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve, When but a fount the morning found thee?</p> <p>Born when the skies began to glow, Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters, No blossom bowed its stalk to show Where stole thy still and scanty waters.</p> <p>Now on the stream the noonbeams look Usurping, as thou downward driftest,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA	151
<p>Its crystal from the clearest brook, Its rushing current from the swiftest.</p> <p>Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be A river and expire in ocean. Each fountain's tribute hurries thee To that vast grave with quicker motion.</p> <p>Far better 'twere to linger still In this green vale, these flowers to cherish, And die in peace, an aged rill, Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish. —<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

152	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA (1503-1536)</p> <p>TO THE FLOWER OF <i>GNIDO</i></p> <p>GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, the soldier-poet, was born at Toledo of a distinguished family. He served at the battle of Pavia and took part in several campaigns, winning the favor of Carlos V, and losing it through his supposed part in a conspiracy to marry his nephew to one of the Empress's maids-of-honor. After some months of imprisonment on an island in the Danube, he retired to Naples. In 1533 he visited Boscán in Spain. He was mortally wounded while storming the walls of Muy near Fréjus. He died at Nice and two years later was buried at Toledo. He shared in Boscán's Italian innovations of style and, in the few works that he left, is seen to surpass him. <i>Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilasso de la Vega</i> were first published at Barcelona in 1543. There is a good edition by</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Tomás Navarro Tomás in the series of *Clásicos castellanos* (Madrid, 1911).

Had I the sweet resounding lyre
Whose voice could in a moment chain
The howling wind's ungoverned ire,
And movement of the raging main;
On savage hills the leopard rein,
The lion's fiery soul entrance,
And lead along with golden tones
The fascinated trees and stones
In voluntary dance,—

Think not, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,
It e'er should celebrate the scars,
Dust raised, blood shed, or laurels dyed
Beneath the gonfalon of Mars;
Or borne sublime on festal cars,
The chiefs who to submission sank
The rebel German's soul of soul,
And forged the chains that now control
The frenzy of the Frank.

No, no! its harmonies should ring
In vaunt of glories all thine own,
A discord sometimes from the string

Struck forth to make thy harshness
known;
The fingered chords should speak alone
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, contemned,
I speak,—his doom you might deplore—
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned
To strain for life the heavy oar.
Through thee no longer as of yore
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrains,
Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake
The sword in his accomplished hand,
Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler on the yellow sand;
The old heroic harp his hand
Consults not now, it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings,
Which murmur forth a thousand things
Of banishment from bliss.



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Garcilasso de la Vega



Through thee, my dearest friend and best
Grows harsh, importunate, and grave;
Myself have been his port of rest
From shipwreck and the yawning wave;
Yet now so high his passions rave
Above lost reason's conquered laws,
That not the traveller ere he slays
The asp, its sting, as he my face
So dreads, or so abhors.

In snows on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,
Thou wert not cradled, wert not born,
She who has no fault beside
Should ne'er be signalized for scorn;
Else, tremble at the fate forlorn
Of Anaxárete, who spurned
The weeping Iphis from her gate,
Who, scoffing long, relenting late,
Was to a statue turned.

Whilst yet soft pity she repelled,
Whilst yet she steeled her heart in pride,
From her friezed window she beheld
Aghast, the lifeless suicide;
Around his lily neck was tied
What freed his spirit from her chains,

160	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>In sympathy I sing, to whose loved strains Their flocks, of food forgetful, crowding 'round, Were most attentive. Pride of Spanish peers! Who by thy splendid deeds, hast gained a name And rank on earth unrivalled,—whether crowned With cares, Alvano, wielding now the rod Of empire, now the dreadful bolts that tame Strong kings, in motion to the trumpet's sound, Express vice-regent of the Thracian God; Or whether, from the cumbrous burden freed Of state affairs, thou seek'st the echoing plain, Chasing, upon thy spirited fleet steed The trembling stag that bounds abroad in vain Lengthening out life,—though deeply now engrossed By cares, I hope, so soon as I regain The leisure I have lost,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

To celebrate, with my recording quill
 Thy virtues and brave deeds, a starry sum,
 Ere grief, or age, or silent death turn chill
 My poesy's warm pulse, and I become
 Nothing to thee, whose worth the nations
 blaze.

Failing thy sight and songless in thy praise.
 But till that day, predestined by the Muse,
 Appears to cancel the memorial dues,
 Owed to thy glory and renown,—a claim
 Not only upon me, but which belongs
 To all fine spirits that transmit to fame
 Ennobling deeds in monumental songs,—
 Let the green laurel whose victorious boughs
 Clasp in endearment thine illustrious brows
 To the weak ivy give permissive place,
 Which rooted in thy shade, thou first of
 trees,

May hope by slow degrees,
 To tower aloft, supported by thy praise;
 Since Time to thee sublimer strains shall
 bring,

Hark to my shepherds, as they sit and sing.
 The sun, from rosy billows risen, had rayed
 With gold the mountain tops, when at the
 foot

Of a tall beech romantic, whose green shade
Fell on a brook, that, sweet-voiced as a
lute,
Through lively pastures wound its spark-
ling way,
Sad on the daisied turf Salicio lay;
And in a voice in concord to the sound
Of all the many winds, and waters round,
As o'er the mossy stones they swiftly stole,
Poured forth in melancholy song his soul
Of sorrow with a fall
So sweet, and aye so mildly musical,
None could have thought that she whose
seeming guile
Had caused his anguish, absent was the
while,
But that in very deed the unhappy youth
Did, face to face, upbraid her questioned
truth.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

GIL VICENTE	163
<p data-bbox="357 497 654 525">GIL VICENTE (? —1557)</p> <p data-bbox="452 549 561 572">CANTIGA</p> <p data-bbox="282 599 732 782"> GIL VICENTE passed his life in Portugal. He was of good family, although his history is far from certain. During his years at the Portuguese court he wrote many plays, a large number in Spanish and with Spanish motives. See Menéndez y Pelayo's <i>Antología de poetas líricos castellanos</i> (Madrid, 1890-1908, vol. ii). </p> <p data-bbox="316 810 685 1128"> Full of grace exceedingly, As she hath charm and loveliness; Speak, O sailor of the sea, And from out thy bark, confess That never ship nor sail can be Beautiful as she. Speak, thou knightly man-at-arms, Boasting of thy panoply,— Are horse or sword or war-alarms Beautiful as she? Speak, thou shepherd of the hills, </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

164	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Where thine idle flocks are free,— Are there peaks or vales or rills Beautiful as she? —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>THE NIGHTINGALE</p> <p>The rose looks out in the valley And thither will I go! To the rosy vale where the nightingale Sings his song of woe.</p> <p>The virgin is on the river-side Culling the lemons pale; Thither,—yes! thither will I go To the rosy vale where the nightingale Sings his song of woe.</p> <p>The fairest fruit her hand hath culled, 'Tis for her lover all, Thither,—yes! thither will I go To the rosy vale where the nightingale Sings his song of woe.</p> <p>In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain, She has placed the lemons pale;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GIL VICENTE	165
<p>Thither,—yes! thither will I go To the rosy vale where the nightingale Sings his song of woe. —<i>John Bowring.</i></p> <p>SONG</p> <p>If thou art sleeping, maiden, Awake and open thy door. 'Tis the break of day, and we must away O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.</p> <p>Wait not to find thy slippers, But come with thy naked feet; We shall have to pass through the dewy grass And waters wide and fleet. —<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

166	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>SAINT TERESA (1515-1582)</p> <p>LINES WRITTEN IN HER BREVIARY</p> <p>SAINT TERESA of Ávila, was born Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada, at Ávila. In 1534 she became a Carmelite nun and began her reforms and foundations. Known as the <i>Madre Teresa de Jesús</i>, she gave evidence of the highest practical talents and of inspiration as a mystical writer. Her style is simple but passionate with sincerity and elevation. She was canonized in 1612 and was declared co-patron of Spain with Santiago. The best edition of her works was edited by Vicente de la Fuente at Madrid in 1881. Mrs. Cunninghame Grahame has published <i>Saint Teresa, her Life and Times</i> (London, 1891).</p> <p>Let nothing disturb thee, Nothing affright thee; All things are passing; God never changeth; Patient endurance</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



Saint Teresa
(Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada)

✓

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the people who were present at the meeting.

SAINT TERESA	169
<p> Attaineth to all things; Who God possesseth In nothing is wanting; Alone God sufficeth. —<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i> </p> <p> “IF, LORD, THY LOVE FOR ME IS STRONG” </p> <p> If, Lord, Thy love for me is strong As this which binds me unto Thee, What holds me from Thee, Lord, so long, What holds Thee, Lord, so long from me? </p> <p> O soul, what then desirest thou? —Lord, I would see Thee, who thus choose Thee. </p> <p> What fears can yet assail thee now? —All that I fear is but to lose Thee. </p> <p> Love’s whole possession I entreat, Lord, make my soul Thine own abode, And I will build a nest so sweet It may not be too poor for God. </p> <p> O soul in God hidden from sin, What more desires for thee remain, </p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

170	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Save but to love, and love again, And, all on flame with love within, Love on, and turn to love again? —<i>Arthur Symons.</i></p> <p>"LET MINE EYES SEE THEE"</p> <p>Let mine eyes see Thee, Sweet Jesus of Nazareth, Let mine eyes see Thee, And then see death.</p> <p>Let them see that care Roses and jessamine; Seeing Thy face most fair All blossoms are therein. Flower of seraphim, Sweet Jesus of Nazareth Let mine eyes see Thee, And then see death.</p> <p>Nothing I require Where my Jesus is; Anguish all desire, Saving only this; All my help is His,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

SAINT TERESA	171
<p>He only succoreth. Let mine eyes see Thee, Sweet Jesus of Nazareth, Let mine eyes see Thee, And then see death. —<i>Arthur Symons.</i></p> <p>“TO-DAY A SHEPHERD”</p> <p>To-day a shepherd and our kin, O Gil, to random us is sent, And He is God Omnipotent.</p> <p>For us hath He cast down the pride And prison wall of Satanas; But He is of the kin of Bras, Of Menga, also of Llorent. O is not God Omnipotent?</p> <p>If He is God, how then is He Come hither and here crucified? —With His dying sin also died, Enduring death the innocent. Gil, how is God Omnipotent!</p> <p>Why, I have seen Him born, pardie, And of a most sweet shepherdess.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

172	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>—If He is God how can He be With such poor folk as these content? —Seest not He is Omnipotent?</p> <p>Give over idle parleyings And let us serve Him, you and I, And since He came on earth to die, Let us die with Him too, Llorent; For He is God Omnipotent. —<i>Arthur Symons.</i></p> <p>"SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD, HARK"</p> <p>Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling! Angels they are, and the day is dawning.</p> <p>What is this ding-dong, Or loud singing is it? Come, Bras, now the day is here, The shepherdess we'll visit. Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling! Angels they are, and the day is dawn- ing.</p> <p>Oh, is this the Alcalde's daughter, Or some lady come from far?</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

SAINT TERESA	173
<p>She is the daughter of God the Father, And she shines like a star. Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling! Angels they are, and the day is dawning. —<i>Arthur Symons.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

174	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE (1520-1569)</p> <p>LOVE'S VISITATION</p> <p>GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE was born at Lisbon, the son of a royal physician. He adopted the fashion of Castillejo in abusing the Italianate writers, but later wrote poems in that manner. He died as organist of the cathedral of Granada. See <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> (vol. xxxv).</p> <p>Certain Verses very weary On their laggard footsteps coming In the Tuscan manner dreary, Chanced upon a lover humming Of his woes and bitter sorrows In the heavy-footed measures And the leaden-weighted treasures That were used in ancient morrows— Heaven forgive our Castillejo For having praised these oldtime lays so!—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

"And whence," said Love in passion,
"This measure so o'erweighted
Our ears have so much hated?"
They answered in this fashion:
"This is a foreign gabble,
The subject without reason,
To common-sense such treason
That the lady doubts the rabble
Is a-cursing her or praising
When she hears its voices raising."
"See, though the device are using
Garcilasso and Boscán,
This for utmost soarings choosing,
Though a Roland is each man,
Even they find insufficient
This false artificial plan.
'Tis for your own damage making
A perverse, mad, undertaking,—
Through my kingdom idly spreading
The false coinage they are shedding."

"To the chatelaine or maiden
(Venus asks) what rash pretender
Speaks the cares with which he's laden
On a speech no mind can render?
You, nor I, nor she, are able

176	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>To feel very comfortable, When we see the very ladies That we die for, and each maid is Quite unsure if it's a joke Or a satire that we poke In this rigmarole from Hades." —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS	177
<p data-bbox="266 500 716 528">LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS (1524-1580)</p> <p data-bbox="365 551 617 579">ADIEU TO COÏMBRA</p> <p data-bbox="266 597 716 914"> LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS, the glory of Portuguese literature, is also famous for his poetry in Spanish. He was born and died at Lisbon and through birth occupied a distinguished place at court until an unhappy love affair banished him from the city in 1547. He joined the army and later lost an eye at the naval battle of Ceuta. Returning from Goa in 1570, after persecution and imprisonment, he fell into poverty and obscurity and so died. His great work the <i>Os Lusíadas</i> was published first in 1572. </p> <p data-bbox="266 930 716 1130"> Sweet lucent waters of Mondego's stream, Of my Remembrance restful jouissance, Where far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esper- ance Longwhile misled me in a blinding Dream; From you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er mis- deem </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

178	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>That long-drawn Memories which your charms enhance Forbid me changing and, in every chance, E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.</p> <p>Well may my Fortunes hale this instrument Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide and side, Offered to winds and watery element; But hence my Spirit, by you 'companied, Borne on the nimble wings that Reverie lent, Flies home and bathes her, Waters, in your tide.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>R. F. Burton.</i></p> <p>VILLANCICO—"I'LL BE A MARINER"</p> <p>I'll go to yon boat, my Mother; O yes! to yon boat I'll go; I'll go with the mariner, Mother, And be a mariner too.</p> <p>Mother, there's no withstanding; For whereso'er I am driven It is by the will of heaven,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis Vaz de Camoëns



Or the infant god's commanding;
He plays with my heart at will,
I feel it with love o'erflow;
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining;
Omnipotence is his boast;
I feel that my soul is lost,
And nought but my body remaining;
The mariner's dying, Mother—
He must not die—I'll go—
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example!
This little usurping lord,
With a single look or word
A king in the dust will trample;
If the mariner goes, my Mother,
If the mariner's bent to go,
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever
A nymph so soft and fair
Sped o'er your waters there;

182	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Tell me, ye waves! O never! 'Tis nothing to me, my Mother— What love commands I'll do; I'll go with my mariner, Mother, And be a mariner too. —<i>John Bowring.</i></p> <p>ON THE DEATH OF CATARINA DE ATTAYDA</p> <p>Those charming eyes within whose starry sphere Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours away,— Those braids of light, that shamed the beams of day,— That hand benignant, and that heart sincere,— Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear Like snow-banks scattered with the blooms of May, Turned to a little cold and worthless clay, Are gone, forever gone, and perished here,— But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

<p>LUIS VAZ DE CAMOËNS</p>	<p>183</p>
<p>Death thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour, That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower, The mellow fruitage of its prime was given; Love saw the deed,—and as he lingered near Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to heaven!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—<i>R. F. Burton.</i></p> <p>ON REVISITING CINTRA AFTER THE DEATH OF CATARINA</p> <p>Apparel of green woods and meadows gay; Clear and fresh waters innocent of stain, Wherein the field and grove are found again, As from high rocks ye take your downward way; And shaggy peaks, and ordered disarray Of crags abrupt, know that ye strive in vain, Till grief consent, to soothe the eye of pain, Shown the same scene that Pleasure did survey.</p>	
<p>AND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

184	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Nor as erst seen am I beheld by you, Rejoiced no more by fields of pleasant green, Or lively runnels laughing as they dart; Sown be these fields with seeds of ruth and rue, And wet with brine of welling tears, till seen Sere with the herb that suits the broken heart. —<i>Richard Garnett.</i></p> <p>BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND LISBON)</p> <p>Here, where fecundity of Babel frames Stuff for all ills wherewith the world doth teem, Where loyal Love is slurred with dis- esteem, For Venus all controls, and all defames; Where vice's vaunts are counted, virtue's shames; Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords su- preme;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Where blind and erring sovereignty doth
deem
That God for deeds will be content with
names;

Here in this world where whatso is, is
wrong,
Where Birth and Worth and Wisdom
begging go
To doors of Avarice and Villainy,—
Trammelled in the foul chaos, I prolong
My days, because I must. Woe to me!
Woe!

Sion, had I not memory of thee!
—*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

Leave me, all sweet refrains my lip hath
made;
Leave me, all instruments attuned for
song;
Leave me, all fountains pleasant meads
among;
Leave me, all charms of garden and of glade;
Leave me all melodies the pipe hath played;

186	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Leave me, all rural feast and sportive throng; Leave me, all flocks the reed beguiles along; Leave me, all shepherds happy in the shade. Sun, moon and stars, for me no longer glow; Night would I have, to wail for vanished peace; Let me from pole to pole no pleasure know; Let all that I have loved and cherished cease; But see that thou forsake me not, my Woe, Who wilt, by killing, finally release. —<i>Richard Garnett.</i> </p> <p>SONNET</p> <p> Time and the mortal will stand never fast; Estrangéd fates man's confidence es- trange; Aye with new quality imbued, the vast World seems but victual of voracious change. </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

New endless growth surrounds on every
side,
Such as we deemed not earth could ever
bear,
Only doth sorrow for past woe abide,
And sorrow for past good, if good it were.

Now Time with green hath made the
meadows gay,
Late carpeted with snow by winter frore,
And to lament hath turned my gentle lay;
Yet of all change this chiefly I deplore,
The human lot, transformed to ill alway,
Not chequered with rare blessing as of
yore.

—*Richard Garnett.*

188	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN (1528-1591)</p> <p>IMITATIONS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS</p> <p>FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN was born at Belmonte of Cuenca, of presumably Jewish origin. At an early age he entered the Augustinian Order at Salamanca and rapidly became one of the most distinguished figures in the life and history of that university. In 1572, his enemies had him imprisoned and tried before the Inquisition on charges of irregular teachings regarding the Vulgate Bible, and it was almost six years before he regained his liberty, proving his orthodoxy and innocence. He was at first esteemed as a great theologian, but in later years he has been recognized as the greatest lyric poet, in Castilian, and one of the great masters of the world in devotional song. His poems, of which there are innumerable editions, were first published by Quevedo. The best edition is that of A. Merino (Madrid, 1816).</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



From "Pacheco's Album"

Fray Luis de León



That haughty tyranny of thine,
 That neck unbending, Love shall take,
 I vow, and victim of thee make
 In harsh subjection to repine.
 Live out thy vain and care-free days,
 Love's bitter ways
 Shall charge the measure of my score,
 When of thy sorrow none shall more
 Take any notice whoso pays.

When through the golden locks that crown
 Thy brows the scattered snows shall run,
 And thy twin daystars have begun
 To dim their lights of old renown;
 When the first wrinkle line shall sear
 Thy visage clear,
 And beauty's time is done and over,
 And he is fugitive—the lover
 That found the rose so fresh and dear;

When thou shalt see thy cause is lost,
 And findest thy loving is but weeping,
 Thou then shalt know the woe unsleeping
 In love that with no love is crossed;
 Lady, then with grief shalt say,
 That hapless day:—

"Would I had now, alas, my fate!
That beauty that was mine of late,
Or that old love I cast away!"

The thousands whom your coldness spurned
And left to sorrows, on that day
Of vengeance shall be glad and gay
When they have thy discomfort learned;
And Love himself shall take the wing
And publishing
The novel tale of thy disgrace,
To all who mock shall show thy face
To warn them 'gainst the loveless thing.

Alas, by heaven, my lady fair,
Behold thyself in flower so pure
And gracious that cannot endure,
But left unplucked is lost fore'er;
And since no less discreet thou art
In equal part
Than fair and scornful to the view,
Look thou how everything is due
And subject to the loving heart!
'Tis Love that governs all the skies
With law eternal and most sweet;
Thinkst thyself strong enough to meet

Such foe in this poor world of lies?
 'Tis Love gives movement and delight
 And beauty's might,
 It is the very sweet of life;
 So that the fate with it at strife
 Is saddened with a pauper's blight.

Of what avail the golden cup,
 The silken vesture and brocade,
 The ceiling with its gems inlaid,
 The piles of treasures mounting up?
 Of what avail the fertile breast
 Of all earth's best,
 And its adoring—if in fine,
 O lady, slumbering be thine
 Alone where the cold couch is dressed?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AT THE ASCENSION

And wouldst Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave
 Thy flock within this vale of woe
 And solitude to grieve,
 Whilst Thou through ambient skies
 aglow
 Ascendst where death and sorrow cannot
 go!

194	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>But they—so blesséd in the past, Yet now with hearts afflicted sore— Thy little ones, outcast, Bereft of Thee their guide of yore— Whither shall turn they when Thou leadst no more?</p> <p>What now remains to glad the eyes That once Thy comeliness have known? What longer can they prize? What voices, but discordant grown To them who hearkened to Thy loving tone?</p> <p>The waves of yon perturbéd deep, Whose hand shall curb?—Who now assuage The blasts and bid them sleep? In Thine eclipse,—what star presage For our benighted bark the harborage?</p> <p>Alas! swift cloud unpitying That bidst our joys no more endure,— Whither thy silvery wing?</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

How rich the bliss thou dost secure!—
 How beggared wilt thou leave us, how
 obscure!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO THE POET JUAN DE GRIAL

Now is earth's loveliness withdrawn
 Unto her bosom; now the heavens are
 stoled
 In vesture of the fading lawn;
 And from the branches' lifeless hold
 Leaf after leaf unto the ground is doled.

Now Phœbus turns on sunlit tread
 Along Ægean shores; the coursing day
 Runs swifter; noontide is bespread
 With herding of the fleeces gray
 Of Éölus upon his blustery way.

By dim horizons go the cranes
 Of Íbycus, migrating with their cry
 Portentous; and the bullock strains
 Against the yoke with shoulders high,
 Turning his patient furrows to the sky.

196	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>To noble studies would the hours, Grial, convene us; now the voice of Fame Calls upward to her sacred towers, And to that summit bids us aim Where never yet the breath of passions came.</p> <p>And at her calling, bolder strides The foot upon the mountain, so it gains The final peak whence purest glides The fountain without worldly stains; Drink there thy fill, and thirst no more remains.</p> <p>Then naught to thee is golden lure That snares mankind upon a fevered quest For that which can no more endure Than gossamer the zephyr's breast Is wafting light and fickle without rest.</p> <p>Doth God Apollo smile?—then write; Be peer with olden poets,—take thy stand Above our newer bards in might;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN

197

But oh, dear friend, not hand in hand
May'st hope to clasp me on that songful
strand!

For I whom whirlwinds have assailed,
And treachery from high adventuring
Down to the very grime hath haled,
Find broken—I a wounded thing—
My lyre belovèd and my soaring wing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE NIGHT SERENE

When I contemplate o'er me
The heaven of stars profound,
And mark the earth before me
In darkness swathed around,—
In careless slumber and oblivion bound;

Then love and longing waken
The anguish of my soul;
Mine eyes with tears are taken
Like founts beyond control,
My voice sighs forth at last its voice
of dole:—

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

198	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>O Temple-Seat of Glory, Of Beauteousness and Light, To thy calm promontory My soul was born! What blight Holds it endungeoned here from such a height?</p> <p>What mortal aberration Hath so estranged mankind That from God's destination He turns, abandoned, blind, To follow mocking shade and empty rind?</p> <p>No thought amid his slumber He grants impending fate, While nights and dawns keep number In step apportionate, And life is filched away—his poor estate.</p> <p>Alas!—arise, weak mortals, And measure all your loss! Begirt for deathless portals, Can souls their birthright toss Aside, and live on shadows vain and dross?</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN	199
<p>Oh, let your eyes beholding Yon pure celestial sphere, Unmask the wiles enfolding The life that flatters here— The little day of mingled hope and fear!</p> <p>What more can base earth render Than one poor moment's pause, Compared with that far splendor Where in its primal cause Lives all that is—that shall be—and that was!</p> <p>Who on yon constellation Eternal can set gaze,— Its silvery gradation, Its majesty of ways, The concord and proportion it displays,—</p> <p>In argent wonder turning The moon doth nightly rove, Squired by the Star of Learning And melting Star of Love, She trails with gentle retinue above—</p> <p>And lo! through outer spaces Where Mars is rolled aflame!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Where Jupiter retraces
The calmed horizon's frame
And all the heavens his ray beloved
acclaim!

Beyond swings Saturn, father
Of the fabled age of gold;
And o'er his shoulders gather
Night's chantries manifold,
In their proportioned grade and lustre
stoled!—

Who can behold such vision
And still earth's baubles prize?
Nor sob the last decision
To rend the bond that ties
His soul a captive from such blissful
skies?

For there Content hath dwelling;
And Peace, her realm; and there
'Mid joys and glories swelling
Lifts up the dais fair
With Sacred Love enthroned beyond
compare.

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN	201
<p> Immensurable Beauty Shows cloudless to that light; And there a Sun doth duty That knows no stain of night; There Spring Eternal blossoms without ' blight. </p> <p> O fields of Truth-Abiding! Green pasturelands and rills! And mines of treasures hiding! O joyous-breasted hills! Re-echoing vales where every balm distils! </p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">TO RETIREMENT</p> <p> At last, O thou serene retreat From all my wanderings! Thou balm desired So long, that bringst me healing sweet From wounds naught else can heal! Inspired Seclusion, gracious welcome for the tired! </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

202	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>At last, thou little thatch of straw Beneath whose eaves no lurking Care hath stayed, Where none within a comrade's glances saw The gleam of Envy e'er displayed— Nor voice was perjured, not a plot betrayed!</p> <p>Fair upland, sloping to the skies With peace beyond the thought of earth endowed— Beyond where in death's grapple vies The creature of the fevered crowd With thirst of dissolution and the shroud!—</p> <p>Receive me, mountain, oh receive Within thy fastness! For I come pur- sued By slander!—yea, unfinished leave The tasks that bring ingratitude, The peace that mocks, and earth's unhappy brood!—</p> <p>Where one, who late at haven-bar Hath lain to anchor calm, is now the prey</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Of winds that buffet him afar
And waves that gulf him in their spray
And rack his hapless timbers with dismay!

Another meets the lurking rock
And instant down the yawning waters
goes

Calamitous unto the shock!
For one, becalmed, no life-breath blows;
On Syrtean shoals the squall another
throws;

Whilst others are despairing prey
To sudden midnight and the dread
typhoon,
And to the hungry Neptune pay
Their lives in tribute mid the swoon;
Some, bold to swim, are down the ocean
strewn!

Strive or surrender to the flood,
What end must ultimate be his, who
rides,
Death-gripping through the foaming scud,
Some broken spar his wreck provides
Adown such vast abysm of roaring tides?

Alas!—how often and how often thou,
 Unfailing haven, hast been my desire!
 Then of thy refuge fail not now—
 Fail not when I would so require
 'Mid such a sea of troubles blind and dire!
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HIS
 DUNGEON

Lo, where envy and where lies
 Held me in the prison cell;
 Blesséd was the lot that fell
 To the humble and the wise
 Far from earth's chagrins to dwell;
 Who with thatch and homely fare
 Rests him in some sylvan spot,
 Lone with God abiding there,
 And none else his thought to share,
 Envyng none, and envied not.
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE VALLEY OF THE HEAVENS

Resplendent precinct of the skies,
 Fair sward of gladness neither snow

Nor parching breath of noonday tries,
Domain whose sacred uplands show
Its peace ungarnered deathlessly aglow!

His brows in white and azure crowned
Athwart its pastures softly wends,
O flock endeared with thee around,
The Holy Shepherd; thee He tends
Unarmed with staff or sling where naught
offends.

He leads, and happy sheep o'erflow
Around Him in a loving feud,
Where the immortal roses blow
And verdure ever is renewed
Howe'er the flock may graze, in pleni-
tude.

And now upon the mountain ways
Of Bliss He guides; now by the stream
To bathe them in His grace He strays;
Now grants them banqueting agleam—
Himself the Giver and the Gift Supreme.

And when the eye of noon attains
The zenith of its fiery powers,

Amid His fondlings He remains
 To drowse away the torrid hours
 And cheer with voice serene the holy
 bowers.

He wakes the viol's melting tone
 And sweetness trembles through the soul
 Unto such golden joy unknown;
 Enraptured then beyond control
 It casts itself on Him, its only goal.

O Breath! O Voice!—mightst Thou ordain
 Some little echo for my breast
 That—self-surrendering in that strain
 To Thee—of Thee 'twould be possest,
 O Love, and on Thy shoulder find its
 rest!

Where Thou dost linger at the noon,
 Sweet Spouse, Oh, would my spirit
 knew!—
 And breaking from this prison swoon,
 Of Thy far flocks might come in view
 And stray no more, save paths Thou
 leadst them through.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS

In dalliance Roderic the King
Delayed with fair La Cava by the side
Of Tagus' gorge, till clamoring
The river-god from out the tide
Emerged, and in a voice prophetic cried:—

“Licentious despot,—would you choose
Such hour for weakness! Now when
thunders sound
And trumpetings of death confuse!—
When clash and shout of Mars astound
Our land, and conflagrations spread
around!

“Alas, for thy mere pleasure, how
Our country groans! That lovely one
(O day
Unhallowed of her birth!) doth now
On Spain bring weeping and dismay,
To sweep the sceptre of the Goths away!

“Flames, supplications, shouts of war,
Laments of death and anguish and dis-
grace,—

That brief embrace is twining for!—
 Involving you and all the race
 In shame the ages never shall efface!

“A yoke of slavery on the lands,
 They till at Constantina, where the
 stream
 Of Ebro, where Sansueña's strands
 And Lusitania's reach extreme—
 On all the spacious Spains,—a doom
 supreme!

“Hark, out of Cadiz raging calls
 Count Julian's voice to speak a father's
 wrongs!
 No shame of treachery appals—
 He conjures up avenging throngs
 To waste the kingdom that to you be-
 longs!

“Adown the morn the trumpet's throat
 Proclaims the doom! See, on Morocco's
 shore
 What thronging, when his banners float
 Upon the winds conspired to pour
 So swift on Spain the Moslem con-
 queror!

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN	209
<p> "The cruel Arab lifts his lance And shakes his gleaming challenge to the wind; Swiftly his light flotillas dance Upon their way of warfare blind— See all their numbers swarming on my mind!— </p> <p> "The trembling earth is hidden where they tread; Their sails blot out the intervening sea; Their clamors strike the heaven with dread; The sun from out the noon would flee Before the dust cloud and obscurity! </p> <p> "Alas, how ardently their prows Surmount the waves! What sinews bend the oar As every galley onward plows And how the deeps must foam and roar, When they glide hissing on the Spanish shore! </p> <p> "To Æolus their sails are given And over Hercules's unguarded straits </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

210	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Their sharpened prows of steel are driven Where Neptune, the great father, waits To grant them ingress by his open gates.</p> <p>"Alas!—poor wretch, that bosom dear Can still bewitch you?—that you draw no sword, When such calamities you hear?— When even upon the sacred ford Tarifa falls already to the horde!</p> <p>"Out in the saddle! Spread your wing Across the mountains! Spare not on the plain Your bloody spurs! There brandishing The goad, come thundering amain Upon them, Roderic, with blade in- sane!</p> <p>"But oh! what travail now prepares,— What years of sweat and carnage are ordained On him who shield and breastplate bears, On princeling who might else have reigned,— On horse and rider to destruction chained!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN	211
<p>“Thou Stream of Betis,—shalt be dyed With mingling blood of kinsmen and of foes!</p> <p>Unto the sea how soon thy tide With broken wrack of helmets flows, And surge of corpses kingly in their woes!—</p> <p>“Five days of blood infuriate The God of war unloosens on the plains, Where meet the swarming hordes of hate; The sixth, alas, thy doom ordains!— O land belovéd,—in barbaric chains!”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR
(1530-1606)

THE JOLLY SUPPER

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR was a native of Seville, who saw service with the Marqués de Santa Cruz and later became steward of the Conde de Gelves. See his poems in the edition of F. Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1910).

In Jaén where I'm abiding
Don Lope de Sosa dwells,
And my story, Ines, tells
Wonders past your mind's providing.
On this gentleman attended
A young squire from Portugal—
But to supper let us fall
So my hunger may be ended.
For the table is awaiting
Where together we may sup;
Forth are set the steaming cup
And the glass,—no more debating,—



From "Pacheco's Album"

Baltasar del Alcázar



Cut the bread, ah, what a savor!—
This *hors d'œuvre* is Paradise!
From the *salpicón* arise
Odors of a heavenly flavor.
Pour the wine into the glasses
And invoke a blessing now;
Every time I drink I vow
And bless each ruby drop that passes.
That was sure a healthy portion,
Ines, pass the bottle here;
Every mouthful would appear
Worth a florin,—no extortion.
In what tavern do you buy it?
From the place by the ravine;
Ten and six a measure, clean,
Fresh and good and cheap to try it.
By the Lord, it is a treasure
That Alcocer tavern wine;
Certainly, I think it's fine
To have at hand so just a measure.
Whether old or new invention,
On my faith, I do not know,
But this I see that here below
The tavern came with good intention.
For 'tis there I go a-thirsting,
Order up the newest brew,

216	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Mixing it they serve to you, You pay and drink yourself to bursting. This, my Ines, is its merit,— There's no need to sing its praise— The one objection that I raise, The fleeting joy that we inherit. Now, the lighter dishes over, Tell me what is coming now? The meat-pie!—O blessed brow, Worthy of such noble cover! What a dish it is, how hollow!— What meat and luscious fat it holds!— It seems, Ines, that it unfolds Its depths for you and me to swallow. But onward, onward, without question, For straight and narrow is the road; No more water,—let the load Of wine, Ines, invite digestion. Pour out the three-year vintage freely, 'Twill aid your stomach in its work. How good to see you do not shirk But take a grown man's portion, really! Now tell me, is it not delightful To have a dish so fine and rare, With all its biting flavors there, And all its spices fresh and spiteful? </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Pine-nuts in its luscious dressing
Make the brave dame's meat-pie sweet;
And roasted by her there's a treat
In suckling pig that is a blessing.
As true as heaven 'tis fit to honor
The very table of the King;
A pork, 'Ines,—the sweetest thing
With her delicious tripe upon her!
My very heart is filled with rapture;
I don't know how it is with you,
But taking now and then a view,
You seem contentment here to capture.
Great heavens! I am full of liquor;
But I would make a sage remark;
You brought one lamp to light the dark,
Now two before me seem to flicker.
But these are really drunken notions;
I know of course it had to be,
That with this heavy drink I'd see
The lights increasing with the potions.
Now let us try the tankard's juices,
Celestial beverage refined,
Superior to what we bind
In casks, it livelier joy produces.
What smoothness and what glassy clear-
ness!

What taste and odor rarified!
 What touch! What color there beside
 And all that makes for luscious dearness!
 But now there come the cheese and berry
 To take their place upon the board;
 And both it seems would claim award
 Of cup and tankard passing merry.
 Try the cheese,—the choice from many,—
 Quite as good as Pinto's best;
 And the olives—for the rest
 They can hold their own with any.
 Now then, Ines, if you're able
 Take six mouthfuls from the flask—
 There is nothing more to ask;
 Clear the covers from the table.
 And as we have supped and rested
 To our very hearts' content
 It would seem the moment meant
 For the story I suggested.
 'Tis a tale, Ines, to win you—
 For the Portuguese fell ill—
 Eleven striking?—Wait until
 To-morrow, I'll the tale continue—

—*Thomas Walsh.*



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3



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga

ALONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA
(1533-1594)

FROM THE *ARAUCANA*

ALONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA was born at Madrid, where he died after a life of soldiering and adventuring in South America. He spent some years in Chile with the Governor, Jerónimo de Alderete. In 1562 he returned to Spain, and in 1569 he published the first part of his *Araucana*, a fine heroic poem, much of it written amid the scenes and battles it describes.

Caciques! defenders of our country, hear!

It is not envy wounds my tortured sight,
When I observe these struggles, who shall
wear

Ambition's badge,—which had been mine
of right;

For see my brow in aged wrinkles dight,
And the tomb tells me I must soon be there;

222	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal!— Listen! my soul its counsels shall unveil!</p> <p>To what vain honors, chiefs, aspire ye now? And where the bulwarks of this towering pride? Ye have been vanquished,—trod on, by the foe; Defeat is echoed round on every side. What! are your conquerors thus to be defied, That stand around with laurels on their brow! Check this mad fury! wait the coming fray! Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day.</p> <p>What a wild rage is this that bears you on, Blindly to sure perdition,—to despair! These murderous, fratricidal swords throw down, Or point them at the tyrant! He is here! The Christian felons, noble chiefs! are near. Spill their base blood! but spare, O spare your own!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Die if you will,—like men, like patriots
die;

But dread a death of shame, of infamy!

Madden your weapons with the enthusiast
soul!

O let them probe the invader's inmost
breast;

He who would chain you to his proud
control,—

To slavery, insult!—O 'twere wise,
'twere best

To stay his fettering hand, nor tamely
rest

While strength and valor on your efforts
call!

Your blood, chiefs, is your country's!—
guard it then

For her!—It is not yours, heroic men!

It grieves me not to see a warlike rage,—

I hail the rapturous fury of the brave!

But never let its violence engage

In struggles leading on to freedom's
grave;

Such madness loses what it seeks to save;

224	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Discord's deep wounds, not valor can assuage. I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if it must be, Come wreak your waking violence on me.</p> <p>Let me fall first; for I am sick of life, And wearied with misfortune;—let me die!</p> <p>Devote my bosom to the horrid knife, Since these sad thoughts end not my misery!</p> <p>Happy the dying babe!—O why was I Thus made the victim of this vain world's strife?</p> <p>Yet will I raise my voice, though weak and rude,— The tears of age may touch the brave and good.</p> <p>In strength and valor ye all equal are; To each a noble heritage was given! And power and wealth and bravery in war Were equally conferred by bounteous heaven.</p> <p>In greatness,—strength of soul,—ye all are even,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And each might rule the world, they blaze
so far.

Now prove your worth by valiant hero-
deeds;

This is no time for words! your country
bleeds!

I trust your arms,—your hearts; nor aught
suspect;

The future smiles; there is no thought
of fear!

Yet it were wise some chieftain to elect
Who all may govern and whom all revere.

Let it be he who yon vast log can bear
Longest upon his shoulder, firm, erect.

Since wealth and fortune made ye equal all,
Upon the strongest chief the lot shall fall!

—*John Bowring.*

FERNANDO DE HERRERA

(1534-1594)

IDEAL BEAUTY

FERNANDO DE HERRERA was a native of Seville, where, on taking orders he was attached to the church of San Andrés. His love poems celebrate a famous Platonic love-affair with the Countess of Gelves the mother of the patron of Baltasar de Alcázar. In 1580 he published an annotation of the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega; in 1582 he published his poems, *Algunas Obras*; his *Life of Sir Thomas More* was published in 1592. See *Fernando de Herrera el Divino*, by M. A. Coster (Paris, 1908).

O light serene! present in him who
breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet
restrains
The high-born soul—that in its mortal
chains



From "Pacheco's Album"

Fernando de Herrera

[F
-
H
R
A
W
A
P
-
]

Heavenward aspires for love's immortal
wreaths!

Rich golden locks, within whose clustered
curls

Celestial and eternal treasures lie!

A voice that breathes angelic harmony

Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!

What marvelous beauty! Of the high
estate

Of immortality, within this light

Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse
is given;

And in the glorious form I contemplate

(Although its brightness blinds my feeble
sight)

The immortal still I seek and follow
on to Heaven!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay

Once veiled the brightness of thy native
sky;

230	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye, Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away! He that chastised thee did at length un- close Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace Received thee to its stillness and repose. Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling, Help me to rise and be immortal there— An earthly vapor melting into air;— For my whole soul with secret ardor swelling, From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free, And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee. —<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i> </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FERNANDO DE HERRERA	231
<p>THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT</p> <p>Bright Sun! that flaming through the midday sky Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep- vaulted arch, Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march One hue to rival this blue tranquil eye? Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate touch Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion, Say, hast thou found in all thy wide dominion, Tresses of gold that can delight so much?</p> <p>Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars! Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?</p> <p>Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire— Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars? See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze?—<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

232	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE (1534-1594?)</p> <p>ODE</p> <p>BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE, an elusive personality in Spanish poetry, is said to have been born at Torrelaguna, and to have received his education at Alcalá de Henares. Disappointed in love, he enlisted for service in the army in Italy, and on his return to Spain found his "Filis" the wife of an elderly man of wealth. His poems were first published by Quevedo in 1631, and a facsimile edition was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).</p> <p>Tirsis, O Tirsis, turn and seek again The safety of the port; behold what skies Descend about thy fragile little bark And warn thee not to go!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The frigid Boreas, the South Wind's
threats,
Have stirred the seas to an appalling rage;
Upon that troubled marge no sail can run
Upon a happy course.

Cry out, unhappy man!—the heavens
receive
And hush your bitter moans and shouts
with roll
Of thunders shaking o'er the brows
Of their disturbèd face!

Ah, do not tell me that thy ardent breast
With passionate disorders so commands
Such rash adventure on thee, but to break
The calmness of thy youth!

See, lad unhappy, how the South Wind's
rage
Amid its whirling mocks the fickle wings
In dust and blast of satire, and the head
Too premature and bold!

See ye not how its fiercest breath is stirred
From off the burning mountain, where below

234	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Lie in their living death the boastful twain, Encéladus and Typhæus?</p> <p>Be warned upon thy fortunes, and repair Thy threatened ills; in time be wise Nor let mishaps encroach too near, for all Their sudden charge.</p> <p>Why shouldst thou perish? ah, return, Tiris, return! On land, yea, on the land Let thy ship be the prison and the cave Of the infuriate winds!</p> <p>Afar, the vengeance of the sea, afar, The raging ordnance of fierce Eolus Upon the heads of hardy mariners Who dare to brave his powers.</p> <p>From off the shore let us behold the storm And watch the angry heavens, where they least Are furious against the heads that least Oppose their vaunted strength.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA	235
<p data-bbox="322 489 663 543">FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA (1536?-1620?)</p> <p data-bbox="441 582 541 602">SONNET</p> <p data-bbox="268 631 718 863">FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA was a native of Alcalá de Henares, returning there after years of service in the army in Italy. He wrote both in Italian and Spanish and was the first to establish blank verse in Castilian. His poems (incomplete) were first published at Lisbon in 1625. A facsimile of the edition of 1626 was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).</p> <p data-bbox="268 894 718 1125">Land where the sun forever hides his face And moon ne'er whitens on thy gloomy brows; Where Nature, avarous step-dame, scarce allows A scant provision for the human race; Oh, what a destiny! were I to trace</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

236	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>(Since I have wandered from my natal boughs) And end in lone and melancholy drowse My days of life amid thy snowbound place!</p> <p>Where never would an amorous shepherd turn With rose and violet garlands for my tomb And 'mid his sighs memorial declare:— "Thy hapless ending doth thy Filis learn, O Tirsis, and two tears she sheds in gloom More precious than all Niobe's weep- ing rare." —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES	237
<p>MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA (1547-1616)</p> <p>SONNET ON GOLETTA</p> <p>MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the immortal author of <i>Don Quixote</i> and <i>The Exemplary Novels</i>, was born at Alcalá de Henares, served in the army and lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto. He was captured by Moorish pirates and spent five years in captivity in Algiers. He was ransomed and returned to face failure and poverty for the rest of his life. He died at Madrid. His verse is pleasing, but not distinguished when compared to his work in prose.</p> <p>Blest souls discharged of life's oppressive weight, Whose virtue proved your passport to the skies, You there procured a more propitious fate When for your faith you bravely fell to rise.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

238	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>When pious rage diffused through every vein, On this ungrateful shore you shed your blood; Each drop you lost was bought with crowds of slain, Whose vital purple swelled the neighbor- ing flood.</p> <p>Though crushed by ruins and by odds, you claim That perfect glory, that immortal fame, Which like true heroes nobly you pursued; On these you seized, even when of life deprived, For still your courage, even your lives survived; And sure 'tis conquest, thus to be subdued. —<i>P. Motteux.</i></p> <p>SONNET</p> <p>When I was marked for suffering, Love forsook All knowledge of my doom; or else at ease Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to please;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Or else a chastisement exceeding sore
 A little sin hath brought me. Hush! No
 more!

Love is a god! All things he knows and
 sees,

And gods are bland and mild! Who then
 decrees

The dreadful woe I bear and yet adore?

If I should say, O Chloe, that 'twas thou,
 I should speak falsely since, being wholly
 good

Like Heaven itself, from thee no ill can
 come.

There is no hope; I must die shortly now,
 Not knowing why, since, sure, no witch
 hath brewed

The drug that might avert my martyr-
 dom.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

CANCIÓN

What makes me languish and complain?—

Oh, 'tis disdain!

What yet more fiercely tortures me?—

'Tis jealousy.

How have I patience lost?—By absence
crossed.

Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;
I sink beneath oppressing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

What in my breast, this anguish drove?—
Intruding love.

What could such mighty ills create?—
Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel powers my fate approve?—
The powers above.

Then let me bear and cease to moan;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone;
When these invade, who dares oppose?
Heaven, love, and fortune are my foes.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?—Death
is sure.

No milder means to set me free?—Incon-
stancy.

Can nothing else my pains assuage?—
Distracting age.

What! die or change?—Lucinda lose?—
Oh, let me rather madness choose!

But judge, ye gods, what we endure
When death or madness is the cure!

—*P. Motteux.*

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP

O sacred friendship, Heaven's delight,
Which, tired with man's unequal mind,
Took to thy native skies thy flight,
While scarce thy shadow's left behind!
From thee, diffusive good below,
Peace and her train of joys we trace;
But falsehood, with dissembled show,
Too oft usurps thy sacred face.

Blessed genius, then resume thy seat!
Destroy imposture and deceit,
Which in thy dress confound the ball!
Harmonious peace and truth renew,
Show the false friendship from the true,
Or nature must to Chaos fall.

—*P. Motteux.*

FROM "THE JOURNEY AROUND
PARNASSUS"

Poets are made of clay of dainty worth,
Sweet, ductile, and of delicacy prime,

242	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And fond of lingering at a neighbor's hearth; For e'en the wisest poet of his time Is ruled by fond desires and delicate, Of fancies full and ignorance sublime; Wrapped in his whimsies, with affection great For his own offspring, he is not designed To reach a wealthy, but an honored state. So let my patient readers henceforth mind— As saith the vulgar impolite and 'coarse— That I'm a poet of the self-same kind; With snowy hairs of swan, with voice of hoarse And jet-black crow, the rough bark of my wit To polish down Time vainly spends its force; Upon the top of Fortune's wheel to sit, For one short moment hath not been my fate, For when I'd mount, it fails to turn a whit; But yet to learn if one high thought and great Might not some happier occasion seize, I travelled on with slow and tardy gait,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

A wheaten loaf, with eight small scraps of
cheese,

Was all the stock my wallet did contain,
Good for the road, and carried with great
ease.

"Farewell," quoth I, "my humble home
and plain!

Farewell, Madrid, thy Prado, and thy
springs

Distilling nectar and ambrosial rain!

Farewell, ye gay assemblies, pleasant
things

To cheer one aching bosom, and delight

Two thousand faint, aspiring underlings!

Farewell, thou charming and deceitful site,
Where erst two giants great were set ablaze

By thunderbolt of Jove, in fiery might!

Farewell, ye public theatres, whose praise

Rests on the ignorance I see becrown

The countless follies of unnumbered plays!"

—*James Young Gibson.*

244	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="471 505 827 563" style="text-align: center;">SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS (1549-1591)</p> <p data-bbox="424 586 870 609" style="text-align: center;">THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE SOUL</p> <p data-bbox="422 636 872 925">SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS was born Juan de Yepes y Álvarez, at Ontiveros. He joined the Carmelite Order in 1563, and soon became an energetic reformer of monastic life, gaining renown as a mystic and saintly character. He became known as the "Ecstatic Doctor" through the inspired nature of his prose writings. His poems are few, but among the greatest productions in all literature. See the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> (vol. xxvii). He was canonized in 1726.</p> <p data-bbox="422 959 872 1128">Upon an obscure night Fevered with love in love's anxiety (O hapless-happy plight!), I went, none seeing me, Forth from my house where all things quiet be.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



St. John of the Cross



SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS

247

By night, secure from sight,
And by the secret stair, disguisedly,
(O hapless-happy plight!)
By night, and privily,
Forth from my house where all things
quiet be.

Blest night of wandering,
In secret, where by none might I be spied,
Nor I see anything;
Without a light or guide,
Save that which in my heart burnt in my
side

That light did lead me on,
More surely than the shining of noontide,
Where well I knew that one
Did for my coming bide;
Where He abode, might none but He abide.

O night that didst lead thus,
O night more lovely than the dawn of
light,
O night that broughtest us,
Lover to lover's sight,
Lover with loved in marriage of delight!

HISPANIC NOTES

IV

248	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Upon my flowery breast Wholly for Him, and save Himself for none, There did I give sweet rest To my belovèd one; The fanning of the cedars breathed thereon.</p> <p>When the first moving air Blew from the tower and waved His locks aside, His hand, with gentle care, Did wound me in the side, And in my body all my senses died.</p> <p>All things I then forgot, My cheek on Him who for my coming came; All ceased, and I was not, Leaving my cares and shame Among the lilies, and forgetting them.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Arthur Symons.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE</p> <p>O flame of living love, That dost eternally Pierce through my soul with so consuming heat,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Since there's no help above,
 Make thou an end of me,
 And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!
 O more than pleasant wound!
 And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,
 That dost new life reveal,
 That dost in grace abound,
 And, slaying, dost from death to life
 translate!

O lamps of fire that shined
 With so intense a light
 That those deep caverns where the senses live,
 Which were obscure and blind,
 Now with strange glories bright,
 Both heat and light to His beloved give!

With how benign intent
 Rememberest thou my breast,
 Where thou alone abidest secretly;
 And in thy sweet ascent,
 With glory and good possessed,
 How delicately thou teachest love to me!

—*Arthur Symons.*

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

(1550-1578)

THE IMAGE OF GOD

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA, was a soldier-poet born at Tortosa. He perished in the African disaster that overtook the Portuguese King, Dom Sebastian, in 1578. The body of his writings has been lost, although he was much esteemed as an author of mystical poetry, some of which has survived.

O Lord! who seest from yon starry height,
Centered in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was
bright!

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast
given

To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in heaven.

Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass
 Before my spirit, and an image fair
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on
 high,
 As the reflected image in a glass
 Doth meet the look of him who seeks it
 there,
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.
—H. W. Longfellow.

MY NATIVE LAND

Clear fount of light! my native land on
 high
 Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
 Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath,
 But sentinelled in heaven, its glorious
 presence
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not,
 death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

252	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!</p> <p>Heavenward the bright perfections I adore Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way, That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.</p> <p>—<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA	253
<p>MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA (About 1550)</p> <p>SONNET</p> <p>MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA may be assumed to have been a Sevillian, although no definite facts of his life or dates are to be found. He was secretary to Philip II, and left several works on genealogical and moral questions.</p> <p>You were a foolish, though an amorous fellow, Leander—had you for a boat but waited Death and the devil might have both been cheated And history have been spared the pains to tell how A silly youth was drowned!—You might have gone Dry-footed to your mistress, and have kissed her</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

254	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="428 355 878 437">In nuptial joy,—but no!—for driven on By an impatient passion's gust, you missed her</p> <p data-bbox="428 472 878 525">And died.—A pity that!—In this our Seville</p> <p data-bbox="428 529 878 611">You've not a notion how we cheat the devil; And run no risk of colds nor disappoint- ments;</p> <p data-bbox="428 616 878 668">True, love may graze us,—but the drowning plan</p> <p data-bbox="428 672 878 725">Is a mistake, which neither oil nor ointments,</p> <p data-bbox="428 729 878 788">Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, man. —<i>John Bowring.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO

(Sixteenth Century)

ART AND NATURE

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO was a native of Seville during the sixteenth century. Practically nothing is known as to the date of his birth or death or the events of his life. He is known to have visited Italy. His works, first printed in Palermo in 1617, are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vols. 35 and 42).

The works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling
rill
And gardens, when adorned by human
skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But oh, the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature in her lavish hours doth steal,
In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way,
 The verdant reach of meadows fair and
 green,
 And the blue hills that bound the sylvan
 scene,
 These speak of grandeur, that defies
 decay,—
 Proclaims the Eternal Architect on
 high,
 Who stamps on all his works his own
 eternity.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves
 Waved in the golden harvest; from the
 plain
 I saw the blade shoot upward, and the
 grain
 Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.
 Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,
 And to the air the broad green leaves
 unrolled,
 A peerless emerald in each silken fold,
 And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.

And thus sprang up and ripened in brief
space

All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-
tide.

And what are we? a copy of that race,
The later harvest of a longer year!
And oh! how many fall before the ripened
ear!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

258	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>VICENTE ESPINEL (1551-1624)</p> <p><i>LETRILLA</i></p> <p>VICENTE ESPINEL was born at Ronda. After being sold into captivity by Moorish pirates he joined the Spanish army in Italy. Later, he returned to Spain, took orders, and obtained a post at the hospital at Ronda, where his irregular conduct led to his disgrace. He was a famous musician of the school of Salamanca and added the fifth string to the guitar, to the disapproval of Lope de Vega. His death occurred at Madrid. He is most famed as the author of the <i>Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón</i> (1618), after which Le Sage copied his more famous <i>Gil Blas</i>. Espinel's <i>Diversas Rimas</i> were published in 1591.</p> <p>A thousand, thousand times I seek My lovely maid; But I am silent, still, afraid</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

That if I speak
 The maid might frown, and then my heart
 would break.

I've oft resolved to tell her all,
 But dare not—what a woe 'twould be
 From doubtful favor's smiles to fall
 To the harsh frown of certainty.
 Her grace—her music cheers me now;
 The dimpled roses on her cheek,
 But fear restrains my tongue, for how,
 How should I speak,
 When, if she frowned, my troubled heart
 would break?

No! rather I'll conceal my story
 In my full heart's most secret cell;
 For though I feel a doubtful glory
 I 'scape the certainty of hell.
 I lose, 'tis true, the bliss of heaven—
 I own my courage is but weak;
 That weakness may be well forgiven,
 For should she speak
 In words ungentle, O my heart would
 break.

—*John Bowring.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR
LADY

He who is both brave and bold
Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
Never did and never could.

Modesty in women's game
Is a wide and shielding veil,
They are tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er could win and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
Seek, and you shall find a way;
All that love would say—to say,
If you watch the occasion right,
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er have conquered—never could.

—*John Bowring.*

ANONYMOUS	261
<p data-bbox="416 482 580 505" style="text-align: center;">ANONYMOUS</p> <p data-bbox="322 517 675 540" style="text-align: center;">(Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century)</p> <p data-bbox="351 568 640 591" style="text-align: center;">TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED</p> <p data-bbox="273 611 720 1007"> THIS famous sonnet, in spite of the ascription of its authorship to Saint Teresa of Avila in the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i>, is still declared to be anonymous. (M. R. Fouché-Delbosc, <i>Revue Hispanique</i>, 1895, vol. ii.) It has also been attributed, without sufficient reason, to Saint Ignatius de Loyola, Saint Francis Xavier, and Pedro de los Reyes, The Latin hymn "<i>Deus ego te amo</i>" is similar to it in many ways. The latter hymn, the work of Saint Francis Xavier, has been beautifully rendered into English by Alexander Pope. The sonnet has also been translated by Dryden in his "O God, thou art the object of my love." </p> <p data-bbox="273 1030 720 1114"> I am not moved to love Thee, O my Lord, By any longing for Thy Promised Land; Nor by the fear of hell am I unmanned </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

262	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>To cease from my transgressing deed or word.</p> <p>'Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy blood poured Upon the cross from nailèd foot and hand; And all the wounds that did Thy body brand; And all Thy shame and bitter death's award.</p> <p>Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply stirred That I would love Thee were no heaven on high,— That I would fear, were hell a tale absurd! Such my desire, all questioning grows vain; Though hope deny me hope I still should sigh, And as my love is now, it should remain.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE
ARGENSOLA
(1559-1613)

SONNET

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, together with his brother Bartolomé, is considered among the greater poets of the seventeenth century. He made some attempts at the drama, but it is not until the publication of *Rimas* in 1634 that we have a text to warrant their great reputation. The Argensolas were of Italian descent and followed the methods of the Italian poets, with a strong classical tendency which saved them from the abuses of Gongorism, then at its height. Lupercio became the Chronicler of Aragon and, following the Count de Lemos to Naples, died there.

October scatters the torn vines around,
And the great floods their 'customed
bounds break o'er;

Drowning the plains their shoreless
waters pour,
Sweeping both bridge and bank in Spain's
whole bound.

Moncayo, as of old, lifts up his crowned
High forehead of the snows; the sun no
more

Than scarce appears with day's half-
portioned store,
When it is covered o'er with night profound.

The angry breath of tempests is abroad
Upon the seas and rorests. Mankind
hastes

Into his ports and cabins wisely awed;
Whilst Fabio by the Tays lingering
wastes

His shamefaced tears, to mourn the sea-
sons' fraud,—

The fruits that wither ere the lip half
tastes.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO

(1560-1638)

SEGUIDILLA

JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO was a native of Toledo, and the author of the excellent *Autos Sacramentales*, and *Comedias Divinas*. His *Vida de San José* is also noteworthy; but he is especially esteemed for his devotional lyrics. There was an edition of his *Romancero espiritual* published at Madrid in 1880.

I who once was free,
Sold unto death you see;
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here!
With a honeyed smile,
Mother, a false friend
At the banquet's end
His hand within my dish the while,
Like a lamb betrayed me vile.

*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*
I placed him at my side
And passed the dish to him;
I shared and did provide
The best unto the brim.
His bargain rare and grim,—
He sold Thy Son away,
*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*
The garden flowers were wet
With the tears I shed thereon;
'Twas Holy Thursday, yet
With me had Judas gone;
He gave unto Thy Son
The kiss I'll not forget—
*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*

—Thomas Walsh.





From a bust in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis de Góngora

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LUIS DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA
(1561-1627)

NOT ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES

LUIS DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA was born of good family at Córdoba; he was educated at the University of Salamanca and received a benefice in 1577. In 1613 he removed to Madrid and became chaplain to the King. He returned to Córdoba in ill health and died there. His reputation as a poet was already established in 1600 at the publication of the *Romancero General*. His earlier poems are free from affectations, but in his later style he adopted the affectations known as *Marinism* in Italy, *Euphuism* in England and *Preciosité* in France, in this way establishing in Spain the School of Gongorism which afflicted Spanish literature for many generations. His poems may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vols. x, xvi, xxix, xxxii, and xxxv.

*They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the flowery vales;*

268	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p><i>But they are little silver bells, Touched by the winds in the smiling dells; Magic bells of gold in the grove, Forming a chorus for her I love.</i></p> <p>Think not the voices in the air Are from the wingéd Sirens fair, Playing among the dewy trees Chanting their morning mysteries; Oh! if you listen, delighted there, To their music scattered o'er the dales, <i>They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.</i></p> <p>Oh! 'twas a lovely song—of art To charm—of nature to touch the heart; Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which played By passion fills the forest shade; No! 'tis music's diviner part Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails. <i>They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.</i></p> <p>In the eye of love, which all things sees, The fragrance-breathing jasmine trees— And the golden flowers—and the sloping hill— And the ever melancholy rill—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Are full of holiest sympathies,
And tell of love a thousand tales.
*They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the cheerful vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the wind in the smiling dells,
Bells of gold in the secret grove,
Making music for her I love.*

—John Bowring.

ROMANCE

The loveliest girl in all our country-side,
To-day forsaken, yesterday a bride,
Seeing her love ride forth to join the wars,
With breaking heart and trembling lips
implores:

“My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,
Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!

“You told me, Mother, what too well I know,
How grief is long, and joy is quick to go,
But you have given him my heart that he
Might hold it captive with love's bitter
key,—

My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

270	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> "My eyes are dim, that once were full of grace, And ever bright with gazing on his face, But now the tears come hot and never cease, Since he is gone in whom my heart found peace, My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me. </p> <p> "Then do not seek to stay my grief, nor yet To blame a sin my heart must needs forget; For though blame were spoken in good part, Yet speak it not, lest you should break my heart. My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me. </p> <p> "Sweet Mother mine, who would not weep to see The glad years of my youth so quickly flee, Although his heart were flint, his breast a stone? Yet here I stand, forsaken and alone, My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me. </p> <p> "And still may night avoid my lonely bed, Now that my eyes are dull, my soul is dead. </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Since he is gone for whom they vigil keep,
Too long is night, I have no heart for sleep.
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,
Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

LET ME GO WARM

Let me go warm and merry still;
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let other muse on earthly things,—
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
And those whose fame the world doth fill;
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears,
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill;
On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
 And January's sleets and snows
 Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
 With one to tell a merry tale
 O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
 I sit, and care not for the gale;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands
 For silver mines and golden sands;
 Whilst I beside some shadowy rill
 Just where its bubbling fountain swells
 Do sit and gather stones and shells,
 And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
 The stormy Hellespont swam over;
 I cross without the fear of ill
 The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
 The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
 Or barefoot wade through Yepes's tides;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
 That Pyramus should die of love,
 And love should gentle Thisbe kill;

My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
 The sword I plunge into her heart
 The tooth that bites the crust apart,—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.
 —*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

Today from the Aurora's bosom
 A pink has fallen—a crimson blossom;
 And oh, how glorious rests the hay
 On which the fallen blossom lay!

When silence gently had unfurled
 Her mantle over all below,
 And crowned with winter's frost and snow,
 Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
 Amid the gloom descending slow,
 Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
 A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore
 (Aurora fair) within her breast,
 She gave to earth, yet still possessed
 Her virgin blossom as before;
 That hay that colored drop caressed,—

274	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Received upon its faithful bosom That single flower,—a crimson blossom.</p> <p>The manger, unto which 'twas given, Even amid wintry snows and cold, Within its fostering arms to fold The blushing flower that fell from heaven, Was as a canopy of gold,— A downy couch,—where on its bosom That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom. —H. W. Longfellow.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>LETRILLA</i></p> <p><i>Riches will serve for titles, too, That's true—that's true! And they love most who oftenest sigh, That's a lie—that's a lie!</i></p> <p>That crowns give virtue—power gives wit, That follies well on proud ones sit; That poor men's slips deserve a halter; While honors crown the great defaulter; That 'nointed kings no wrong can do, No right, such worms as I and you— <i>That's true—that's true!</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS DE GÓNGORA	275
<p>To say a dull and sleepy warden Can guard a many-portal'd garden; That woes which darken many a day One moment's smile can charm away; To say you think that Celia's eye Speaks aught but trick and treachery, <i>That's a lie—that's a lie!</i></p> <p>That wisdom's bought and virtue sold; And that you can provide with gold For court a garter or a star, And valor fit for peace or war; And purchase knowledge at the U- Niversity for P. or Q.— <i>That's true—that's true!</i></p> <p>They must be gagged who go to court, And bless, beside, the gagger for 't; That rankless must be scourged, and thank The scourgers when they're men of rank; The humble, poor man's form and hue Deserve both shame and suffering too— <i>That's true—that's true!</i></p> <p>But wondrous favors to be done, And glorious prizes to be won;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

And downy pillows for our head,
 And thornless roses for our bed;
 From monarch's words—you'll trust and
 try,
 And risk your honor on the die—
That's a lie—that's a lie!

That he who in the courts of law
 Defends his person or estate,
 Should have a privilege to draw
 Upon the mighty River Plate;
 And spite of all that he can do,
 He will be plucked and laughed at too—
That's true, that's true!

To sow of pure and honest seeds,
 And gather nought but waste and weeds;
 And to pretend our care and toil
 Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;
 And then on righteous heaven to cry,
 As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?—
That's a lie, that's a lie!

—John Bowring.

"CLEAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID
ELEMENT"

Clear honor of the liquid element,
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen!
Whose waters steal along the meadows
green,
With gentle step and murmur of content!
When she for whom I bear each fierce
extreme,
Beholds herself in thee,—then Love doth
trace
The snow and crimson of that lovely face
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.

Then, smoothly flow as now, and set not
free
The crystal curb and undulating rain
Which now thy current's headlong speed
restrain;
Lest broken and confused the image rest
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving
breast
Of him who holds and sways the trident
of the seas.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO

(1562-1635)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO, one of the greatest figures in Spanish literature, the "*monstruo*" of the critics, was born at Madrid, and after an irregular youth took part in the Invincible Armada, returning to receive priestly orders, but, also, to continue his dissolute courses. He is said to have written 1800 dramas of various kinds, establishing the style for all future writers for the Spanish theatre. His lyric talents are of the highest order, and his fluency makes him one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the world. His *Obras sueltas* in twenty-one volumes appeared at Madrid in 1776. Menéndez y Pelayo died before completing the collection of his works which he was preparing for the Spanish Academy.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan
song



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Lope Felis de Vega Carpio

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

LOPE DE VEGA	281
<p>Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me, Who mad'st Thy crook from the accursed tree On which Thy powerful arms were stretched so long! Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains; For Thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be; I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.</p> <p>Hear, Shepherd Thou who for Thy flock art dying, Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow. Oh, wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying, Wait for me: Yet why ask it, when I see, With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt waiting still for me!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>O NAVIS</i></p> <p>Poor bark of Life, upon the billows hoarse Assailed by storms of envy and deceit, Across what cruel seas in passage fleet</p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

My pen and sword alone direct thy course!
 My pen is dull; my sword of little force;
 Thy side lies open to the wild waves' beat
 As out from Favor's harbors we retreat,
 Pursued by hopes deceived and vain
 remorse.

Let heaven be star to guide thee! here below
 How vain the joys that foolish hearts
 desire!
 Here friendship dies and enmity keeps
 true;
 Here happy days have left thee long ago!
 But seek not port, brave thou the tem-
 pest's ire;
 Until the end thy fated course pursue!
 —*Roderick Gill.*

TOMORROW

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
 Thou did'st seek after me, that Thou
 did'st wait
 Wet with unhealthy dews before my
 gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

LOPE DE VEGA	283
<p>Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost If my ingratitude's unkindly frost Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.</p> <p>How oft my guardian angel gently cried, "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see How He persists to knock and wait for thee!" And oh, how often to that Voice of sorrow, "Tomorrow we will open," I replied, And when the morrow came I an- swered still "Tomorrow." —<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

284	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="560 482 922 574">BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA (1564-1631)</p> <p data-bbox="520 597 970 620">TO THE FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE</p> <p data-bbox="520 648 970 774">BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA was the younger of the Argensola brothers of Aragon, who resisted the influence of Gongorism and who established their literary reputation in 1634 with the publication of <i>Rimas</i>.</p> <p data-bbox="520 802 970 1121">Tell me, Thou common Father, tell me why, (Since Thou art just and good) dost Thou permit Successful fraud, securely throned, to sit While innocence, oppressed, stands weep ing by? Why hast Thou nerved that strong arm to oppose Thy righteous mandates with impunity</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

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From a print in the Hispanic Society of America
Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola



1

While the meek man who served and
 revered Thee
 Lies at the feet of Thine and virtues's toes?

Why (said I, in despair) should vice con-
 found

All nature's harmony, and tower above
 In all the pomp, and pride, and power
 of state?

Then I looked upwards— and I heard a
 sound

As from an angel, smiling through
 heaven's gate,

"Is earth a spot for heaven-born souls to
 love?"

—*John Bowring.*

TO MARY MAGDALEN

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-
 hearted!

The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
 In wonder and in scorn!

Thou weepest days of innocence departed;
 Thou weepest, and thy tears have power
 to move

The Lord to pity and love.

288	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The greatest of thy tollies is forgiven, Even for the least of all the tears that shine On that pale cheek of thine. Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven, Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise Holy and pure and wise.</p> <p>It is not much that to the fragrant blossom The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir Distil Arabian myrrh; Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom, The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain Bear home the abundant grain.</p> <p>But come and see the bleak and barren mountains Thick to their tops with roses; come and see Leaves on the dry dead tree. The perished plant, set out by living fountains, Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise, Forever, to the skies.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—William Cullen Bryant.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JUAN DE ARGUIJO
(1567-1623)

THE TEMPEST AND THE CALM

JUAN DE ARGUIJO was a native of Seville where his abilities and character procured him a high position in the Sevillian school of letters. His sonnets are to be found in the edition of J. Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).

Sudden I saw the ruddy sun to turn
In cloudy trouble and to disappear;
Across his hidden face the lightning
drear
Upon the darkness then began to burn.
Full soon the furious south-wind came to
churn
In fury and tormenting far and near;
And where the shoulders of great Atlas
rear,
Olympus shook beneath the thunder
stern.

290	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>But soon the heavy veil is swept away By rains, and clear again the morning shines With gladness full-renewed across the skies; Marking the freshened splendors of the day, I murmur—These perchance may be the signs Wherein the image of my fortune lies. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

PEDRO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA
(1576-1609)

PASTORAL CHARMS

PEDRO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA was born at Santúcar la Mayor, of a noble family belonging to Seville. He died at Granada in his thirty-third year. His *Remedios de Amor* was first published, together with the poems of Francisco de Medrano, in Palermo, 1617. It is an original poem written around the general scheme of Ovid's work of the same title.

How happy he, his idle thoughts unreined,
Who here arrayed in calmness forth can go
With song amid his peaceful oxen trained
And join his wearied flocks returning
slow,
Dragging the plough as evening's shadow
falls
And daylight all its broken host recalls.

294	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Here where Astrea in her heavenward flight Left her last footprint ere she passed from sight.</p> <p>What nobler love can honest bosoms find Than this sweet solitude and bland con- tent?</p> <p>Peace and no troubles for the weary mind, Nor Fortune's fickleness nor blandish- ment;</p> <p>Where high above the accidents of Fate Man lives and dies, without a fear or hate. <i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA

(1577-1625)

MADRIGAL

LUIS MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA was a native of Antequera. His education was obtained at the University of Osuna, and he was ordained a priest in 1598. His poems may be found in *Flores de poetas ilustres de España*, by Pedro Espinosa.

On the green margin of the land
Where Guadalhorce winds his way
My Lady lay.
With golden key, Sleep's gentle hand
Had closed her eyes so bright,—
Her eyes, two suns of light,—
And bade his balmy dew
Her rosy cheeks suffuse.
The River God in slumber saw her laid,
He raised his dripping head
With weeds o'erspread,

296	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Clad in his wintry robes approached the maid, And with cold kiss, like Death, Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's breath.</p> <p>The maiden felt that icy kiss; Her suns unclosed, their flame Full and unclouded on the intruder came. Amazed the bold intruder felt His frothy body melt, And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss; And, forced in blind confusion to retire, Leapt in the water to escape the fire.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Robert Southey.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES





From "Pacheco's Album"

Rodrigo Caro

RODRIGO CARO

(1573-1647)

THE RUINS OF ITÁLICA

RODRIGO CARO was the son of distinguished parents of Utrera. He was graduated at the University of Osuna in 1596, being later named *Visitador* of the Archepiscopal estates, and becoming famous as a lawyer. He formed part of the literary circle of Francisco Pacheco in Seville and is supposed to be represented in the portrait marked as that of the unknown poet. His *Antigüedades* of Seville appeared in 1634. He left some few sonnets beside his famous ode on *The Ruins of Itálica*. See the edition of his works published by the *Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces* (Seville, 1883), and *Rodrigo Caro*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1915).

I

Fabius, this region desolate and drear,
These solitary fields, this shapeless mound
Were once Itálica, the far-renowned;

300	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>For Scipio the mighty planted here His conquering colony, and now, o'er- thrown, Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone, Sad relics, sad and vain Of those invincible men Who held the region then. Funereal memories alone remain Where forms of high example walked of yore.</p> <p>Here lay the forum, there arose the fane— The eye beholds their places, and no more. Their proud gymnasium and their sumptu- ous baths, Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the paths; Their towers that looked defiance at the sky, Fallen by their own vast weight, in frag- ments lie.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>This broken circus, where the rock-weeds climb, Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy The gods to whom its walls were piled so high,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RODRIGO CARO	301
<p>Is now a tragic theatre, where Time Acts his great fable, spreads a stage that shows Past grandeur's story and its dreary close. Why, round this desert pit, Shout not the applauding rows Where the great people sit? Wild beasts are here, but where the com- batants? With his bare arms, the strong athleta where? All have departed from this once gay haunt Of noisy crowds, and silence holds the air. Yet on this spot, Time gives us to behold A spectacle as stern as those of old. As dreamily I gaze, there seem to rise, From all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.</p> <p>3</p> <p>The terrible in war, the pride of Spain Trajan, his country's father, here was born; Good, fortunate, triumphant, to whose reign Submitted the far regions, where the morn</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

302	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Rose from her cradle, and the shore whose steeps O'erlooked the conquered Gaditanian deeps.</p> <p>Of mighty Adrian here, Of Theodosius, saint, Of Silius, Virgil's peer, Were rocked the cradles, rich in gold and quaint With ivory carvings, here were laurel- boughs And sprays of jasmine gathered for their brows From gardens now a marshy, thorny waste. Where rose the palace, reared for Cæsar, yawn Foul rifts to which the scudding lizards haste.</p> <p>Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone, And even the stones their names were graven on.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey The long-dismantled streets, so thronged of old,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RODRIGO CARO ⁱ	303
<p>The broken marbles, arches in decay, Proud statues, toppled from their place and rolled In dust when Nemesis, the avenger, came, And buried in forgetfulness profound, The owners and their fame. Thus Troy, I deem must be, With many a mouldering mound; And thou, whose name alone belongs to thee, Rome, of old gods and kings the native ground; And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas, whom Just laws redeemed not from the appointed doom— The envy of earth's cities once wert thou— A weary solitude and ashes now! For Fate and Death respect ye not; they strike The mighty city and the wise alike.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>But why goes forth the wandering thought to frame</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

304	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>New themes of sorrow, sought in distant lands? Enough the example that before me stands; For here are smoke wreaths seen, and glimmering flame, And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die; So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell On those who near it dwell. And under night's still sky, As awe-struck peasants tell, A melancholy voice is heard to cry: "Ítálica is fallen!" the echoes then Mournfully shout "Ítálica" again. The leafy alleys of the forest round Murmur "Ítálica," and all around A troop of mighty shadows at the sound Of that illustrious name, repeat the call "Ítálica" from ruined tower and wall. —<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p> <p>ORPHEUS</p> <p>Oblivion's misty prison ceased its moan Before the Thracian youth; ceased too the lyre Its consonance; the tears and fond desire</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Ceased in their gentle sweetness to intone.
 Sisiphus, at hearing, rests his stone;
 And Tantalus might have eased his
 hunger dire
 With that elusive apple, and no ire
 Attend him from dread Radamanthus'
 Throne.

But see, Eurydice is passing through
 The deeps of Orcus, oh, behold her doom!
 They turn, he to his moan, she to her
 chains!
 O Love, how good and ill are joined in you!
 In one poor lover how could you presume
 To give his voice such power,—his
 eyes such pains?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA

(1580-1633)

SONNET ON THE TOMB OF THE
PAINTER WHO WAS *EL GRECO*
OF TOLEDO

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA was born at Madrid of a distinguished family. He studied with the Jesuits and graduated with honors at the University of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen he joined the Order of the *Trinitarios Calzados* and obtained the Doctorate of the University in 1601. In 1605 he preached the address of welcome to Philip II on his visit to Salamanca; after which he was called to court and made preacher to the King, on whose death he was made preacher to Philip III. He was a famous *predicador*, following the style of Góngora; he was also a friend of *El Greco* and noted for his wit and fancy. His poetical works did not appear until after his death,



From the painting by "El Greco"

Fray Hortensio
(F. de Paravicino y Arteaga)



being entitled *Obras póstumas divinas y humanas* de Fray Felix de Arteaga (Madrid, 1641).

Here all of Greco that can be confined
 Doth Piety lay; here buries, and here
 seals;
 Gently dispose him, gently, so he feels
 No footsteps stir the part he left behind!
 His fame no silence upon earth shall bind
 Where men are born; though envy's
 breast be steel's
 Against it; for no other star reveals
 Such radiant glow on our horizon blind.

The higher life he wrought,—not mere
 applause,—
 Greater Apelles!—and the wonderment
 Of ages shall invoke his stranger
 ways!—
 Crete gave him birth; the brush with which
 he draws,
 Toledo;—and a better land is bent
 To grant him rest eternal to his days!
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DIVINE PASSION

Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced are
Thy hands;

Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter thorn;
Thou hangest on the shameful tree of
scorn;

Thy woe my feeble sense half understands!
You who love God and who would light the
brands

Of righteous vengeance 'gainst such
outrage lorn,

Look, these are things of wonder made
to warn

The hearts of Jew and Greek and Roman
lands!

'Tis you have caused this anguish, of which
you,

Dishonest, are a witness, judge and part—
Your sin against this innocence makes
war!

O mortal, to your ceaseless wrongs are due
This silent victim—I would charge your
heart

With malice that against its God it
bore. —*Thomas Walsh.*

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From "Pacheco's Album"

Francisco Gómez Quevedo y Villegas



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FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO	311
<p>FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS (1580-1645)</p> <p><i>LETRILLA: THE LORD OF DOLLARS</i></p> <p>FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS was born at Madrid, the son of good family. His education was received at Alcalá de Henares, but after a duel he fled to Italy and took service under the Duke of Osuna, in whose disgrace he was involved in 1618. Returning to Spain, he found no favor with Olivares, being accused of having lampooned that favorite. He was imprisoned for four years in the monastery of San Marcos of Leon. He died at Villanueva, leaving a great reputation as diplomat, scholar, and poet. His poems are to be found in the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> (vol. 69). The <i>Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces</i> began the publication of his complete works at Seville in 1897.</p> <p><i>Over kings and priests and scholars Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i></p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

312	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Mother, unto gold I yield me, He and I are ardent lovers; Pure affection now discovers How his sunny rays shall shield me! For a trifle more or less All his power will confess,— <i>Over kings and priests and scholars</i> <i>Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i> </p> <p> In the Indies did they nurse him, While the world stood round admiring; And in Spain was his expiring; And in Genoa did they hearse him; And the ugliest at his side Shines with all of beauty's pride; <i>Over kings and priests and scholars</i> <i>Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i> </p> <p> He's a gallant, he's a winner, Black or white be his complexion; He is brave without correction As a Moor or Christian sinner. He makes cross and medal bright, And he smashes laws of right,— <i>Over kings and priests and scholars</i> <i>Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.</i> </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Noble are his proud ancestors
For his blood-veins are patrician;
Royalties make the position
Of his Orient investors;
So they find themselves preferred
To the duke or country herd,—
*Over kings and priests and scholars,
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars!*

Of his standing who can question
When there yields unto his rank, a
Hight-Castillian Doña Blanca,
If you follow the suggestion?—
He that crowns the lowest stool,
And to hero turns the fool,—
*Over kings and priests and scholars,
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

On his shields are noble bearings;
His emblazonments unfurling
Show his arms of royal sterling
All his high pretensions airing;
And the credit of his miner
Stands behind the proud refiner,—
*Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.*

Contracts, bonds, and bills to render,
 Like his counsels most excelling,
 Are esteemed within the dwelling
 Of the banker and the lender.
 So is prudence overthrown,
 And the judge complaisant grown,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Such indeed his sovereign standing
 (With some discount in the order),
 Spite the tax, the cash-recorder
 Still his value fixed is branding.
 He keeps rank significant
 To the prince or man in want,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Never meets he dames ungracious
 To his smiles or his attention,
 How they glow but at the mention
 Of his promises capacious!
 And how bare-faced they become
 To the coin beneath his thumb!—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Mightier in peaceful season
 (And in this his wisdom showeth)
 Are his standards, than when bloweth
 War his haughty blasts and breeze on;
 In all foreign lands at home,
 Equal e'en in pauper's loam,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ROME IN HER RUINS

Amidst these scenes, O Pilgrim, seek'st
 thou Rome!

Vain is thy search—the pomp of Rome is
 fled;

Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;
 Her walls, hershrines, butrelicsof the dead.

That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
 Forsaken mourns where once it towered
 sublime;

Each mouldering medal now far less dis-
 plays

The triumphs won by Latium, than by
 Time.

316	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Tiber alone survives—the passing wave That bathed her towers now murmurs by her grave, Wailing with plaintive sound her fallen fanes. Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past That seemed for years eternal framed to last, Nought but the wave, a fugitive—re- mains. —<i>Felicia D. Hemans.</i></p> <p>SONNET: DEATH-WARNINGS</p> <p>I saw the ramparts of my native land One time so strong, now dropping in decay, Their strength destroyed by this new age's way That has worn out and rotted what was grand. I went into the fields; there I could see The sun drink up the waters newly thawed;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And on the hills the moaning cattle
pawed,
Their miseries robbed the light of day for
me.

I went into my house; I saw how spotted,
Decaying things made that old home
their prize;

My withered walking-staff had come
to bend.

I felt the age had won; my sword was
rotted;

And there was nothing on which to set
my eyes

That was not a reminder of the end.

—*John Masefield.*

318	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>FRANCISCO DE BORJA (1581-1658)</p> <p>CANCIÓN</p> <p>FRANCISCO DE BORJA, Prince of Esquilache, was partly of Italian origin. His verse is simple and natural with an occasional lapse into the Gongoristic style. His poems are to be found in the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i>.</p> <p>Ye laughing streamlets, say, Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend your way From the flowerets flying, To rocks and caverns hieing; When ye might sleep in calmness and peace Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?</p> <p>Whither is she going?—whither is she going? Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,—she, our village-pride,—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Fresher than the daybreak,—lighter than
the day,—

Whither is she going?

O she is gone to the greenest meadow's side,
Where the sweet flowers are growing.

She gathers and she scatters sweet flowerets
on her way;

Look! how the flowerets are blowing.

'Tis the Day of Saint John,—the Evangel-
ist's Day,—

Whither is she going?

—*John Bowring.*

320	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>JUAN DE TASSIS (1582-1622)</p> <p>TO A CLOISTRESS</p> <p>JUAN DE TASSIS, Count of Villamediana, was born at Lisbon. In 1611 he was expelled from court for gambling. He returned to Spain in 1617, where he satirised the Duke of Lerma and other court favorites. While gentleman-in-waiting to Isabel of Bourbon, wife of Philip IV, he was assassinated, it is said, by order of the King, who had discovered him to be a lover of the Queen. His works are to be found in the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> (vol. xlii). See also <i>El Conde de Villamediana</i>, by Emilio Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1886).</p> <p>Thou who hast fled from life's enchanted bowers In youth's gay spring, in beauty's glowing morn,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JUAN DE TASSIS	321
<p>Leaving thy bright array, thy path of flowers, For the rude convent-garb and couch of thorn;</p> <p>Thou that escaping from a world of cares, Hast found thy haven in devotion's fane, As to the port the fearful bark repairs, To shun the midnight perils of the main;</p> <p>Now the glad hymn, the strain of rapture pour While on thy soul the beams of glory rise!</p> <p>For if the pilot hail the welcome shore With shouts of triumph swelling to the skies, Oh, how should'st thou the exulting paeon raise</p> <p>Now heaven's bright harbor opens to thy gaze!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Felicia D. Hemans.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

322	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS (1589-1669)</p> <p>SPRING-TIME</p> <p>ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS was born at Matute, where he practised law and was prosecuted by the Inquisition, being exiled to Santa María de Ribarredonda in 1659. His works reveal him as an opponent of the Gongorists and as a classical scholar. His <i>Eróticas</i>, edited by Vicente de los Ríos, appeared at Madrid in 1774 and again in 1797.</p> <p>'Tis sweet in the green spring To gaze upon the wakening fields around; Birds in the thicket sing, Winds whisper, waters prattle, from the ground A thousand odors rise, Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

M. DE VILLEGAS	323
<p>Shadowy and clear and cool, The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook; Forever fresh and full, Shines at their feet the thirst-inviting brook; And the soft herbage seems Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.</p> <p>Thou, who alone art fair, And whom alone I love, art far away. Unless thy smile be there, It makes me sad to see the earth so gay; I care not if the train Of leaves and flowers and zephyrs go again. —<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p> <p>THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE</p> <p>I have seen a nightingale On a sprig of thyme bewail Seeing the dear nest which was Hers alone, borne off, alas! By a laborer. I heard, For this outrage, the poor bird</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind which on its wings
To the Guardian of the sky
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break,
One while in a sad, sweet note
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round;
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,
Give me back my pretty brood,"—
And I heard the rustic still
Answer,—"That I never will."—

—*Thomas Roscoe.*

SAPPHIC ODE

Thou gracious dweller of the woodland green,
 Companion ever of the April flowers,
 And living breath of mother Venus's heart,
 O gentle zephyr!—

If thou dost know the sorrows of my love,—
 Thou that dost bear afar my sad lament,—
 Hear me and frankly say to her I love
 That here I perish!

Filis, who once my bitter yearnings knew,
 Filis, who once my bitter yearnings wept,
 Once did she love me, but, alas, I fear,
 I fear her anger!

So do the gods with their paternal breasts,
 So do the heavens with all their hearts benign
 Withdraw themselves, what time thy glad-
 some wing
 The snows uncover;

Never the dark clouds' burden, at the break
 Of morn along the lofty mountain chain,
 Bruises thy shoulders, nor their bitter hail
 Shatters thy pinions!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

326	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS (Early Seventeenth Century)</p> <p>TO A BEAUTIFUL BUT HEARTLESS COQUETTE</p> <p>FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS was born in Mexico early in the seventeenth century, the son of one of the generals of Hernán Cortés in his campaign in Mexico. Francisco de Terrazas is therefore the first native-born poet of Spanish-America.</p> <p>Renounce those threads of twisted gold that close In glinting ringlets round my captive will, And on the virgin snowdrift in repose The tinted whiteness of these roses spill. Of pearls and precious corals that adorn This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn; And to the heavens, by which thou'rt envied still, Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The grace and wisdom, which as symbols
stand
Of knowledge springing from the Source
Divine,
Surrender to the far angelic sphere;
And thus renounced the gifts of Nature's
hand,
Behold, that which remains to thee is thine;
To be ungrateful, cruel, vain, austere!
—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

328	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA (Early Seventeenth Century)</p> <p>OPEN THE DOOR</p> <p>FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA was a Castilian poet who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He adhered to the methods of the old Spanish poets and left a number of songs, mostly devotional in character.</p> <p>O porter, ope the door for me! I'm shivering in the cold and rain; Take pity on the stranger's pain! I and this poor old man have come Tired wanderers from a foreign shore, And here we stray without a home; His weariness o'erwhelms me more Than my own woe. Oh, ope your door To shelter us from cold and rain!— Take pity on the stranger's pain!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The night is dark, and dull and cold;
No inn is open on the road;
The dreary midnight bell hath tolled,
And not a straggler walks abroad;
We nought but solitude behold,
Pelted by driving hail and rain,—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Be kind, be generous, friend! thy door
Throw open for the love of heaven;
We are but two—but two—no more,—
I and my poor old husband, driven
For refuge here; and we implore
A shelter. Shall we ask in vain?—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

Here give us welcome; thou wilt be
Rewarded by God's grace, which can
Shower unexpected joys; though he
May be an old, defenceless man,
Yet God has recompense for thee;
Thou may'st a noble guerdon gain;—
Take pity on the stranger's pain.

Let us not tarry longer,—ope!
We're chilled with cold,—so ope, I pray!

330	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Ope to the wanderers now, and hope They well thy kindness may repay; Time and eternity give scope For recompense. The wind and rain, Beat on,—relieve the stranger's pain! —<i>Anonymous.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES





From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Pedro Calderón de la Barca

PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA
(1600-1681)

THE DREAM CALLED LIFE

From *La Vida es Sueño*

PEDRO CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the supreme poet of the Spanish stage, was born at Madrid. He became the favorite dramatist of Philip IV, who created him Knight of Santiago in 1637. He took part in the hostilities in Catalonia in 1640, and became a priest in 1651, which did not, however, interfere with his writing for the theatre until his death at Madrid. Numerous translations of his plays have appeared in English, showing his superior lyrical gifts, even if his inventiveness does not equal that of Lope de Vega. See his *Poestas* (Cadiz, 1845); *Calderón und seine Werke* by Gunther (Freiburg, 1888); and *Calderon, His Life and Genius*, by R. C. Trench (New York, 1856).

A dream it was in which I found myself.

334	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And you that hail me now, then hailed me king, In a brave palace that was all my own, Within, and all without it, mine; until, Drunk with excess of majesty and pride, Methought I towered so big and swelled so wide That of myself I burst the glittering bubble Which my ambition had about me blown And all again was darkness. Such a dream As this, in which I may be walking now, Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows, Who make believe to listen; but anon Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel, Ay, even with all your airy theatre, May flit into the air you seem to rend With acclamations, leaving me to wake In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake From this that waking is; or this and that, Both waking and both dreaming; such a doubt Confounds and clouds our mortal life about. But whether wake or dreaming, this I know How dreamwise human glories come and go;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Whose momentary tenure not to break,
 Walking as one who knows he soon may
 wake,
 So fairly carry the full cup, so well
 Disordered insolence and passion quell,
 That there be nothing after to upbraid
 Dreamer or doer in the part he played;
 Whether tomorrow's dawn shall break the
 spell,
 Or the last trumpet of the Eternal Day,
 When dreaming, with the night, shall pass
 away.

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

FROM "LIFE IS A DREAM"

We live, while we see the sun,
 Where life and dreams are as one;
 And living has taught me this,
 Man dreams the life that is his,
 Until his living is done.
 The king dreams he is king, and he lives
 In the deceit of a king,
 Commanding and governing;
 And all the praise he receives
 Is written in wind, and leaves

A little dust on the way
When death ends all with a breath.
Where then is the gain of a throne,
That shall perish and not be known
In the other dream that is death?
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears,
The fears that his riches breed;
The poor man dreams of his need,
And all his sorrows and tears;
Dreams he that prospers with years,
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,
Dreams he that rails on his foes;
And in all the world, I see,
Man dreams whatever he be,
And his own dream no man knows.
And I too dream and behold,
I dream I am bound with chains,
And I dreamed that these present pains
Were fortunate ways of old.
What is life? a tale that is told;
What is life? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dream.
—*Arthur Symons.*

THE CROSS

Tree which heaven has willed to dower
 With that true fruit whence we live,
 As that other death did give;
 Of new Eden loveliest flower;
 Bow of light, that in worst hour
 Of the worst flood signal true
 O'er the world, of mercy threw;
 Fair plant, yielding sweetest wine;
 Of our David harp divine;
 Of our Moses tables new;
 Sinner am I, therefore I
 Claim upon thy mercies make;
 Since alone for sinners' sake
 God on thee endured to die.

—*R. C. Trench.*

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Honey in the lion's mouth,
 Emblem mystical, divine,
 How the sweet and strong combine;
 Cloven rock for Israel's drouth;
 Treasure-house of golden grain
 By our Joseph laid in store,
 In his brethren's famine sore

Freely to dispense again;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;
Well, from bitter turned to sweet;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall;
Horeb's manna freely given
Showered in white dew from heaven,
Marvelous, angelical;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain;
Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*R. C. Trench.*



From an old Painting

Baltasar Gracián y Morales

BALTASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES
(1601-1658)

SUMMER

BALTASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES was a native of Belmonte near Calatayud. He became a Jesuit, and obtained great renown as a philosopher. In his poetry he follows and exceeds Góngora in extravagance of style.

After, in the celestial theatre
The horseman of the day is seen to spur
To the refulgent Bull, in his brave hold
Shaking for darts his rays of burning gold.
The beauteous spectacle of stars—a crowd
Of lovely dames, his tricks applaud aloud;
They, to enjoy the splendor of the fight,
Remain on heaven's high balcony of light.
Then is strange metamorphosis, with
 spurs
And crest of fire, red-throated Phoebus
 stirs,

342	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Like a proud cock amongst the hens divine Hatched out of Leda's egg, the Twins that shine, Hens of the heavenly field.</p> <p>—<i>J. H. Wiffen.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

VIOLANTE DO CEO	343
<p>SISTER VIOLANTE DO CEO (1601-1693)</p> <p>"WHILE TO BETHLEHEM WE ARE GOING"</p> <p>SISTER VIOLANTE DO CEO was born, lived and died in Lisbon where, in 1630, she made her profession as a Dominican sister. Her works are to be found in <i>Rimas varias</i> (Rouen, 1646) and in the <i>Parnaso Lusitano de divinos e humanos versos</i> (Lisbon, 1733).</p> <p>While to Bethlehem we are going, Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road, Tell me why this lovely Infant Quitted His divine abode?— "From that world to bring to this Peace, which, of all earthly blisses, Is the brightest, purest bliss."</p> <p>Wherefore from His throne exalted, Came He on His earth to dwell—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

All His pomp an humble manger,
 All His court a narrow cell?—
 "From that world to bring to this
 Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
 Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did He, the Lord eternal,
 Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
 He who fashioned for His glory
 Boundless immortality?—
 "From that world to bring to this
 Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
 Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well then! let us haste to Bethlehem,
 Thither let us haste and rest;
 For of all heaven's gifts the sweetest
 Sure is peace,—the sweetest, best.

—*John Bowring.*

THE NIGHT OF MARVELS

In such a marvelous night, so fair
 And full of wonder strange and new,
 Ye shepherds of the vale, declare
 Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

First. I saw the trembling fire look wan.
Second. I saw the sun shed tears of blood
Third. I saw a God become a man.
Fourth. I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels! at the thought,
 The bosom's awe and reverence move;
 But who such prodigies has wrought?
 What gave such wonders birth? 'Twas
 love!

What called from heaven that flame
 divine,
 Which streams in glory from above;
 And bade it o'er earth's bosom shine,
 And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bade the glorious sun arrest
 His course, and o'er heaven's concave
 move

In tears,—the saddest, loneliest
 Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,
 Even to the starry seats above,
 That for our mortal progeny,
 A man becomes a God? 'Twas love!

346	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Who humbled from the seats of light Their Lord, all human woes to prove; Led the great source of day—to night; And made of God a man? 'Twas love!</p> <p>Yes, love has wrought, and love alone, The victories all,—beneath,—above,— And earth and heaven shall shout as one, The all-triumphant song of love.</p> <p>The song through all heaven's arches ran, And told the wondrous tales aloud,— The trembling fire that looked so wan, The weeping sun behind the cloud. A God—a God! becomes a man! A mortal man becomes a God! <i>—John Bouring.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

F. M. DE MELO	347
<p data-bbox="296 505 702 528">FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO</p> <p data-bbox="441 540 556 563">(1611-1667)</p> <p data-bbox="291 586 707 636">ON ASCENDING A HILL LEADING TO A CONVENT</p> <p data-bbox="273 663 727 763">FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO, an historian and poet, was born of an illustrious family at Lisbon. His works may be found in <i>Obras métricas</i> (Lyons, 1665).</p> <p data-bbox="273 790 727 1017">Pause not with lingering foot, O pilgrim, here, Pierce the deep shadows of the moun- tain-side; Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to fear, To brighter worlds this thorny path will guide.</p> <p data-bbox="273 1053 727 1136">Soon shall thy foot approach the calm abode So near the mansions of supreme delight;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Pause not, but tread this consecrated road
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the
hill!

Pure gales inviting softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou
linger still?

Oh, enter there, where, freed from human
strife,

Hope is reality and time is life.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

SISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE
SAN FELIX

(Middle of Sixteenth Century)

AMOR MYSTICUS

SISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE SAN FELIX, a nun of the Trinitarian Order, was the daughter of the great poet Lope de Vega Carpio. She is a famous figure among the religious mystical writers of the period following that of Saint Teresa of Ávila. Her principal poem is *Soliloquios de un alma a Dios*.

Let them say to my Lover
That here I lie!
The thing of His pleasure,—
His slave am I.

Say that I seek Him
Only for love,
And welcome are tortures
My passion to prove.

350	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Love giving gifts Is suspicious and cold; I have all, my Belovéd When Thee I hold.</p> <p>Hope and devotion The good may gain; I am but worthy Of passion and pain.</p> <p>So noble a Lord None serves in vain, For the pay of my love Is my love's sweet pain.</p> <p>I love Thee, to love Thee,— No more I desire; By faith is nourished My love's strong fire.</p> <p>I kiss Thy hands When I feel their blows; In the place of caresses Thou givest me woes.</p> <p>But in Thy chastising Is joy and peace.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

O Master and Love,
Let Thy blows not cease.

Thy beauty, Belovéd,
With scorn is rife,
But I know that Thou lovest me
Better than life.

And because Thou lovest me,
Lover of mine,
Death can but make me
Utterly Thine.

I die with longing
Thy face to see;
Oh! sweet is the anguish
Of death to me!

—*John Hay.*

352	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>GASPAR DE JAEN: "GASPARILLO" (Middle of Seventeenth Century)</p> <p>DIALOGUE</p> <p><i>(Between the Asistente of Seville and the River Guadalquivir, the latter being very swollen at the time.)</i></p> <p>GASPAR DE JAEN, "GASPARILLO," was a poet of singular satirical bitterness who flourished in Seville about the middle of the seventeenth century. The date and place of his birth and of his death are unknown, but he is supposed to have been of mulatto blood, and to have been possessed of a real mania of hatred for the officials of the government at Seville. See <i>Gasparillo</i>, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).</p> <p>ASISTENTE: Know, Guadalquivir, I am master here!</p> <p>GUADALQUIVIR: I know it, Señor; what is your desire?</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ASISTENTE:

That you suspend your floods and go no
higher;

Meseems you are excessive in career!

GUADALQUIVIR:

Your challenge is impertinent and queer,
For see you not, I am another's squire?

ASISTENTE:

So then you disobey me?—

GUADALQUIVIR:

Foolish, sire,

How can I stem my floods your course to
steer?

ASISTENTE:

In Count of Olivares' name, then cease;
He is your offspring and my chief su-
preme,—

And you shall have a decoration
high!

GUADALQUIVIR:

What, one of Manzanares' fripperies!—

I want it not, nor fear its hollow
gleam!

Confer it, please, on Tagarete nigh,
Which being but a stream of poor
supply

354	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Would stoop its shoulders unto any crime, And take your decoration as sublime! —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES





*From the painting in the Convent of S. Jerónimo,
Mexico City*

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz

SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ
(1651-1691)

THE LOST LOVE

SISTER JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ was born, Juana de Asbaje, at San Miguel de Nepantla in Mexico. From childhood she showed literary ability and some of her poems are considered the product of the years prior to her entrance into the convent in 1667. She died of the plague in Mexico City. For her poems, see the edition by Juan Gamacho Gayna (Madrid, 1725), and for her biography, *Juana de Asbaje* by Amado Nervo (Madrid, 1910).

Ah! when shall I, my glory,
Discern thy light in radiance shining,
Thy presence illusory,
To bring me sweet release from grief and
pining?

When shall I see thine eyes, enchanting
rapture,
And yield thee mine, as tender capture?

When will thy voice awaken
Mine ears with thrilling accents from their
sadness,
And I, enthralled, o'ertaken
By the floods of its ineffable gladness,
Be swept away in ecstasy, and after
The marvel wanes, hasten to thee with
laughter?

When will thy light effulgent
Reclothe with roseate glamour all my being?
And when shall I, indulgent,
The anguish of my sighs exhaled and fleeing,
No more bemoan the pangs of my past
sorrow?

When thou shalt come, and glorify the
morrow!

Come then, my soul's dear treasure,
Since fast through weariness my life is
fading,
And absence without measure;

Come then, lest, heeding not my soft
 persuading,
 Thou wound my love; e'en yet, despite
 mine anger,
 With tears of hope I will refresh my languor!
—Peter H. Goldsmith.

CAPRICE

Who thankless flees me, I with love pursue,
 Who loving follows me, I thankless flee;
 To him who spurns my love I bend the
 knee,
 His love who seeks me, cold I bid him rue;
 I find as diamond him I yearning woo,
 Myself a diamond when he yearns for me;
 Who slays my love I would victorious see,
 While slaying him who wills me blisses true.
 To favor this one is to lose desire,
 To crave that one, my virgin pride to tame;
 On either hand I face a prospect dire,
 Whatever path I tread, the goal the same:
 To be adored by him of whom I tire,
 Or else by him who scorns me brought to
 shame.

—Peter H. Goldsmith.

360	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>ARRAIGNMENT OF THE MEN</p> <p>Males perverse, schooled to condemn Women by your witless laws, Though forsooth you are prime cause Of that which you blame in them:</p> <p>If with unexampled care You solicit their disdain, Will your fair words ease their pain, When you ruthless set the snare?</p> <p>Their resistance you impugn, Then maintain with gravity That it was mere levity Made you dare to importune.</p> <p>.....</p> <p>What more elevating sight Than of man with logic crass, Who with hot breath fogs the glass, Then laments it is not bright!</p> <p>Scorn and favor, favor, scorn, What you will, result the same, Treat you ill, and earn your blame, Love you well, be left forlorn.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Scant regard will she possess
 Who with caution wends her way,—
 Is held thankless for her "nay,"
 And as wanton for her "yes."

What must be the rare caprice
 Of the quarry you engage:
 If she flees, she wakes your rage,
 If she yields, her charms surcease.

Who shall bear the heavier blame,
 When remorse the twain enthralls,
 She, who for the asking, falls,
 He who, asking, brings to shame?

Whose the guilt, where to begin,
 Though both yield to passion's sway,
 She who weakly sins for pay,
 He who, strong, yet pays for sin?

Then why stare ye, if we prove
 That the guilt lies at your gate?
 Either love those you create,
 Or create those you can love.

To solicitation truce,—

Then, sire, with some show of right
You may mock the hapless plight
Or the creatures of your use!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

TO HER PORTRAIT

This that you see, the false presentment
planned

With finest art and all the colored shows
And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose
The poor deceits by earthly senses fanned!

Here where in constant flattery expand

Excuses for the stains that old age knows,
Pretexts against the years' advancing
snows,

The footprints of old seasons to withstand;

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;

'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;

'Tis but a useless protest against Fate;

'Tis but stupidity without a thought,

A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;

'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea, 'tis
nought.

—*Roderick Gill.*

SISTER GREGORIA FRANCISCA
(1653-1736)

ENVYING A LITTLE BIRD

SISTER GREGORIA FRANCISCA was born, Gregoria Francisca Queynoghe, at Sanlúcar de Barrameda, the daughter of wealthy parents half Spanish, half Flemish. At an early age she entered the convent and in 1669 became a professed nun of the Order of Carmelites founded by Saint Teresa in Seville. She rose to great eminence in her Order and left some precious mystical poetry to be found in the *Vida exemplar, etc. de la V. Madre Gregoria Francisca de Santa Teresa de Jesus*, by Diego de Torres Villaroel (Salamanca). Her *Poesías* were published by A. de Latour (Paris, 1865). See also *Discurso sobre Sor Gregoria Francisca* by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

Envyng a little bird
His flight to heaven my heart is stirred,

364	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> So hardy is the wing he finds To breast the bluster of the winds, So lightly pulsing doth he fare, Enamored of the sunset there— And swaying ever higher, higher, He mounts unto the realms of fire! Would I were with thee in thy flight, Fair plaything of the breeze tonight, And from thy heart such impulse know As spreads thy steadfast pinions so! I follow with a lover's sighs Impatient, where thou cleav'st the skies, Feeling my body's prison bars Withhold my spirit from the stars. For of the Sun supreme am I A love-delirious butterfly; By tender dawns I sip,—but claim The blossom of His noontide flame. O little bird, my dismal cell Reflects His sunlit splendors well— His glorious beauties are for me But shadowed in my misery! In envy of thy boundless flight But one desire can requite My heart,—a salamander's soul To brave His flames without control!— </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Thy flight is joyous, little bird.
While I in prison am interred;
But seeing thee my soul is raised
Unto the skies thou seek'st amazed;
A lover and a captive bound
Am I amid my darkness found;
Would that some mighty power would rend
My chains and my harsh durance end!
O what a flight would then be mine,
Could I this shackle-weight resign!
With what warm impulse of the skies
My wing against thine own would rise!
Unto thy heart yon crimson tryst
Of sunset glory hath sufficed;
Thy spirit glad and free of care
Doth to its golden lattice fare;
But I who, knowing, love and pine
For Him that is the Sphere Divine,
Of griefs my only wings can make,
And flights alone on sighings take!
In His immensity of light
I fall into annulling blight;
In the vast clearness of His sphere
My feeble senses disappear.
His brilliance bids my wings expand
To rapid flight unto His hand,—

But, oh, my nature's heavy bond
Denies me freedom for beyond!
Do thou, fair bird, on tireless wing
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,
And breasting higher, higher, bear
This message of my fond despair;
Unto that Light and Sun to show
How love doth wound me here below;
Within the inaccessible sky
To say how of my love I die,
Since through my light of faith alone
His radiant beauteousness is known;
To say, the more His splendor shows
The more my dismal blindness grows;
And yet I glory in the dark
His steps in passing by me mark;
To say I wait the joyous hour
When He shall break the mortal power
That holds me prisoned here so long,
And loose me for the wingéd throng,
To say His rays through chink and bar
But only added torments are;—
That all the more His lights display
The more my wounds and burns by day;
That all the noons are full of Him,
Filling joy's goblets to the brim,—

That all my soul is in decline,
 Beholding thus His glory shine!
 Little bird, if thou of love
 Ever the sweet pain didst prove,
 Pity take upon my woes
 And mourn o'er what my breasts disclose.
 Speak to my sweet Lord on high,
 That He may grant me liberty,
 And lending thy fair wings the while
 That I may seek His distant isle,
 And from this prison dire be gone,
 From this captivity whereon
 So many a tear and groan I shed
 Unto my dark and exiled bed;
 Where gazing on thy happy flight
 I realize my bitter plight,—
 And love the more impatient glows
 As brighter its far object shows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA

(1748-1791)

SONG

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA was a native of Salamanca who became a priest, and who indulged in satires of local abuses, and in purely lyrical compositions. His *Poestas* were published in Paris in 1821.

Alexis calls me cruel;
 The rifted crags that hold
 The gathered ice of winter,
 He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
 Around the fountain's brim,
 And forest-walks can witness
 The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
 My feelings without shame,

IGLESIAS DE LA CASA	369
<p data-bbox="330 358 638 417">And tell him how I love him Nor wrong my virgin fame.</p> <p data-bbox="330 452 655 566">Alas! to seize the moment When heart inclines to heart, And press a suit with passion, Is not a woman's part.</p> <p data-bbox="330 602 649 716">If man come not to gather The roses where they stand, They fade among their foliage; They cannot seek his hand.</p> <p data-bbox="431 716 701 740"><i>—William Cullen Bryant.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

370	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="520 482 771 540">TOMÁS DE IRIARTE (1750-1791)</p> <p data-bbox="477 566 811 589">THE ASS AND THE FLUTE</p> <p data-bbox="420 620 866 802">TOMÁS DE IRIARTE was born at Orotava on the Island of Teneriffe. His death occurred at Madrid, where he had achieved great distinction with his <i>La música</i> in 1779 and his <i>Fábulas literarias</i> in 1782. See <i>Iriarte y su época</i> by E. Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1897).</p> <p data-bbox="491 843 740 956">This little fable heard, It good or ill may be; But it has just occurred Thus accidentally.</p> <p data-bbox="491 997 771 1110">Passing my abode, Some fields adjoining me A big ass on his road Came accidentally.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And laid upon the spot,
 A Flute he chanced to see,
 Some shepherd had forgot
 There accidentally.

The animal in front
 To scan it nigh came he,
 And snuffing loud as wont,
 Blew accidentally.

The air it chanced around
 The pipe went passing free
 And thus the Flute a sound
 Gave accidentally.

"O then," exclaimed the Ass,
 "I know to play it fine;
 And who for bad shall class
 This music asinine?"

Without the rules of art,
 Even asses, we agree,
 May once succeed in part,
 Thus accidentally.

—*James Kennedy.*

372	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ (1754-1817) <i>ODA</i></p> <p>JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ was born at Ribera del Fresno, became a professor at Salamanca, and was patronized by Jovellanos. He is considered the leader of the Salamancan Gallic school; in the War of Independence he sided with the French, fleeing later to France where he died in dishonor. His <i>Poesías</i> were published at Madrid in 1785; and his <i>Life</i>, written by Quintana, may be found with his poems, in the edition of 1820. His poems are also to be found in the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> (vol. xix).</p> <p>When first a gentle kiss Upon Nisé I pressed, Paradise-grain and cassia Her lovely breath confessed. And on her smiling lips Such luscious sweets I found</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

As never knew the hills
Or bees of Hybla's ground.
To purify its balm
With love's essential dews,
A thousand and a thousand times
Each day her lips I choose;
Until the sum and total
Of all our score amount
To kisses more than Venus
Did from Adonis count.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

374	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN (1760-1826)</p> <p>ODE: THE DAY AT HOME</p> <p>LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, a son of the poet Nicolas Fernández de Moratín, was born at Madrid. He became involved in the revolutionary movements of his time, and spent his later years at Bordeaux in the circle of Goya. His dramas won complete success for the French school inaugurated by Luzan. His <i>Obras</i> were published at Madrid in 1830, and poems by his father and himself may be found in the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> (vol. xi).</p> <p>Was there ever such a mess! Just when I stay at home, To find that such a press Of visitors must come! Boy,—go bar the door; My neighbor now prepares</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



From the painting by Goya

Leandro Fernández de Moratín

ANDEZ

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PAN

With all her tribe and more
To climb my private stairs!
What then?—You cannot close—
The guests are now too near?
Doña Tecla and all those
Girls of hers I hear!
A coach has stopped below,
I hear it at the door.
'Tis Don Venancio
Who comes—that famous bore!
Then too comes in Don Luke
With stately twists and bows;
Don Mauro with his hook
Out for mitres for his brows;
Don Génaro, Don Zoile
And Doña Basilissas
And all their nurseries vile
Of masters and of misses!
What stupid compliments,
What speeches they are aping!
Be Mount Torozos bent
To shield me in escaping!
And now they settle down
(And seats are not enough!)
To nibble cakes and drown
Their thirst with sticky stuff.

1

1

2

With all her tribe and more
To climb my private stairs!
What then?—You cannot close—
The guests are now too near?
Doña Tecla and all those
Girls of hers I hear!
A coach has stopped below,
I hear it at the door.
'Tis Don Venancio
Who comes—that famous bore!
Then too comes in Don Luke
With stately twists and bows;
Don Mauro with his hook
Out for mitres for his brows;
Don Génaro, Don Zoile
And Doña Basilissas
And all their nurseries vile
Of masters and of misses!
What stupid compliments,
What speeches they are aping!
Be Mount Torozos bent
To shield me in escaping!
And now they settle down
(And seats are not enough!)
To nibble cakes and drown
Their thirst with sticky stuff.

The Devil!—I, who lead
A solitary life,
A bachelor, indeed,
Without a child or wife;
I who of wedded bliss
Resigned the calm delight,—
Must I give way to this
Invading insect blight?
And must I too submit
To this uproar and gabble,
And here in patience sit
Amid this endless rabble!—
But see, they all arise
And leave me in a hurry!—
Each fan, each bonnet flies;
And hats and hoop skirts scurry!—
Acknowledgments and thanks
For this your cordial visit—
Obliged—but should your ranks
Return,—I'll dodge and miss it!—
So they have peeped their measure,—
And they have had a chance—
Now if it be their pleasure
Let them go out and dance!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA
(1772-1856)

ODE TO SPAIN—AFTER THE REVOLU-
TION OF MARCH

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA was born at Madrid. He became in declared opposition to the French domination in Spain. On the return of Ferdinand VII to power, he was imprisoned for six years, dying poor after holding many offices under the Liberal Government. He and his friend Gallego submitted, however, to all the French rules of composition, and he produced odes of great power on patriotic subjects. His best edition of *Obras* is that of Madrid, 1897. He is also represented in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

What nation, tell me, in the older day
Proclaimed its destiny across the world,
Through all the climes extending its broad
sway

From east to west with golden pomp unfurled?

Where from the sunset the Atlantic swept
Its glorious fortunes—there was mighty Spain!—

America and Asia's confines kept
And Africa's upon its boundary main.

The hardy sail upon its fickle course
In vain would 'scape the reaches of its power;

All earth for mineral riches was its source,
All ocean was its pearls' and corals' bower.

Nor where the tempests raged the most
Met they on any but a Spanish coast.

Now to the depths of shame reduced,
Abandoned to the alien eye of scorn,
Like some poor slave unto the market used
To the vile whip and shackle basely borne!—

What desolation, God!—The plague re-
spires

Its deadly breath of poison on the air
And Hunger scarce with feeble arms aspires
For a poor morsel there!

Thrice did the temple gates of Janus ope
And on Mars' trumpet was a mighty blast!

Thrice, but oh see, where even without a
glance of hope
The tutelary gods have passed,
And on the sea and land have left us cast!
Throughout thy spreading realms what hast
thou seen,
O Spain?—but bitter mourning spread,
Sorrow and misery between
Thy fruits of slavery full harvested?
Thus the sail rends, the hulk is smashed,
And broken goes the bark upon its way;
With every wave a torment it is lashed;
Its prows no more their garlands old display.
Nor sign of hope nor of content appears;
Its standard floats no more upon the air/
The voyager's song is broken by his tears;
The mariner's voice is hushed by weight
of care,
And dread of death comes ever on his heart,
A dread of death in silence; there apart
He drifts where the destroying shoals
prepare.
Then the fell moment! Reaching forth
his hand
The Tyrant threatening the west, exclaims:

"Behold, thou now art mine, O Western Land!"

His brow with barbarous lightning flames,
As from the cloud the summer tempest
brings

The horror spreading bolt's appalling wings.
His warriors afar

Fill the great winds with pæans of their war;
The anvils groan, the hammers fall,
The forges blaze. O shame, and dost thou
dream

To make their swords their toil, and that is
all?

See'st thou not where within their fiery
gleams

'Tis chains and bars and shackles they
prepare

To bind the arms that lie so limp and bare?

Yea, let Spain tremble at the sound,

And let her outraged ire

From the volcano of her bosom bound,

High justice for its fire,

And 'gainst her despots turn,

Where in their dread they hide,

And let the echoes learn

And all the banks of Tagus wide

Hear the great sound of rage outcried,—
“Vengeance!”—Where, sacred river, where
The titans who with pride and wrong
Opposed our weal so long?
Their glories are no more, while ours
prepare;
And thou so fierce and proud
Seeing Castile and thy Castilians there
Urgest thy ruddy waves in seaward pour,
Crying aloud:—“The tyrants are no
more!”
Triumph! and glory! O celestial time!
Would that my tongue might speak our
country’s name
Unto the very winds sublime!
Gladly would I—but not on harp of gold—
My song acclaim; not in the prison hold
Where the inspired breast
Grows weak and cold,
With breathless lips opprest.
Old Tyrteus’ lyre untomb,
In the bright sun and the uplifting wind
Of pineclad, rocky Fuenfria’s bloom!
High be my flight consigned
To noble singing that shall rouse the plain
And wake Castilians to the sound again

386	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And turns anew from her unhappy reign, A Victress, her reconquered lands to sign With golden sceptre and device divine! —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO	387
<p data-bbox="360 483 640 539">JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO (1775-1841)</p> <p data-bbox="461 566 544 588">NIGHT</p> <p data-bbox="276 622 724 1019"> JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO was born of English parents at Seville where he became Canon of the cathedral. Succumbing to religious doubts, he resigned his ecclesiastical post and retired to England where he joined nearly every religious organization in search of peace of mind. Cardinal Newman bears testimony to the excellence of his moral character. He wrote both in Spanish and English, but he lives in literature chiefly through his beautiful sonnet in English entitled <i>Night</i>. See Menéndez y Pelayo's <i>Historia de los heterodoxos en España</i>, III, lib. vii; and <i>The Life of Rev. J. B. White</i> (London, 1845). </p> <p data-bbox="276 1056 724 1111"> Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

388	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,— This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus, with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find, Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood re- vealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind! Why do we then shun death with anxious strife? If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life? —<i>Anonymous.</i> </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANDRÉS BELLO	389
<p data-bbox="396 525 598 582">ANDRÉS BELLO (1781-1865)</p> <p data-bbox="430 605 562 628">DIALOGUE</p> <p data-bbox="273 648 720 805">ANDRÉS BELLO, a Venezuelan poet and patriot was long considered the most important figure in South American letters. His <i>Obras completas</i> appeared at Santiago de Chile in 1881-1885; see also the work of M. L. Amunátegui (Santiago de Chile, 1882).</p> <p data-bbox="468 840 540 863">TIRCIS</p> <p data-bbox="273 868 675 894">How I should love thee, Cloris, but—</p> <p data-bbox="463 899 540 922">CLORIS</p> <p data-bbox="600 927 720 953">But why?—</p> <p data-bbox="463 957 536 980">TIRCIS</p> <p data-bbox="273 985 675 1011">And wouldst thou have me tell thee?—</p> <p data-bbox="463 1016 540 1039">CLORIS</p> <p data-bbox="575 1044 720 1070">And why not?</p> <p data-bbox="463 1074 536 1098">TIRCIS</p> <p data-bbox="273 1102 520 1128">It might annoy thee.—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

CLORIS

What, annoyed! Not I!—

TIRCIS

Then I shall tell thee—

CLORIS

Quick—reveal the plot!—

TIRCIS

Fain would I love thee, Cloris, but I knew—

CLORIS

What knewst thou, Tircis?—

TIRCIS

That on Sunday last

Thou didst vow to love another lad that
passed—

And never change—

CLORIS

My vows I will renew!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*THE AGRICULTURE OF THE TORRID
ZONE

Hail to thee, fertile zone,—

Where the enamored sun in daily round

Enfolds thee, where beneath thy kisses
shows

ANDRÉS BELLO	391
<p> All that each various climate grows, Brought forth from out thy ground!— In spring thou bindst her garlands of the ears Of richest corn; thou giv'st the grape Unto the sopping cask; no form nor shape Of purple, red or yellow flower appears Unknown to thy soft bowers; The odors of thy thousand flowers The wind's delight afford; Across thy pasture sward The countless flocks go grazing from the plain, Whose only boundary the horizon sets, Unto the surging mountains, where Lifting the snows into the inaccessible air They hold their parapets. Thou givest, too, the beauty of the cane Where honey sweet is stored That leaves the beehive in disdain; Thou in thy coral urns bring'st forth the bean Which soon in chocolate in the cup is poured; With blaze of scarlet are thy nopals seen </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

392	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Such as the Tyrian sea-shell never knew; Thy plant of indigo such hues afford As ne'er from out the sapphire's heart looked through.</p> <p>Thine is the wine the piercéd agave stores To glad Anáhuac's joyous sons; and thine The fragrant leaf whose gentle steaming pours</p> <p>With solace when their hearts aweary pine. Thy jasmines clothe the Arab brush, Whose perfumes rare the savage rage refine</p> <p>And cool the Bacchic flush; And for the children of thy land The stately palm-tree's fronds are far displayed</p> <p>And the ambrosial pineapple's shade. The yucca-tree holds forth its snowy breads;</p> <p>And ruddy glow the broad potato beds; The cotton bush to greet the lightest airs Its rose of gold and snowy fleece prepares.</p> <p>.</p> <p>Within thy hands the passiflower blooms In branches of far-showing green;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANDRÉS BELLO	393
<p>And thy sarmentum's twining fronds afford Nectarean globes and striped flowers' perfumes.</p> <p>For thee the maize, the haughty lord Of all thy ripened harvests, high is seen; For thee the rich banana's heavy tree Displays its sweetest store— The proud banana, richest treasury That Providence in bounteousness could pour With gracious hand on Ecuador! It asks no human culture for its aid, Ere its first fruits are displayed, Nor with the pruning-knife nor plough it shares The honorable harvest that it bears. Not even the slightest care it needs Of pious hands about it shed, And to its ripeness so it speeds That hardly is it harvested, Ere a new crop is ripened in its stead.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">.</p> <p>Oh, youngest of the nations, lift your brow Crowned with new laurels in the marveling West!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Give honor to the fields, the simple life
endow,
And hold the plains and modest farmer
blest!

So that among you evermore shall reign
Fair Liberty enshrined,
Ambition modified, and Law composed,
Thy people's paths immortal there to find
Not fickle nor in vain!—

So emulous Time shall see disclosed
New generations and new names of might,
Blazing in highest light
Beside your heroes old!

"These are my sons! Behold!"—

(You shall declare amain)—

"Sons of the fathers who did climb
The Andes' peaks in years ago,—
Of those who great Boyaca's sands upon,—
In Maipu and in Junín sublime,—
On Apurima's glorious plain,
Did triumph o'er the lion of old Spain!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA
(1787-1862)

ANACREONTIC

FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA is principally known as a dramatist and statesman. He was among the first to introduce romanticism into Spanish literature. An edition of his *Poetas líricos* was published at Paris in 1847.

Let thunder burst,
 Pour out and drink the wine!
Thou never saw'st a thunderbolt
 Strike the tender vine.

Vesuvius himself
 To Bacchus tribute pays,
And spares the vineyard flourishing
 Where his lava sways.

In Italy in vain
 I hero sought or sage;

396	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Mine eyes but dusty ruins found, Mouldering with age.</p> <p>Of Rome the image scarce Remains to be portrayed; A tomb is Herculaneum, Pompeii is a shade.</p> <p>But I found Falernum, His nectar rich remained, And in memory of Horace A bottleful I drained.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>James Kennedy.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ÁNGEL DE SAAVEDRA	397
<p data-bbox="351 482 635 535">ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA (1791-1865)</p> <p data-bbox="288 552 696 575">TO THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MALTA</p> <p data-bbox="268 594 717 860">ÁNGEL DE SAAVEDRA, Duke de Rivas, was a native of Cordoba, whose work marks the triumph of romanticism in Spain. He spent ten years in exile in France, England, and Italy after his participation in the War of Independence. He returned to hold high offices of state in Spain and died at Madrid. He is principally known as a dramatist; his works were published at Madrid in 1894-1904.</p> <p data-bbox="268 882 706 1113">Black night enswathes the mighty world; The hurricane and cloud confuse With piling shadows measureless The sky, the sea, the land; But thou, invisible, lift'st up thy head, Wearing thy faithful crown of light, Like some old king of Chaos in the glow That shines for peace and life.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

In vain the sea hurls up its peaks
 And shrinks to nought beneath thy feet,
 Seeking amid its seething foam
 The refuge of the port.
 Thou with thy tongue of flame declare'st:
 "Here, stand we!"—voiceless, to the pilot
 who
 With pious eyes upon thee hails thy light
 As his divinity.—
 Or night is calm, against its royal robe
 The gentle zephyr rustling on its gold and
 stars
 Whereon the moon rolls forth!
 Then thou, in filmy vapor clothed,
 Showest thy mighty beauty forth,
 And lift'st thy diadem among the stars.
 The sea lies tranquil, and the hiding rocks
 And treacherous shoals beneath their
 shifting gleam
 Call to the passing ships;
 But thou, whose splendor overcomes
 All else,—but thou upon thy sturdy
 throne,—
 Thou art the star to warn them of the
 snare.
 Thus Reason's torch amid the raging flames

Of Passion or of Flattery's soft whine,
 Before the straight gaze of the soul!
 Down from the airy refuge of thy reign
 So calm, O rescue me from angry Fate,
 And grant thy peaceful hospitality
 Unto my troubled soul!
 Often and often with my cares I've come
 To thee for sweet oblivion in thine arms,
 Bowing before thee, lifting up mine eyes
 To thy resplendent brows!
 How often, ah! from off the raging seas
 I've turned again to thee! With all in
 absence long
 From spouse and sons,—
 With all the fugitives, the poor, the
 scourged,
 That seek asylum here afar where thou
 Dost speak with light of welcoming!
 Thou art the guiding star to nightly sails
 That bear me from afar the news of wrongs
 In letters writ of tears;
 When first mine eyes beheld thee shine
 Oh, how my breast upheaved with hopes
 And happy omens!
 From Latium's inhospitable shores
 An exile coming tossed by sea and wind,

From out the shoals I first beheld
That signaling divine;
The mariners too beholding it on high
Forgetting all their cares and frightened
vows
Amid the stormy darkness, murmured
fond:
"Malta! Malta! We are there!"—
Thou wast the aureole that enshrines
A holy image that the pilgrim seeks
Afar for healing comfort!—
Never shall I forget thee, nevermore!
Thy splendor now would I alone ex-
change,—
Thou unforgettable bright king of night,
Beneficent pure flame—
For that fair light and those refulgent
stars
That shine reflected in the morning sun
From off the gold Archangel on the dome
Of Cordoba's sweet tower!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS	401
<p>MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS (1796-1873)</p> <p>SATIRICAL <i>LETRILLA</i></p> <p>MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS was a prolific author of the romantic period of the Spanish stage. His <i>Poetas</i> appeared at Madrid in 1883. See also <i>Bretón de los Herreros</i> by the Marqués de Molins (Madrid, 1883).</p> <p>Whene'er Don Juan has a feast at home I am forgotten as if at Rome; But he will for funerals me invite, To kill me with the annoyance quite; Well, be it so! Celeste, with a thousand coy excuses Will sing the song that set she chooses, And all about her that environ, Though like an owl, call her a siren; Well, be it so! A hundred bees, without reposing,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Work their sweet combs, with skill composing;

Alas! for an idle drone they strive,
Who soon will come to destroy the hive;
Well, be it so!

Man to his like moves furious war,
As if he were too numerous far;
Alone the medical squadrons wait
The world itself to depopulate;
Well, be it so!

There are of usurers heaps in Spain,
Of catchpoles, hucksterers, heaps again,
And of vintners too, yet people still
Talk about robbers in the hill;
Well, be it so!

In vain may the poor, O Conde, try
Thy door, for the dog makes sole reply;
And yet to spend thou hast extollers,
Over a ball two thousand dollars;
Well, be it so!

Enough to-day, my pen, this preaching;
A better time we wait for teaching;
If vices in vain I try to brand,
And find I only write on sand,
Well, be it so!

—James Kennedy.





José María de Heredia

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA
(1803-1839)

ODE TO NIAGARA

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA was born at Santiago de Cuba, whence he was exiled in 1823 for his participation in political conspiracies. He retired to the United States and, later, took up the practice of law in Mexico. He died at Toluca. There was an edition of his *Obras* published at New York in 1875. A convenient edition of his poems is that of E. Zerolo (Paris, 1893).

My lyre! Give me my lyre! My bosom
finds

The glow of inspiration. Oh, how long
Have I been left in darkness, since this
light

Last visited my brow! Niagara!
Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my
eyes

May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common
minds,

To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the
sea

Lashed by the wind hath rocked my bark,
and showed

Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves
me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current
then

Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—

The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My
brain

Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumer-
able

Meet there and madden,—waves innumer-
able

Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.
They reach, they leap,—the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.

A thousand rainbows arch them, and the
woods

Are deafened with the roar. The violent
shock

Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and
heaves

The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks thy restless eye? Why are
not here,

About the jaws of this abyss, the palms—

408	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Ah, the delicious palms—that on the plains Of my own native Cuba spring and spread Their thickly foliated summits to the sun, And in the breathings of the ocean air, Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue? But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm, The effeminate myrtle and frail rose may grow In gardens, and give out their fragrance there, Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is To do a nobler office. Generous minds Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name. God of all truth! in other lands I've seen Lying philosophers, blaspheming men, Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw Their fellows deep into impiety;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
 In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
 My heart doth open all itself to thee.
 In this immensity of loneliness
 I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
 The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
 Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.
 Dread torrent, that with wonder and with
 fear
 Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
 Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
 Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who
 supplies,
 Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
 What power hath ordered, that when all
 thy weight
 Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
 Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?
 The Lord has opened his omnipotent hand,
 Covered thy face with clouds, and given
 voice
 To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
 Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
 I see thy never-resting waters run
 And I bethink me how the tide of Time
 Sweeps by eternity. So pass, of man,—

410	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Pass, like a noonday dream—the blossoming days, And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!— Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care. Never have I so deeply felt as now The hopeless solitude, the abandonment, The anguish of a loveless life. Alas! How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart Be happy without love? I would that one Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined In love with me, now shared my lonely walk On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see Her sweet face touched with paleness, and become More beautiful from fear, and overspread With a faint smile, while clinging to my side. Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me There is no country and there is no love.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
 Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall
 close
 Over the bones of him who sings thee now
 Thus feelingly. Would that this, my hum-
 ble verse,
 Might be, like thee, immortal! I, mean-
 while,
 Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
 Might raise my radiant forehead in the
 clouds
 To listen to the echoes of my fame.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HURRICANE

I ord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
 I know thy breath in the burning sky!
 And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
 For the coming of the hurricane!
 And lo! on the wind of the heavy gales
 Through the boundless arch of the heaven
 he sails;
 Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
 The mighty shadow is borne along,
 Like the dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed and
dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmos-
phere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.
They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral
ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird
While the hurricane's distant voice is
heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the
sound.

He is come! He is come! Do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled!
Giant of the air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling
gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,

And fold at length in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible
space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air.
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-
cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that
start

From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
What roar is that?—'Tis the rain that
breaks

In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground
And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah, well-known woods, and mountains, and
skies,

With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my
eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through
space,

414	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="435 363 831 478">A whirling ocean that fills the wall Of the crystal heavens, and buries all, And I, cut off from the world, remain Alone with the terrible hurricane.</p> <p data-bbox="590 478 865 509">—<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FELIPE PARDO	415
<p>FELIPE PARDO (1806-1886)</p> <p>OUR SOVEREIGN KING</p> <p>Felipe Pardo was a Peruvian dramatist, all of whose work may be found in the <i>Poesias y escritos en prosa de Don Felipe Pardo</i> (Paris, 1869).</p> <p>A bit of topsy-turvy artifice Goes wandering like a monarch through our streets, A whiskey-soaked, be-daggered king that meets To riot for whatever cause there is; A wayward autocrat, whose services To earth seem but the deadly plagues he heats; A potentate of such ignoble feats As nailed the Saviour to that cross of His.</p> <p>A sultan whom no bond of law restrains, From whose injustice there is no appeal;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

A king anoint with Satan's sulphur stains,
A red and white and black-faced Czar,
whose heel
America, our continent, profanes,—
And called "The Sovereign People"—
for his pains.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH
(1806-1880)

TO CALDERÓN

Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch was a romantic dramatist known principally as the author of *Los Amantes de Teruel*. His *Poesías* may be found in the *Colección de escritores castellanos*, vol. I. (Madrid, 1887).

Thou who, in accent of disdain profound,
Beholding man in all his littleness,
Declared: "Life is a shade, a dream, no
less

For all the fantasy in living found!"

When shone thy luminous star o'er Spanish
ground,

O Sun refulgent of our Stage, confess,

Did any doubt of genius e'er oppress

Thy mind of its own inspiration's bound?

From Tiber unto Manzanares, lo,

From Rhine to Andes, universal shrines

418	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And homage to your masterpieces, show; Thy name to such eternity has grown, That it should teach thee to amend thy lines: "All is a dream, <i>except my fame alone.</i>" —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES





José de Espronceda

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

(1808-1842)

THE BEGGAR

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA was born at Pajares de la Vega, and educated at Madrid, whence, having engaged in political conspiracies, he was obliged to flee, going to Lisbon and thence to Paris. He returned in 1833 as a journalist and playwright and represented Almería in the *Cortes*. He died at Madrid. Many have considered him the leading Spanish poet of the nineteenth century, but it seems as though the current of criticism had set against him in later years. In his revolutionary and moral protestations he bore certain resemblances to Lord Byron, but it is not altogether fair to call him an imitator of the British poet. His *Obras poéticas* appeared at Madrid in 1884. See also *Espronceda, su tiempo, su vida y sus obras* by E. Rodríguez Solís (Madrid, 1883).

*The world is mine; I am free as air;
Let others work that I may eat;*

422	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p><i>All shall melt at my piteous prayer:—</i> <i>"An alms, for God's sake, I entreat."</i></p> <p>The cabin, the palace, Are my resort; If the threat of the thunder Shall break from the mountain, Or the torrent's quick fountain Shall drive me under, Within their shelter The shepherds make place, Lovingly asking me Food to grace; Or by the rich hearthstone I take my ease Fanned by the odors Of burning trees; With the luscious banquet And cushioned store, Upon the couch Of some proud <i>señor</i>.</p> <p>And I say to myself:— "Let the breezes blow And the tempest rage</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

In the world without:
 Let the branches crack
 Where the high winds go,
 As I slumber with nothing to trouble about.
The world is mine; I am free as air! "

All are my patrons,
 And for all I ask
 My God as I daily pray;
 From peasant and noble
 I get my pay,
 And I take their favors
 Both great and small.
 I never ask them
 Who they be,
 Nor stop to task them
 With thanks for fee.
 If they desire
 To give me alms,
 'Tis but their duty
 To tip my palms.
 Their wealth is sinful
 They must see;
 And a holy state
 Is my poverty,
 And he is a miser

424	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Who would deny An alms, and a beggar Blest am I.</p> <p>For I am poor and they grieve to note How I groan beneath my pain; They never see that their wealth is a mine Where I my treasures gain. <i>The world is mine; I am free as air!</i></p> <p>A rebel and a discontent Amid my rags am I; To satirise their ease I'm sent And with a sour-set eye I boldly stare at the potentate Who dares to pass me in his state.</p> <p>The lovely maid Of a thousand scents In her joy arrayed With her love-locks blent— 'Tis she I follow Till she turns around, And my evil smells Her sense astound. At the feasts and spreads My voice is heard</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And they bow their heads
 At my merest word.
 Their joy and revel
 I come to stay,
 At the sight of my rags
 And my voice's brags
 Their music dies away.
 Showing how near
 Dwell pain and joy;
 No joy without tear
 No pain *sans* glad alloy.
The world is mine; I am free as air!

For me no morrow
 Nor yesterday;
 I forget the sorrow
 And the welladay.
 There's nought to trouble
 Or weary me here,—
 It's a palace tomorrow
 Or a hospital's cheer.
 I live a stranger
 To thoughts of care;
 Let others seek glory
 Or riches rare!
 My one concern

426	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Is to pass today; Let the laws prevail Where the monarchs sway! For I am a beggar And a poor man proud; 'Tis through fear of me There are alms allowed.</p> <p>A soft asylum Where'er it be, And a hospital bed Will be ready for me; And a cosy ditch Where my bones shall lie Will cover me over When I die.</p> <p><i>The world is mine; I am free as air; Let others work that I may eat! All hearts must melt at my piteous prayer:— "An alms, for God's sake, I entreat!"</i> —Thomas Walsh.</p> <p>CANCIÓN OF THE PIRATE</p> <p>The breeze fair aft, all sails on high, Ten guns on each side mounted seen,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

She does not cut the sea, but fly,
 A swiftly sailing brigantine;
 A pirate bark, the "Dreaded" named,
 For her surpassing boldness famed,
 On every sea well-known and shore,
 From side to side their boundaries o'er.
 The moon in streaks the waves illumines
 Hoarse groans the wind the rigging
 through;
 In gentle motion raised assumes
 The sea a silvery shade with blue;
 Whilst singing gaily on the poop
 The pirate Captain, in a group,
 Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,
 And Stamboul in the front arise.

 "Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;
 Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force,
 Shall make thee yield in thy career
 Or turn thee from thy course.
 Despite the English cruisers fleet,
 We have full twenty prizes made;
 And see their flags beneath my feet
 A hundred nations laid.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;

428	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p><i>My law is might, the wind my mark, My country is the sea.</i></p> <p>“There blindly kings fierce wars maintain, For palms of land, when here I hold As mine, whose power no laws restrain, Whate’er the seas infold. Nor is there shore around whate’er, Or banner proud, but of my might Is taught the valorous proofs to bear, And made to feel my right. <i>My treasure is my gallant bark, My only God is liberty; My law is might, the wind my mark, My country is the sea.</i></p> <p>“Look when a ship our signals ring, Full sail to fly how quick she’s veered! For of the sea I am the king, My fury’s to be feared; But equally with all I share Whate’er the wealth we take supplies; I only seek the matchless fair, My portion of the prize.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

"I am condemned to die !—I laugh;
For, if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
Perhaps I'll hang instead.

And if I fall, why what is life?
For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
A rover! I withdrew.

*My treasure is my gallant bark;
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

"My music is the Northwind's roar;
The noise when round the cable runs,
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,
And rolling of my guns.

And as the thunders loudly sound,
And furious the tempests rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
So rocked upon the wave.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea."*
—James Kennedy.

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>PLÁCIDO</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">431</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">GABRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN VALDÉZ (1809-1844)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PRAYER TO GOD</p> <p>GABRIEL DE LA CONCEPCIÓN VALDÉZ (<i>Plácido</i>) was the son of a Spanish dancer and a mulatto hair-dresser in Cuba, who was reared in the asylum from which he takes his name. He developed a great love for liberty, and with the education which he managed to obtain, he followed a roving literary career until he was accused of taking part in a negro conspiracy. He is said to have recited the "Prayer to God" on his way to his execution. His <i>Poesías</i> were published at Palma de Mallorca in 1847.</p> <p>O God of love unbounded! Lord supreme! In overwhelming grief to thee I fly. Rending this veil of hateful calumny, Oh, let thine arms of might my fame redeem!</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">AND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">IV</p>

432	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Thou King of Kings, my fathers' God and mine, Thou only art my sure and strong defence. The polar snows, the tropic fires intense, The shaded sea, the air, the light are thine; The life of leaves, the water's changeful tide, All things are thine, and by thy will abide.</p> <p>Thou art all power; all life from thee goes forth, And fails or flows obedient to thy breath; Without thee all is nought; in endless death All nature sinks forlorn and nothing worth. Yet even the Void obeys thee; and from nought By thy dread word the living man was wrought.</p> <p>Merciful God! How should I thee deceive? Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul! Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base control, Her stainless wings not now the air may cleave.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">†</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Send forth thine hosts of truth and set her
free!

Stay thou, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

Forbid it, Lord, by that most free out-
pouring

Of thine own precious blood for every
brother

Of our lost race, and by thy Holy Mother,
So full of grief, so loving, so adoring,
Who clothed in sorrow followed thee afar,
Weeping thy death like a declining star.

But if this lot thy love ordains to me,
To yield to foes most cruel and unjust,
To die and leave my poor and senseless dust
The scoff and sport of their weak enmity;
Speak thou, and then thy purposes fulfill;
Lord of my life, work thou thy perfect will.

—*Anonymous.*

434	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA (1814-1873) TO HIM</p> <p>GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA was born at Camagüey, Cuba. Early in life she removed to Spain, where in 1841 she published her poems. She was twice married, dying at Madrid. She holds a high place among the novelists and dramatists of modern Spain; her early influences were of the French school but in her later work she reveals native Spanish influences. Her <i>Obras literarias</i> appeared at Madrid in 1869.</p> <p>No bonds withhold,—for all that held are broken; So heaven ordained,—and blessed be its name!</p> <p>The bitter chalice I have drained in token, And now is peace with nothing more to claim.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

I loved thee—but no more—not even in
fancy;

Never, if I have erred, the truth be said;
O'er all the dreary years in necromancy
I throw forgetfulness,—my heart is fed.

Thou hast made riot there with breast
unsparing,

Struck down my pride beneath thy blows
insane,

But never turned my lips reproaches bear-
ing

To bring a charge against thy tyrant
reign.

Of weighty faults, a scourge in venging
hour

Thou fill'dst thy mission here—Ah, knowst
it not?—

Not thine was all the irresistible power

Which left my forces conquered and
forgot.

'Twas God I sought,—unto His name be
glory!—

For all is over; I regain my breath.

Angel of Vengeance! Man, it was thy
story;

I see and fear thee not, nor seek thy
death!

Thy sceptre faller and thy sword-blade
rusted,

Alas!—is this the liberty I gain?—

I made a world of thee, in thee I trusted,—

Now life around me is an empty plain.

Be happy thou! If thou shouldst e'er
discover

This poor adieu that I address to thee,—

Know that the breast wherein thou once
wert lover

Holds pardon for thee and sweet charity.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

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From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

José Zorilla

JOSÉ ZORILLA

(1817-1893)

THE SPRINGLET

José ZORILLA was born at Valladolid. Early in life he achieved reputation as a poet of high lyrical gifts. He emigrated to Mexico but returned after the execution of Maximilian, was granted a small pension, and died in comparative poverty at Madrid. He is still one of the most popular dramatists of the Spanish stage. His *Obras dramáticas y líricas* appeared at Madrid in 1895. An edition of his *Poesías escogidas* was published by the Academia de la Lengua (Madrid, 1894).

Hasting on, the springlet flows,
Licking up its dark brown bed;
More and more its crystal grows
As its course is sped.
Stirs the grasses, moistens the sand,
Plays a thousand tricks a day;

Wave on wave its face is fanned
 With laughter light and gay.
 Couch of down it lends the vale;
 Cool its fan the birch-trees find;
 Reeds its quiet pathway trail
 To rest and shade resigned.
 Bursts it on the open sky!
 What was all its running for,
 If beneath the cliff it die
 Engulfed forevermore?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULL AND THE PICADOR

Pawing the earth, and snorting in his
 rage
 The Bull is tossing up the torrid sand;
 The while the horseman's eye serene
 and bland
 Seeks out a point for his red lance to gauge.
 Steadied to take the charge, the fight to
 wage,
 The picador holds his impatient stand;
 His face, for all its blackness, whiter
 fanned
 To anger as the bull obstructs the stage.

He hesitates; the Spaniard jeers at him;
 He shakes his hornéd front; he tears the
 earth,
 Heaving great breaths and straining every
 limb;
 The taunter urges him to prove his
 worth;
 Sudden he charges, fails, and bellows grim,
 His shoulder bleeding, the great crowd in
 mirth!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

No more the jousts and tourneys,
 No more the Moorish songs,
 No more dark battlements with throngs
 Of hidden Moslem blades;
 Today without their lattices,
 Their terraces and glades,
 No dance, no fair sultana
 Glads with the old *pavana*
 Her Sultan's garden shades.

No more the golden chambers
 In the palaces of kings;

442	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Nor hidden halls of pleasurings Of Orient devise; Nor are there dark-eyed women On the velvet couches lain, Where the Faithful may obtain Their hint of Paradise.</p> <p>No more the eastern songbirds In their cages made of gold Fill the air as once of old With the color of their songs; While within his bath reclining, Half-asleep, with odors shining, Dreams of love their lord enfold.</p> <p>No more an age of pleasure Like the Moorish days gone by; Age no rival can supply, Two alike could hardly be; But beneath the Gothic spire Of the Christian temple hangs A great bell whose mighty clangs Speak of God in verity.</p> <p>There's today a temple standing On its hundred Gothic piles;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JOSÉ ZORILLA	443
<p> Crosses, altars in its aisles, And a creed of holiness; There's a people bending low, Lifting unto God its prayer In the light that's burning there For the faith their hearts confess! </p> <p> There's a God the winds have heard Mid the foldings of the blast; The earth trembles at His word, And the future mocks the past. The mere cipher of His name On the sinful hearts of men, Was adored of old the same Through the Arab darkness then. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i> </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR

(1817-1891)

TWO MIRRORS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR was born at Navia. He prepared to join the clergy, but changed his mind, becoming a physician and, later, devoting himself exclusively to poetry and politics. He died at Madrid, where his *Obras completas* were published in 1901.

Into my mirror's glass I gaze
At forty years of age,
And find myself so worn with days
I break the glass in rage.

And then I turn my gaze and peer
Across my mirrored soul;
And see within my conscience clear
My woes beyond control.

The loss of faith, of love, of youth—
I see my mortal curse!—



*From the painting by Sala in the Hispanic Society of
America*

Ramón de Campoamor



Within my mirror—evil truth;
 And in my conscience—worse!
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

IF I COULD ONLY WRITE

I

Please, Señor Cura, write a line for me—
 I know for whom; and so you needn't
 tell.
 You know, because of that dark night when
 he
 And I encountered you together.—Well!

Excuse us but—I did not find it strange;
 It was the night,—a chance for everyone.
 Hand me the pen and paper. Thanks.
 Arrange
 Yourself while I begin—“*My dear*
 Ramón”—

My dear?—You have it down in black and
 white?—
 But not if you object!—Yes, yes, I
 vow!—
 “*How sad I am*”—Does that not put it
 right?—

It does. "*How sad I am without you now!*"

"*There is an anguish gnawing in my heart*"—

How do you know the sorrow that I
feel?—

To an old man a maiden's secrets part
And show as though a crystal did reveal!

"*What is this world without you?—Vale of tears!*

And at your side?—An earthly Paradise!"

Be sure the writing there so clear appears
'Twill reach, good señor Cura, to his
eyes!

"*The kiss I gave you when you went away*"—

But come, who then has told you all you
know?—

When one arrives, or leaves or makes his
stay,

Together—no offence—'tis always so.

"*And if your love delays you from my sight
You do not know the sorrow it will cost!*"

Sorrow?—no more?—No, Señor Cura,
write,

With pain my very life will soon be lost!

Your life—and know you not you mock at
heaven?—

Yes, yes, alas, Señor,—this life of mine!—
I shall not write it.—Man be unforgiven,—
If I could only write, myself and sign!—

2

O Señor Cura, Señor Cura,—vainly
Will all your efforts to oblige me prove,
If in your writing you will not state plainly
All that I feel and all the power of love!

For God's sake, write him that my very
spirit
Can hardly in my mortal body keep,
That every day new sorrows I inherit,
That I can nothing do but sigh and
weep!—

That my poor lips, whereon his breath
found roses
I nowadays can hardly open more;

450	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>That they forget to smile, so pain opposes The joy my heart was cherishing of yore;</p> <p>That my poor eyes, that once he found so tender, Are clouded over with such weight of pain, That as they find no other eyes to render Their loving glance they always close again;</p> <p>That of the many griefs with which I languish, His absence is the very worst of all— That in my ears there sounds the ceaseless anguish Of echoes that his voice in vain recall.</p> <p>And such my state because of him, with blighting My soul is falling into grief's decline; My God!—the things my pen would be inditing, If I could only write, myself, and sign!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RAMÓN CAMPOAMOR	451
<p>EPILOGUE</p> <p>That's fine!—Leave it to love!—Now the addressing, “<i>To Don Ramón</i>”—Ah, me, how such a call Shows me the uselessness of my professing To know my Greek, and Latin, after all! —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>TRADITIONS</p> <p>I marked a cross upon a lonely spot One day when in the country I took air; A passer told me—“A base robber shot And killed a soldier there.”</p> <p>O false tradition!—once again I passed The site upon that lonely plain; Another stranger told me, as the last— “A robber here was by a soldier slain.” —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

452	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p style="text-align: center;"> JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO (1817-1853) </p> <p style="text-align: center;"> ON THE LIPS OF THE LAST OF THE INCAS </p> <p> José EUSEBIO CARO was a native of the Republic of New Granada, now Colombia, who, together with a fellow-poet José Joaquín Ortiz, founded the first literary journal of his country <i>La Estrella Nacional</i> in 1836. He was a man of lofty political ideals and a poet of advanced thought and practice. </p> <p> Today arriving on Pichincha's slope, The deadly cannon of the whites I flee, Like the sun a wanderer, like the sun aflame, Like the sun free. </p> <p> O Sun, my Father, hearken! Manco's throne Lies in the dust; Thy altar's sanctity </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO	453
<p>Profaned; exalting thee alone I pray, Alone but free.</p> <p>O Sun, my Father, hearken! A slave before The nations of the world I'll not agree To bear the mark. To slay myself I come, To die though free.</p> <p>Today Thou wilt perceive me, when afar Thou dost begin to sink into the sea, Singing Thy hymns on the volcano's top, Singing and free.</p> <p>Tomorrow though, alas! when once again Thy crown throughout the east will shining be, Its golden splendor on my tomb will fall, My tomb though free.</p> <p>Upon my tomb the condor will descend From heaven, the condor, bird of liberty, And building there its nest, will hatch its young, Unknown and free</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Alfred Coester.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

454	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="441 497 850 551">PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS (1818-1848)</p> <p data-bbox="514 582 773 608">CANCIÓN OF SPRING</p> <p data-bbox="419 648 866 774">PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS was born and died at Barcelona. He devoted a large part of his life to the cultivation of musical appreciation among the Catalonians. He published a volume of <i>Poesías</i>.</p> <p data-bbox="419 820 842 1110">Here the springtime comes again,— Wake the bagpipe—dance around— Spreading o'er the hill and plain Her green mantle—Hope is found! There is sighing of the breeze,— Wake the bagpipe—dance around— And the cloud that swiftly flees Shows the blue vault—Hope is found! From its blossom laughs the flower,— Wake the bagpipe—dance around—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And the murmur of its power
Shows the streamlet—Hope is found!
Blue-birds' trill is on the air,—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Open to the swallow, there
He comes winging—Hope is found!
Sweetheart, little sweetheart mine,—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
May is stealing through the vine,
With her promise—Hope is found!
Love is over all the land—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
To its breath our hearts expand,
Where it rises—Hope is found!
All the world is budding green,—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
And the budding leaves between,
Crops are growing—Hope is found!
Murmur, odor, color grow—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Into hymns of love to show
What is stirring—Hope is found!
Soon the lightsome spring will die,—
Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
Every year the meadows nigh
Change her mantle—Hope is found!

456	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Dear old days of innocence— Hush the bagpipe—dance no more— Lost, they never re-commence,— Lost are mine—and Hope is o'er!— —<i>Roderick Gill.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE

(1821-1886)

A VIRGIN'S SMILE

RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE, a native of Cuba, published in 1847 a volume entitled *Pasionarias* which secured him a lasting hold upon appreciation at home and abroad. He traveled extensively, returned to Cuba, and founded a literary *Revista de Habana* which did important service to letters. He was exiled from the island in 1868, taking refuge in New York, where he remained until the general amnesty permitted him to return. He was greatly admired by the poet Longfellow.

Purer than the early breeze,
Or the faint perfume of flowers,
Maiden! through thine angel hours
 Pass the thoughts of love;
Purer than the tender thought
On the morning's gentle face,

On thy lips of maiden grace
Plays thy virgin smile.

Like a bird's thy rapture is,
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,
On thy gracious forehead brighten
Flashes from above;
Flower-like thy breathings are,
Free thy dreams from sinful strife,
And the sunlight of thy life
Is thy virgin smile.

Loose thou never, gentle child,
Thy spring garland from thy brow.
Through life's flowery fields, as now,
Wander careless still
Sweetly sing and gaily run,
Drinking in the morning air,
Free and happy everywhere,
With thy virgin smile!

Love and pleasure are but pains,
Bitter grief and miseries,
Withered leaves, which every breeze
Tosses at its will;
Live thou purely with thy joy,

With thy wonder and thy peace,
 Blessing life till life shall cease,
 With thy virgin smile.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE BROOK

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and
 tree!

Pomp of the meadow! Mirror of the
 morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
 Although where'er thy devious current
 strays

The lap of earth with gold and silver
 teems,

To me thy clear proceeding brighter
 seems

Than golden sands, that charm each
 shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all trans-
 parent

As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round
 pebbles count!

460	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!</p> <p>O sweet simplicity of days gone by! Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!</p> <p>—<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

(1823-1889)

CANTÁBRIA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA, a poet of the Basque provinces, won popularity through his pictures of the life of his own people and his own time. His *Libro de los cantares* appeared at Madrid in 1852.

Ancient groves from hardy days,
 Sweeping rivers, fountains clear,
 Breezes from high mountain ways,
 Little valleys green and dear;
 Houses white and turrets black,
 Seas that ever heave and tumble,
 Peace and joy in every track,
 Holy dews on foreheads humble,—
 This is what inspires my song,
 This is my Cantabria fair!—
 If you lose me, seek me long
 'Twixt Higuier and Finisterre.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NIGHTFALL

The moon is soft arising
Behind its lattice far,
Serene the air surprising
As where holy spirits are.
Calm is the sea untroubled,
And calm the azure skies.
Lord,—when at peace of evening
Our soul to seek Thee flies
To tell to Thee our sorrows,—
Oh, what despairing morrows,
If nought to us replies!—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO
(1824-1882)

THE EMPTY CRADLE

José SELGAS Y CARRASCO was a native of Lorca who was prominent in Madrid as a journalist and editor. He enjoyed a great reputation during his lifetime. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1882-1894.

The angels bending
To kiss her brow,
Sang unending—
“Come with us now.”

The child replying,
The angels drew
To her cradle lying:—
“I’ll go with you.”

The angel faces
’Mid wings of gold,

464	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="479 351 689 405">Took her embraces Within their hold.</p> <p data-bbox="479 443 712 559">And with the breaking Of pallid day, The crib forsaking, They flew away.</p> <p data-bbox="640 559 827 589">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA
(1827-1887)

SPAIN AND AMERICA

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA was born of an Andalusian family at Quibdó, Chocó, Colombia. He early in life made his home at Bogotá, where he was closely identified with the development of Colombian culture.

Her race, her language, laws and creed
Spain on America bestowed;
Full soon the younger country showed
That she was of a ripened breed.

With Liberty her one desire,
Full soon the battle volleys roared,
When great Bolívar drew the sword
And rose triumphant o'er the fire.

And wherefore, valiant from the start,
Hath Spain beheld her power decay?—

Because herself hath taught the way
Of conquest to the victor's heart.

She gave her speech, she gave her blood,
And all her old traditions gave;
In her we glory with the brave;
In her our needs are understood.

—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL DEL PALACIO

(1832-1906)

SECRET LOVE

MANUEL DEL PALACIO was born at Lérida in Spain and received his education at Granada. He became very prominent in the literary circles of Madrid where he published many books of verse and prose.

Oft the confession of my changeless love
 Your close-drawn lattice in the night
 must hear:
 The moon, befriending hearts bereft of
 cheer,
 Knows well my longing as she gleams above:
 Your name is cooed to me by that wild dove
 Whose haunts I visit when the eve is
 near:
 At morn my madrigals glad-voiced and
 clear
 Fill with their ecstasy the hill and grove.

468	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="428 366 877 622"> To you alone my secret reaches never, Howe'er my heartbeat strives to tell the tale Unbidden, ardent in a dear endeavor. Perchance for all time shall its message fail, As falls unheard where Ocean throbs forever The rill's faint call that tinkles down the vale. </p> <p data-bbox="613 628 850 652">—<i>Joseph I. C. Clarke.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RICARDO PALMA
(1833-1920)

SUN AND DUST

RICARDO PALMA is a native of Peru, who, banished from his country, produced in 1853 at Paris a volume of poems entitled *Armontas: Libro de un desterrado*. It was peculiarly successful on account of the number of *cancioncillos* which anticipated the author's best work among the traditions and history of Peru. This may be found in his *Papeletas lexicográficas*. His remarkable wit does not minimize the historical value of the material with which he deals.

In a swift whirlwind rises to the sky
A mighty cloud of dust, confused and dun;
It covers with its wings the glowing disc
Of the far-shining sun.
It says with mockery,—“Go upon your
course!”

470	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>I have made dim your beams of topaz bright, King of the sphere, I have brought low your pride, I have obscured your light!</p> <p>The sun makes answer: "Soon the wind will fall You will become base mire, despised and dumb, While I light up the heavens and the earth,— Today,—and days to come!" So stupid envy, insolent and false, The laurel crown of genius fain would blight. It is foul dust: intelligence, the sun— Immortal is its light. <i>—Alice Stone Blackwell.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RAFAEL POMBO	471
<p data-bbox="383 502 586 555">RAFAEL POMBO (1833-1912)</p> <p data-bbox="324 585 652 608">OUR MADONNA AT HOME</p> <p data-bbox="265 639 712 928">RAFAEL POMBO, son of a family of mixed Irish and Spanish blood, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He took part in the political upheavals of 1854 and later came on diplomatic service to the United States. Here his brilliance as a poet of romantic love came to its fullness. He returned to Bogotá where he passed his final years in honor. <i>Our Madonna at Home</i> was written originally in English and was much admired by William Cullen Bryant.</p> <p data-bbox="265 957 712 1128"> Couldst thou portray that face whose holy spell Still sheds its peace o'er all the loved at home? 'Tis mine so long in other lands to roam That her smile only I remember well. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

472	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Hers at whose shrine, when sickness on me fell In childhood, suppliant thou didst kneel, my mother, And I saw both smile, weep, embrace each other, And which the sweeter was I could not tell.</p> <p>When memory now in manhood would recall Her features who with thee doth share my heart, Her half-forgotten face seems like to thine; And both are still to me the source of all That's best in me of poesy and art,— Nor either mother could my soul resign.</p> <p>AT NIAGARA</p> <p>Again I see thee!—once again I know Mine oldtime witchery as in years gone by, Titan of grace, white, fascinating, vast, Sultan of torrents, calm in matchless power;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RAFAEL POMBO	473
<p>Eternally the same, Niagara! Eternal in thine ecstasy, awake In thy tremendous sway,—unwearying Ever of thyself, as man untired Of gazing upon thee.—How couldst thou tire?</p> <p>Beauty, alive forever, acts and lives In purity and cannot fail!—O thou, The perfect daughter without human touch</p> <p>Of His high Fiat, that perpetuates The laws inviolable in their course,— Fond sister of the skies, the light, the air!— Guest unexpelled of Eden that we lost, Thy beauty is creation's constant work, Transcending even its high Creator's breath.</p> <p>Here, something tells us, here is God! Nectar of rapture, and of balm that sprang In times of old; today beholding thee There wake within our breast the seeds divine;</p> <p>The ardent soul to Nature's wonder swells;</p> <p>The warming love of family grips the heart Eternal and indissoluble; thus</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

As to the sea the drop released from
 earth,—
 Thus for the mother's breast the babe
 inclines,—
 Dumb in our intimate delight we turn
 To this communion with eternity.
 Can God grow weary?—Ah, in things that
 cloy
 There is a deadly, fatal principle,
 Inertia, the germ of death at war
 With God, the gangrene of a soul apart
 From His restoring floods—But where, O
 mind,
 Descendst thou?—O Niagara, recall,
 And in thy image let me see, the boast
 Of souls victorious, behold sublime
 The hero in his martyrdom, and gaze
 Upon the genius calm amid his powers!
 Delight me, soothe me, O museum vast
 Of cataracts, O foundry of the clouds!
 O sea, without a depth despite thy waves,—
 White colonnade some great Alcides reared
 From out Olympus, here between the twain
 Mediterranean oceans of the world!
 Live on, eccentric giant, to delight
 In solitary, immemorial mood

Of madness of the gods! Unchained fling
forth

Thine ocean floods along the sloping gorge,
And lost in rapture, drunken with the joys
Of thine own strength, mind not that man
has marked

Thy Titan play among the solitudes,—
No more than where the ant lifts up its
head

To join itself with thee—What difference?
The earth cannot contain thee, in a burst
Thou surgest on unto thine ocean couch!

From the globe's confines ultimate, men
come

To visit thee, to raise themselves on high
With contemplation of thy matchless
charms.

A thousand tongues along thy banks
acclaim

In Thee the grandeur of their God, the boast
Of nature's purest triumph over all.

Heredia came and paid his tribute here,
Hailing Niagara in his soul, in dread
More of himself than thee, for all thy
floods!

476	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The Anglo-Saxon cyclops quick to prove Unto the world that he is lord of thee, Spans thy great gorges with his airy bridge, Embracing thee as with an iron hand, In sign that man (the insect of the hour, The dizzying hour!) proclaims his reign abroad!</p> <p>'Tis heaven herself laid down beneath thy feet</p> <p>These angel pillows colored for the spheres; And for one bridge, hers are a thousand round,-</p> <p>To art of man opposing that of heaven, Hangs tremulous here, as though the smile of peace</p> <p>Amid the heavy breathings about death, Her tranquil bow amidst the wild abyss!</p> <p>Sufficing glory is thy ceaseless spring Of beauties, thou art shrine perpetual Of man's deep wonder. What can I for thee,</p> <p>Save but to add my little name to thine? I am the trifling shadow at the gates, A day to hover silent, a light breath In silence moving through thine icy mist—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RAFAEL POMBO	477
<p> If to the surge volcanic of thy breast The earth, thy trembling cradle, hears the wind Groan through its stony hollows in reply,— I know not, for my heart is hushed, nor stirs Within my soul the ardent flame of song. But what is this to thee, who, changelessly Assert'st thy majesty and pomp,—while I In years of exile stand and weariness Of soul? Today I gaze on thee with eyes Of sadness, Amphitheatre divine!— Where 'mid thy gusts and mists eternal strifes Of crags and whirlpools rage. In me there stirs No combat; nay, thy presence, rather than Thy lofty beauty wakes my wonderment, Inspires prostration,—yea, and chills my soul This milky lake asleep beneath my feet, These curdling waves of emerald that cloak As in a mantle's fold thy rocky bed Where floods are gasping—all unknowing where Their destinies are urging; the dread pool </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

And maelstrom that awaits them where in
power

As of an angry sea they writhe and lift
Their heads, like some lethargic boa, rolled
In his majestic, noiseless coils and poised
Magnetic for his dart; and so it is
With me; such is the mortuary sea
Of my existence, where the hidden plan
Sweeps in the whirlpool, gulping, drowning
me.

Whence, O Heredia, thy dread? I look
And find it not. Not so unhappy thou
Hadst thou known real fear. Thy hopes
Grew pale and trembled here unto their
death.

Here over all rules desperation; here
She lifts her craggy altars; from these deeps
And Tartarous regions soars the mighty call
Of demon voices to infernal bliss!
No, Nature never overwhelms the soul
With dread; her very worst is but a boon.
Her very tomb is but a couch of rest.
She is a child, forever innocent
And candorous; a gentle nurse whom
heaven

In goodness gave to man.—

To man, the asp,
The monster (O Heredia, how well
Thou knewst!) whose contact is affright to
me;

The asp that poisons soul and body both;
Satan eternal of our brothers' lives,
As well as of our own; disturber born
Of every Paradise that Nature yields,
Of every scene with ordered peace that
brings

His mind the memory of heaven,
His wasted destiny! Mankind, the link
Between the angel and the fiend, the foe
Of all who would ascend the heavenly stair
Toward the high model of Divinity!—
Away, abortion!—Here is Nature, here!
But at the sight of this vast, thunderous
stream,—

This splendid comet of the waterways—
I would not seek its arms, like that light
bow

That trembles o'er its radiant gates,—nor
yield

My thoughts nor feelings!—

Thou art so supreme,

Niagara, so irresistible
 Thy witchery and majesty combined,
 That hapless man, amid his little day,
 Can but adore thee; God grant happy death
 To him who vainly turns to thee to ease
 His overpowering woes!—

O mother mine,
 Sweet martyr soul, thy pardon! 'Tis
 today
 At home, that once was happy, we make
 feast

In honor of thy name. I now implore
 On high thy pardon. 'Tis no fault of
 thine

That I should owe to thee my hapless life.
 Today once more canst save me; once again
 Through thy unfailing tenderness, thy son
 Revived anew, makes offering anew
 Of freshened vigor—

Here, through custom old,
 Come first the wedded from their nuptial
 shrine;

Here is their second nave and altar-place
 Of love; here are their seats beyond the
 world

Within the Love-God's arms of clemency.

RAFAEL POMBO	481
<p>Ah, may He bless them, casting on the surge The pure white jasmine blossom of their wreaths!—</p> <p>Rest, rest! chaste visioning! Unto the sound</p> <p>Niagara thy parent rocks thee, rest! Faithful shall be thy lullaby, O rest! Until across thy garlands come the voice Of the great requiem he chants for thee. Let thy soul take my blessing upon thee,— Keep it as benediction in thy heart; Blesséd because thou lov'st; more blesséd still</p> <p>When thou no more art woman, when thou die'st,</p> <p>And disappear'st and fallest to repose— My soul grows weary o'er thy silent grave!—</p> <p>All is accomplished—all with perfectness, As God decrees; today the absent turns His way again to thee; again as one We stand together,—thou within thy tomb, Ah, dead, they say!—And I perchance, more dead</p> <p>Than thou—surviving mine own heart!— Peace! Peace!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

482	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Let not my woes disturb thee in thy rest! Yet easier would it be, Niagara, To speak across the tumult of thy falls!—</p> <p>Thy waters seem like the beginning world That leaps from out the hand of the Divine, Inaugurating its eternal course Throughout the ether deeps! Thou art like heaven That bends upon the earth amid thy clouds Half-veiling here the majesty of God. Forever new and brilliant in thy sweep; Forever fertile, and magnificent, The vital spring of mother Nature's breasts Shining with healthful savors,—thou dost show Thy grandeur in thy fall, and raisest high From thine abyss the hymn of praise and life. But oh! to me life is a sarcasm now; My world has finished, and my soul is dead; In my desire to sing speaks but the rime Of hate, or <i>De profundis</i> <i>es</i> of death.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RAFAEL POMBO	483
<p>It is to lighten weary days, Niagara, my steps I hither press; To turn indifferent shoulders to thy ways, My brows immersed amid thine icy sprays, Rendering back to thee—forgetfulness. <i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

(1834-1903)

THE DELUGE

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE was born at Valladolid. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he served in the Liberal cabinets. Retiring through ill health some years before his death, he devoted himself to poetic and dramatic literature, obtaining great success in Spain and Spanish America. His *Gritos del combate* appeared in 1875; *Un idilio* in 1879. There has been no complete collection published of his works.

MISERERE

It is midnight; the great dwelling
 Reared at Philip Second's will
 The world's wonderment to fill—
 All his mighty story telling,
 Lies in haughty shadows, spelling

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Gaspar Esteban Núñez de Arce



Out the history painfully
Of his vanished majesty,
Giving like some giant writhing
'Neath the mountain, the last tithing
That his ruined glories see.
From the Guadarramas waking
The chill winds have left their caves,
Breasting on the architraves
Of the shrine and ceaseless breaking.
All the stars above are shaking
With a red and sullen flame,
And at times in sorrow's name
Speaks the echo-starting bell
That lugubrious would tell
That the convent prays the same.
While the church morose and sombre
Slumbers in its vast repose,
In its icy silence close
As a tomb the ages cumber;
And the cresset lamps in umber
With uncertain gleam afar
Show the figures now that are
Half advancing, half retreating,
Mingling like the ghost-forms meeting
In a child's or old man's slumber.
Sudden from the royal fosses

Stirs a rumor strange and clear,
And an awesome form of fear
Lifts above the dust and crosses.
Charles the Fifth, the Caesar, tosses
Back the clamping funeral stone,
And with face all fleshless grown,
Rises horrid from the mosses.
Striking hard his bony forehead,
As from lethargy so deep
He would shake his mind from sleep
And disperse his nightmare horrid.
And he stared upon the florid
Burial place so still and lone
Where there towered his funeral stone.
Forth he from the tomb advanced
And took his stand and never glanced
Where his ragged shroud was shown.
"Hark ye!"—cried his warlike voice
In the tone the whole world knew
When the ancient ages threw
At his feet its trembling choice;—
"Throw back your sepulchre's dark walls,
Ye glories of Imperial days,
Ye heroes of immortal rays,
Ye flames of old-time glory,
And from your places mortuary,

Come forth—'tis Cæsar's voice that
calls!"—

And answering the haughty word
The very depths with rumor stirred,
And from their marbles surged
Spectres half unpurged;
And the graves opened wide;
And in a line dead kings began
To file before him, each one wan
And soiled with years, though every man
Still wore his crown of pride.
Grave, solemn, and remote
Came Philip Second, from his wars
Scourged, yet unbeaten, by his scars;
His son beside him grim did float;
And then the King, the all devout,
His humbleness beyond a doubt,
Who saw great Spain, the victim, torn
Like some great granite mountain, scorn
Of earthquakes, blotted out.
Then came the monarch of the blight,
Whose reign did shame employ
All our grandeur to destroy,
And shaking still with fever's might—
Oh, the dread conspiracy
That the eye might still remark

'Twixt that monarch of the dark
 And his wasted monarchy!—
 With a terrible confusion
 Silently they herd along,
 Kings now dead who once were strong!—
 Teeming with the grave's profusion.
 And the vanished embers start
 Gleaming in those brows' dead part,
 Throwing uncertain lights upon
 Eyepits where the eyes are gone,
 And empty skulls that grieve the heart.
 And following their monarchs after,
 In answer to the mighty call
 As though the very hours fall
 On Judgement Day, from floor to rafter,
 Thronging come Spain's ancient glories,
 Through the cloistered corridors,
 Princes, Lords and Grand Señores,
 Prelates, friars, warriors,
 Favorites and counselors,
 Theologues and Inquisitors.
 Then with Charles's mandate shaking
 From the scepter that he bore,
 To the organ tottered o'er
 A poor skeleton all quaking;
 Bony hands the keyboard waking

Stirred a torrent of accord
Till the giant music poured
Litanies and requiems making.
And the voices all in one,
From the dead a holy chant,
At the shrine hierophant
To their God and Maker ran.
And the broken echoes, won
From the victims of the tomb,
Swelled and stirred the startled gloom,
And to such a fervor rose
That it seemed the very close
Of a world whose days were done.
"We were as the mighty stream
Of a river that is dry;
None the source can now espy;
Dry and parched the channels gleam!
Yea, O God, our little power
Was extinguished in an hour—
Miserere!
Curséd, curséd the device,
Portent over land and sea,
That spreads the word of life so free
And gives ideas wings of price,
The printed words that all suffice
And wound to death our Sovereignty.—

Miserere!

Curséd be the wire that starts
All lands and peoples into one,
By which to prayers and hopes are spun
All the world's pulsating hearts.
Nought in silence can be done;
No injustice lurks or darts—

Miserere!

Now no more each people thrives
In solitary state alone;
To chains of iron they have grown
The bonds where human nature strives;
No more are isolation's gyves
On liberty's strong muscles thrown—

Miserere!

A bitter and a brutal blow
Delivered with unsparing hand
Upon the shoulders of our band
Of priest and king, they did bestow.
And nought there is that we can know
To heal the wound their rage has fanned—

Miserere!

And see, alas, how human pride
Upon the heavens is placing hands!
In arrogance the haughty lands
Would even Thee, the Lord, deride!

Let not their voice blaspheming guide
To peace nor to contentment's strands—

Miserere!

Yet not in hostile turmoil caught,
Nor in their dismal pit of woe
Let Thy world perish, ere it know
That in itself its wrong was fraught.
Unpitying they ceaseless brought
Our death to us—they die also!—

Miserere!

O Life, thou great and mighty river
That hurries onward to the main,
Behold, our channels dust-heaps vain,
Where once did rushing streams deliver!
Let not the impious rule forever—
Nor evil have an endless reign—

Miserere!"

Then suddenly the organ ceased
Its mighty rumble, and the light
Fell swiftly off the throng of blight,
And all to darkness was released.
While in a vast and solemn feast
Of dread and tears the silence grew
And from the eyeless skulls poured through
A flood of weeping never ceased.
Meanwhile the light was fading out

494	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Mysterious and vague, and all The rumors died along the wall, And the great vision shrank to doubt. With daylight breaking from without, The white procession paled away And through the scattering mists of day Came a far locomotive's shout. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i> </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GUSTAVO BÉCQUER

495

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER
(1836-1870)

"THEY CLOSED HER EYES"

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER was born at Seville. As a student of painting, he began a poverty-stricken career at Madrid, where, after an unhappy marriage, he died.

His *Obras* (Madrid, 1871) reveal a writer, who influenced greatly by Hoffmann and Heine, possessed one of the most original talents in Spanish literature. He is sometimes considered the founder of the modern Spanish school of poetry. His works have passed through many editions.

They closed her eyes
That were still open;
They hid her face
With a white linen,
And, some sobbing
Others in silence,

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

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496	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>From the sad bedroom All came away.</p> <p>The nightlight in a dish Burned on the floor; It threw on the wall The bed's shadow, And in that shadow One saw sometime Drawn in sharp line The body's shape.</p> <p>The dawn appeared. At its first whiteness With its thousand noises The town awoke. Before that contrast Of light and darkness, Of life and strangeness I thought a moment. <i>My God, how lonely The dead are!</i></p> <p>On the shoulders of men To church they bore her, And in a chapel They left her bier.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

There they surrounded
Her pale body
With yellow candles
And black stuffs.

At the last stroke
Of the ringing for the Souls,
An old crone finished
Her last prayers.
She crossed the narrow nave,
The doors moaned,
And the holy place
Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard
The measured ticking,
And from a candle
The guttering.
All things there
Were so dark and mournful,
So cold and rigid,
That I thought a moment:
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

From the high belfry
The tongue of iron

498	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Clanged, giving out A last farewell. Crape on their clothes, Her friends and kindred Passed in a line In homage to her. </p> <p> In the last vault Dark and narrow, The pickaxe opened A niche at one end; They laid her away there. Soon they bricked the place up, And with a gesture Bade grief farewell. </p> <p> Pickaxe on shoulder The gravedigger, Singing between his teeth, Passed out of sight. The night came down, It was all silent. Alone in the darkness I thought a moment,— <i>My God, how lonely</i> <i>The dead are!</i> </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GUSTAVO BÉCQUER	499
<p>In the dark nights Of bitter winter, When the wind makes The rafter creak, When the violent rain Lashes the windows, Lonely I remember That poor girl.</p> <p>There falls the rain With its noise eternal, There the northwind Fights with the rain. Stretched in the hollow Of the damp bricks, Perhaps her bones Freeze with the cold.</p> <p>Does the dust return to dust? Does the soul fly to heaven? Or is all vile matter, Rottenness, filthiness? I know not, but There is something—something— Something which gives me Loathing, terror,—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

500	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>To leave the dead So alone, so wretched. —<i>John Masefield.</i></p> <p>THE WAITING HARP</p> <p>There in the dusky alcove of the room, Perchance forgotten by its owner now, Silent beneath its covering of dust, The harp was seen. How many a song was slumbering in its strings, As in some bird-breast sleeping on the boughs, Waiting the snowy hand whose master touch Shall waken it! Alas, methought—how often genius halts And drowns thus within the bosom's depth, Hoping to hear a voice, like Lazarus, To say its message,—“Soul, arise and walk!” —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>SONG</p> <p>“I am a passion; I am a flame; I am a symbol of loves that go,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GUSTAVO BÉCQUER

501

I am that desire which transcends shame—
Is it I you seek?"

"Not you: no!"

"My brow is pale, my hair is gold;
I can make your dreams come true.
Treasures of tenderness I hold—
Is it I you call?"

"No: not you!"

"I am a mystery; I am a dream;
A fleeting phantom of light and gloom;
A mist; a shadow; not what I seem,—
I cannot love you!"

"Oh, come, come!"

—*Muna Lee.*

RIMAS

The very atoms of the air
Seem warmed and stirring everywhere;
The sky with golden light suffused:
The earth grown bright with dawn unused;
I hear in waves of carolings
The sound of kisses, sweep of wings;
I close mine eyes,—what happens there?—
—The passing-by of Love the fair!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

(1837-1883)

THE CARILLON

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO was born at Santiago de Compostela. She is one of the greatest protagonists of regionalism in Spanish literature, and her intimate studies of the Galician province early brought her into literary prominence. Her *Cantares gallegos* appeared in 1863; her *En las orillas del Sar*, in 1884.

I love them—and I hearken
 As the winds their notes prolong,
 Like the murmur of a fountain,
 Like a lambkin's distant song,

Like the birds serenely winging
 On their way across the skies,
 At the break of daylight soaring
 To salute it with their cries.



Rosalva de Castro

7

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the government of the State of New York for the year 1890.

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO	505
<p>In their voices saying ever O'er the plain and mountain peak Something that is frank and candid, That a soothing charm would speak.</p> <p>Should their voices cease forever, What a sorrow for the air! What a silence in the belfries! And the dead—how strangely bare! —<i>Garrett Strange.</i></p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

506	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>OLEGARIO VICTOR ANDRADE (1838-1883)</p> <p><i>ATLÁNTIDA</i></p> <p>Olegario Victor Andrade, who is generally considered the greatest poet of Argentina, after some experience in politics, became editor of <i>La Tribuna</i>, the government organ of President Roca. His poems, mostly written within a period of about five years, display unusual patriotic fire and inspiration. His <i>Atlántida</i> won the national prize of Argentina in 1881.</p> <p>The passing centuries the secret kept. But Plato saw it dimly when beside The Ægean Sea, he gazed upon the shadows Falling softly on Hymettus' peak, And spake mysterious words with restless waves That groaned beneath his feet. He knew the name Of this last child of Time, destined to be</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The Future's bride, where dwells eternal
spring;
And called it fair Atlantis.
But God thought best to give the mighty
task
To Latin men, the race that tamed the
world,
And fought its greatest battles.

And when the hour was struck, Columbus
came
Upon a ship that bore the fate of Man,
And westward made his way.
The wild tumultuous Ocean hurled against
The tiny Latin ship the black north
wind,
While whirlwinds roaring fiercely rode
astride
The lightning's blood-red steed.
Forward the vessel moved, and broke the
seal
Of Mystery; and fair Atlantis woke
At last, to find her in a dreamer's arms!

Often the victor over thrones and
crowns,

508	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The restless spirit of the ancient race Had found fulfilment of its noblest dream,— Abundant space and light in distant zones! With armor newly forged, nor dragging now The blood-stained winding-sheet of a dead past, Nor weighted down by blackest memories, Once more it ventured forth in eager quest Of liberty and glory.</p> <p>Before it lay a vast, unconquered world. Here, resting on the sea, 'neath tropic skies, And bathed in the white light of rising dawn, The Antilles lift their heads, like scattered birds That utter plaintive cries, And dry their snowy wings that they may fly To other, distant shores.</p> <p>Here rises Mexico above two seas, A granite tower that even yet would seem</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

To spy the Spanish fleet as it draws near
Across the Aztec gulf;
And over there Colombia, lulled to sleep
By the deep roar of Tequendama's fall,
Within its bosom hides unfailing wealth.

Hail, happy zone! Oh fair, enchanted
land,
Belovéd child of the creative sun
And teeming home of animated life,
The birthplace of the great Bolívar,—hail!
In thee, Venezuela, all is great:
The flashing stars that light thee from above;
Thy genius and thy noble heroism,
Which with volcanic force and deafening
crash
Burst forth on San Mateo's lofty peak!

Outstretched below the Andes' mighty
chain,
Like one who weeps above an open grave,
The Incas' Rome doth lie.
Its sword was broken in the bloody strife,
And in obscurity its face was sunk.
But still Peru doth live!
For in a virile race

510	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Defeat doth spell a new, a nobler life. And when propitious toil, which heals all wounds, Shall come to thee at last, And when the sun of justice shines again After long days of weeping and of shame, The ripening grain shall paint with flowers of gold The crimson cloak that o'er thy shoulder floats.</p> <p>Bolivia, namesake of the giant born At Mount Avila's foot, Hath kept his lively wit and valiant heart, With which to face the storm and stress of life. It dreams of war today; but also dreams Of greater things, when 'stead of useless guns, The engines made of steel Shall boldly bridge the vales and scale the hills.</p> <p>And Chile, strong in war and strong in toil,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



Hangs its avenging arms upon the wall,
Convinced that victory by brutal strength
Is vain and empty if it be not right.
And Uruguay, although too fond of strife,
The sweet caress of progress ever seeks;
Brazil, which feels the Atlantic's noisy
kiss,
With greater freedom were a greater state;
And now the blessed land,
The bride of glory, which the Plata bathes
And which the Andean range alone doth
bound!

Let all arise, for 'tis our native land,
Our own, our native land, which ever sought
Sublime ideals. Our youthful race was
lulled
E'en in the cradle by immortal hymns,
And now it calls, to share its opulence,
All those who worship sacred liberty,
The fair handmaid of science, progress,
art. . . .
Our country turns its back on savage war,
And casts away the fratricidal sword,
That it may bind upon its haughty brow
A wreath of yellow wheat,

512	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Lighter to wear than any golden crown. . . The sun of ultimate redemption shines On our belovéd land, which strides ahead To meet the future, and with noble mien Offers the Plata's overflowing cup To all the hungry nations. . . .</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Elijah Clarence Hills.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

(1838-1883)

THE SPIDER'S WEB

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO was born and died in Mexico. He was known for his dramas, as well as for his lyrical poetry of a simple domestic kind. His fables have been much appreciated.

A dext'rous spider chose
The delicate blossom of a garden rose
Whereon to plant and bind
The net he framed to take the insect kind.
And when his task was done
Proud of the cunning lines his art had spun,
He said, "I take my stand
Close by my work, and watch what I have
planned.
And now, if heaven should bless
My labors with but moderate success,
No fly shall pass this way,

514	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey." He spoke, when from the sky A strong wind swooped, and whirling, hurried by, And far before the blast Rose, leaf and web and plans and hopes were cast. —<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p> <p>THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT</p> <p>A serpent watched an eagle gain On soaring winds, a mountain height And envied him, and crawled with pain To where he saw the bird alight. So fickle fortune oftentimes Befriends the cunning and the base, And many a groveling reptile climbs Up to the eagle's lofty place. —<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p> <p>THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY</p> <p>"Good-morrow, friend," so spoke, upon a day A caterpillar to a butterfly.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The wingéd creature looked another way,
 And made this proud reply:
 "No friend of worms am I."
 The insulted caterpillar heard
 And answered thus the taunting word.
 "And what wert thou, I pray,
 Ere God bestowed on thee that brave
 array?
 Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?
 Art thou then nobly born?
 What art thou, madam, at the best?
 A caterpillar elegantly dressed."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA

(1839- ?)

IN THE NIGHT

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA, Bishop of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was a poet of the classic school. Many of his Castilian sonnets are much admired, although he is chiefly remembered as the translator into Spanish of the famous Latin poem *Rusticatio mexicana* by the Jesuit Rafael Landivar (1731-1793), a work sharing, with Balbuena's *Grandeza mexicana*, the merit of fixing the classical style of letters in Hispanic America.

It seems like noon, so bright the lustre
shed

On the damp forest by the moon's white
glow.

The breeze scarce moves yon oak tree to
and fro,

That mid a thousand others rears its head.

O'er Zempoala, on an azure bed,
 The evening star rests just above the snow,
 And dimly in the fields the brooklet's flow
 Shows like a silver ribbon far outspread.

The heavens shine; the hoophoe's note of
 pain

Sounds on the mountain, and the echoes
 send

Its wail across the broad plains plaintively.
 Phyllis, come follow me, for I would fain
 Enjoy this night; shut up the cot, my
 friend;

Upon the hillside I will wait for thee.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

TWILIGHT

Slowly the sun descends at fall of night,
 And rests on clouds of amber, rose and red;
 The mist upon the distant mountains shed
 Turns to a rain of gold and silver light.

The evening star shines tremulous and
 bright

Through wreaths of vapor, and the clouds
o'erhead
Are mirrored in the lake, where soft they
spread,
And break the blue of heaven's azure
height.

Bright grows the whole horizon in the west
Like a devouring fire; a golden hue
Spreads o'er the sky, the trees, the plains
that shine.

The bird is singing near its hidden nest
Its latest song, amid the falling dew,
Enraptured by the sunset's charm divine.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ANTONIO SELLÉN	519
<p data-bbox="388 478 621 540">ANTONIO SELLÉN (1840-1888)</p> <p data-bbox="365 563 644 586">THE BROKEN BRANCH</p> <p data-bbox="282 612 730 825">ANTONIO SELLÉN, younger brother of the Cuban patriot and poet Francisco Sellén, was born at Santiago de Cuba. He became prominent in the periodical literature of the Cuban revolutionary period, publishing with his brother, <i>Estudios poéticos</i> (1882), and during his residence in New York <i>Cuatro poemas de Lord Byron</i> (New York, 1877).</p> <p data-bbox="282 851 686 967">Poor branch that broken from the tree Is at the mercy of the wave— How swift your flight, how rapidly, It sweeps you to your grave!—</p> <p data-bbox="282 997 692 1113">A moment in the angry pool You struggle with its might in vain— Amid the fury of its rule How useless to complain!—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

What matters it to me should tide
Arise and gulp me down below—
A withered branch and lone, beside
A world of which I nothing know?

When sharp winds blow in hurricane
The branches leafless sad and bare,
And lorn they strive against the strain—
What poor dried bough proves sturdy
there?

The branch that severs from the tree
From which it took its parent birth
Is a soul that in its misery
Is lost to love and life on earth.

—*Garret Strange.*

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

(1848-1903)

JULIET

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA was born and died in Cuba. He passed some years in the United States endeavoring to organize a socialist party to figure in the Revolution of 1895. His *Ramo de violetas* appeared in 1878.

"Another kiss, then, Juliette, farewell!—

Another, nay, another thousand more!—"

She holds him back with her adoring spell;

Careless of all, her ardent kisses pour.

O secret transports what mere words can
tell!—

O hour of love with all its promised
store!—

Through the still chamber how the quick
sighs spell

The ecstasies their hearts have thirsted
for!

Delight! — forgetfulness! — The dawning
breaks

Across the casement panes. The lover
flies

Before the coming of the ancient day,
Down the high balcony where lightly
shakes

His ladder,—where the swallows' punc-
tual cries,

And swift and polished wings begin to
play.—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO THEE

And art thou dead?—No, Death oblivion
brings,

And still I dream of thee!

Death, gentle Mother, a dark ruin flings,

Yet still thy face I see!

But if thou haply hast not died as yet—

To-morrow—shalt thou live?

Oh, if to-day—there is no morrow set

When Death the end can give.

Never! Though destiny untimely wrought,

Shalt thou his rigor know;

Thou wert my all of glory,—now my
thought

Shall be my love to show!

Throughout the lonely world by night and
day

Shalt thou with me remain;

Nor any hour I breathe, O Mother, may

Death unto thee attain!

And longer still with me shalt live until

In God I seek thee far;

Until thy rays of heavenly bliss fulfil

And light our double star.

Despite the moans my broken accents
raise—

“Where art thou, Mother, now?—”

Despite the tear that ceaseless comes and
stays,—

O Mother, dead art thou?—

To adoration of my inmost breast

Thy memoried form shall glow.

The world may lay the mothers to Death’s
rest,

But not their children, no!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

524	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="462 483 827 543">LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTEN- STRAUCH</p> <p data-bbox="595 554 692 579">(1851-)</p> <p data-bbox="523 606 764 629">OUR POET'S BREED</p> <p data-bbox="420 662 869 871">LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTENSTRAUCH was born at Seville, where he has always been prominently identified with all civic activities. His works embody the brilliant life of the Andalusian capital. His publications include <i>Noches de luna</i>, <i>Sevilla</i>, <i>La sevillana</i>, and most popular of all <i>Toros en Sevilla</i>, <i>Toros</i>. He is a member of the Spanish Academy.</p> <p data-bbox="422 911 866 964">"Now whither go ye?"—Would that we did know—</p> <p data-bbox="445 970 866 1022">But who can trace the leaves at midnight torn</p> <p data-bbox="422 1028 866 1081">From off the storm-swept branches as they go</p> <p data-bbox="445 1087 866 1111">Upon the mighty tempest's path of scorn?</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

"And where abide ye?"—In the refuse
heap,
Our walls and rafters rotting in the
dust,—
Dust watered only by the tears we weep—
Tears bitter with our need and broken
trust.

"Had ye no father?"—Yea, he dreamt of
fame
And scorned the thrifty hoardings of the
heart,—
He whom the midnight fever overcame
To sit, his brows with laurel crowned,
apart.

"What seek ye now?"—His legacy de-
creed,
The dreamer's treasure buried in the sod;
We are the children of the poet's breed—
Refuse us not an alms, for love of God!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DAY'S ACCOUNT

Night closes fast my gloomy door,
The hour when I must make account

526	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Of how the world has paid me for My toilsome day, and what amount.</p> <p>Ingratitudes, and mean disdain, And friendship's smirking likelihood, And promises no deeds sustain, And many ills, and scanty good,</p> <p>And all the bitter pangs that start, And tears that are so prone to course,— But O what blessing in my heart! I carry home no grim remorse! —<i>Roderick Gill.</i></p> <p>THE INGRATE</p> <p>The traveller on his torrid way Will quench his thirst at any spring Whose cooling waters chance to stray Beside his road of wandering.</p> <p>Then on upon his way he goes Without another thought or glance Upon the fountain that bestows Its all of joy and sustenance.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And so 'tis with the ingrate's heart;
 Who once he can his need obtain
 Will on his journey lightly start
 And never turn his cheek again.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE BULLS IN SEVILLE

I

Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 Come the shouts and flutter white
 Of the programmes they are selling
 To the experts of the fight.
 Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 Murmur, touching glass to glass,
 All the patrons of the cafés
 While the weekly journals pass.
 Bulls in Seville! is the whisper
 Of the damsel in her best;
 Bulls in Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 Says the *grande dame* with the rest.
 Bulls in Seville! is the rumor
 Of the palace and the slum;
 Child and man and woman murmur
 That the noisy feasts have come.
 And the brilliant sun of Maytime
 And the gentle airs of spring,

528	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The aroma of the flowers And the orange breaths that fling, O'er the gracious Guadalquivir Where the crystal waters shine And the shadows from the Tower On the surface rest benign. Then the joyous festivation Of the lofty bells is heard, And Giralda, the most lovely, Speaks the loudest, highest word And it seems as if the message "Bulls in Seville" is refrain Of the very winds ablowing Through the length and breadth of Spain.</p> <p>2</p> <p>Dandy dons his little jacket, Ties his double sash around, Whispering "Now for the Bull-ring!" Breathless hurries to the ground. With her light shawl of Manilla Mariquita makes her fair; Puts a spray or two of flowers To give scent and deck her hair, And she murmurs,— "To the Bull-ring!"</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS MONTOTO	529
<p>As she hurries from her door, Down the crowded streets and plazas, In her gladness brimming o'er. All the city's throng is hasting Through the quarter on its way; Every breast a bursting brasier With the gladness of the day. "To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!" Every tear is brushed and dried. "To the Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"— The to-morrows put aside!</p> <p>3</p> <p>In the shining blue of heaven Not the slightest cloud is seen; Spring with every dower is filling All the world with joys serene. All the great arena glitters 'Mid the crowds awaiting there, Like a mighty bee-hive buzzing For the sport that would prepare. All the women in the boxes With their shining shawls of white; And their raven hair a gleaming With carnations red and bright.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

530	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Here are all Triana's neighbors, And from Macarena too; Many from San Roqué's parish, And Calzada's not a few. Here within the shade, awaiting As in faculty of state, All the bachelors and doctors Of the bull-ring up-to-date. All the bachelors and doctors Who hold professorial seat On the street where the Sierpes And the proud Campaña meet. Friends are they to the bull-fighters; They the fates to-day can spell; When the others shout, they're hissing; When the others hiss, they yell. And the peddlars hurry calling, "Water of Tomares, buy!"— "Almond cakes of cinnamon!"— "Hazel-nuts and seeds, who'll try!" The President gives salutation; The gates of entry fling ajar; See, the cavaliers are coming, With their coats that shine afar! Lightly spur the <i>alguaciles</i>, Formal license to obtain, </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS MONTOTO	531
<p>Then return where their companions Wait to start with all their train. All the air with noise is ringing, As the entrance march is heard, And the bull-fighters are sighted Through the gateway at the word. "Blesséd be thy mother, brave one!"— "Mezquita, hail!" "Giralda hail!"— "Let us see thee, Manuêlo!"— "Rafael, long may you prevail!"— First of all the gallant cohort You the matadors behold, Covered with their silken mantles And their garments wrought in gold. Two by two, their distance keeping, <i>Banderilleros</i> then advance In their little capes distinguished By the people at a glance. Then upon their Baviecas Come the picadors along, With their monkey-like retainers And their badges in a throng. And the mules are driven after, Gay with all their fringe and bells; Red and yellow in their ribbons,— Nought their sorry duty tells.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

532	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p> Then the sounding of the trumpets, Warns that the great bull arrives; Bellowing the mighty monster Down the sandy circle drives. Lighter than the snake or lizard Through the ranks of lads he goes, While the crowd is growing frantic,— "Let them catch him!" shouts arose.— "Good for that <i>verónica</i>, bully!"— "Bravo, that <i>navarra's</i> fine!" "Hurra for the Rondeña method.— Sturdy foot and fearless sign!—" </p> <p> Picadorès! Picadorès! To your work, the bull is hot! Good defence! But hold you steady! He has not discharged his shot! "On the sand a fighter's lying!"— "Is he injured?"—"Not at all!" Picadorès! Picadorès! "There's another!—God, we call!"— "Señor President, I offer Toasts for you and all the band! Toasts for all the strangers present! Toasts for all from Seville grand! Toasts for those who die in Cuba, Fighting there the war for Spain! </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS MONTOTO	533
<p> Toasts for all the lovely ladies! And the gentlemen again!"— Then the matador arises, Seeks the bull at last grown still; Fixes 'twixt the horns and forehead His red point designed to kill. <i>Allos</i> three, two <i>naturals</i> One <i>de pecho</i> that's for grace, Muttering,—“Here's to your worships!” Stabs the blade unto its place. And the bull in anguish rocking, Hears the victor shouts around, Mingling with the burst of music And the clapping hands that sound. While the public in its frenzy Flings both hat and parasol, Walking-stick and cloak and jacket, To the matador's control. — Then another bull, another, Other horses, other cries! On the sands a fresher blood-stain, On the benches other sighs! For the afternoon is closing And the hollow night is near; All the joy of day is over, And the plaza dark and drear. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Whither goest? To the Bull-ring!—
Gaily Hope doth make reply.
Whence art coming?—From the Bull-ring!
Sad reality doth sigh.
To the Bull-ring! From the Bull-ring!—
Thus it is we live and die!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN	535
<p data-bbox="337 483 652 514">SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN</p> <p data-bbox="452 522 537 545">(1853-)</p> <p data-bbox="446 560 543 583">TO PITY</p> <p data-bbox="274 606 715 760">SALVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN is a Mexican poet of Vera Cruz, showing force and originality in thought, and expression. Rubén Darío paid tribute to his greatness in his <i>Azul</i>. His only acknowledged work is entitled <i>Lascas</i> (Xalapa, 1906).</p> <p data-bbox="274 783 715 806">You come to me in pride of gentle beauty.</p> <p data-bbox="297 814 715 868">What various forms hath pride! It shows to view</p> <p data-bbox="274 876 715 930">In the strong lion, rough mane and mighty roaring,</p> <p data-bbox="297 937 715 991">And in the dove, soft note and changeeful hue.</p> <p data-bbox="274 1014 715 1068">A heavenly power comes with you to my sorrow;</p> <p data-bbox="297 1076 715 1130">It dawns upon the cavern's darksome night,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

And enters in and spreads there like a
music,
Like a sweet fragrance, like a shining
light.

You give to sadness, like a good magician,
A happy truce; moved sweetly by your
graces,
I bless the wound because of its pure
balsam;
I love the desert for its green oasis!
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

SNOW-FLAKE

To soothe my pain because thou canst not
love me,
Gazing upon me with an angel's air,
Thou dost immerse thy fingers, cool and
pallid,
In the dark mane of my tempestuous hair.
'Tis vain, O woman! Thou dost not con-
sole me.
We are a world apart, in naught the same.
If thou art snow, then why dost thou not
freeze me?

Why do I melt thee not, if I am flame?
Thine hand, so spiritual and transparent,
When it caresses my submissive head,
Is but the snow-cap crowning the volcano,
Whose burning lava-depths beneath it
spread!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES

(1854-1914)

THE FAIREST ONE

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES was a Cuban poet who contributed extensively to the *Revista Cubana* and whose sonnet, *La más hermosa*, has been greatly admired.

Keep on, O knight! with lance uplifted
ride,

To punish every wrong by righteous deed;
For constancy at last shall gain its meed,
And justice ever with the law abide.

Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride,
Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed;
To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed;
In destiny and thy right arm confide!

At Fortune's coy reserve display no fear;
For should the Cavalier of the White
Moon

ENRIQUE MÍYARES

539

With arms 'gainst thine in combat dare
 appear,
 Although by adverse fate thou art o'er-
 thrown,—
 Of Dulcinea even in death's hour swear
 That she will always be the only fair!
 —*Alfred Coester.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN

(1853-)

TO AN ANDALUSIAN FAN

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN was born at Seville, where for many years he has acted as editor of the journal *El Baluarte*. Under the pen-name of "Carrasquilla" he has achieved success in poetry, criticism, and in the theater. His works include *El puñado*, and *Cuentos y trozos literarios*.

I wish I were the little man
So deftly painted on your fan,
That when you smile, you'd press its tips
To school the laughter of your lips;
And I the secret kiss might hear
And mock at them who think it queer
That you with pictured rivals try us
And give the fan what you deny us.

—Thomas Walsh.

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

(1856-1911)

A SONG OF HANDS

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA was born at Guanacevi in the State of Durango, Mexico. He passed most of his life in Mexico City where he founded the *Revista Moderna*, in the pages of which most of his poems made their first appearance.

Hands—like soft blossoming buds—
Of children that search for the breast,
In the calm sea of love's gaze
Cradled and sweetly caressed!
Small hands of Jesus the Christ,
In glory ineffably bright;
Hands like soft blossoming buds,
Hands bathed in milk and in light.

Fairy hands, nimble and fair,
O'er the piano that stray
Like a vague dream of life, or the void—

A dream from some realm far away!
The winged expression are ye
Of a sigh, or some cry on the air,
Floating in infinite space,
Fairy hands, nimble and fair.

Hands of an ivory white,
In the shade of the mantle obscure
Brightening prayer with their gleams
Gentle and starlike and pure!
Through their whiteness have passed all the
woes
That ever humanity knew,
With the rosary's beads, one by one—
O hands of the ivory's hue!

Hands full of charity's grace,
Which to the hungry by night
Carry forth comfort and food,
Bread of hope's joy, of truth's light!
Noble, mysterious hands,
Of kindness unending, sincere!
Brothers are we, one and all,
Hands full of charity dear!

O pale, perished hands of the dead
For love or as martyrs who died!

Leaves of one lily are ye,
Hands that were clasped or spread wide;
Hands full of questions, desires,
Aspirations and yearnings unsaid—
Hands to the heavens outstretched,
O pale, perished hands of the dead!

Hands with the sword in their grasp,
That by warfare a sceptre have won,
And fill the whole world with the flood
Of rivers of blood that o'errun!
Hands of the common folk, armed
When quarrels or battles have birth—
Hands with the sword in their grasp,
Red hands of the great of the earth! . . .

Hands that are bleeding and hard,
That plough up the stern, arid soil,
And scarce feel the flight of the hours,
So heavy and cruel the toil;
Hands in the workshop that sweat,
That set up the type in all lands,
Hands that meet death in the mines—
Hard, rough, and blood-spotted hands!

Hands that are wonted to toil,
Strong hands of the brave and the free!

544	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>When on the heights, in the depths, Vibrates o'er land and o'er sea, Stirring the world from its roots, The anger of justice on fire— Hands that are wonted to toil, You shall that day hold the lyre! —<i>Alice Stone Blackwell.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



*From the painting by Sorolla in the Hispanic Society
of America*

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo

MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1856-1912)

ROME

MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO was the great literary scholar of modern Spain. Much of his prose work may be considered pure poetry, as well as history and philosophy. His marked humanistic bent comes out clearly in his metrical work, which may be found in *Odas, epístolas y tragedias* (Madrid, 1883).

Age with devouring fingers spareth
naught,—

Nor populous realm, nor consecrated
laws;

See, now an alien flock to pasture draws
Within the shade where once the Tribunes
taught;

No more, behind triumphant chariots
caught,

Go kings in chains to swell the victor's
cause;
Nor the Clitumnian oxen—'mid the
pause
Move toward the altar pompously en-
wrought.

Like cloud or shadow or swift-fleeting bark,
Laws, armies, glories, all, are swept away;
Alone a cross above the ruins, see!
Tell me, O cross, what destiny you mark?—
Of old Rome's greatness shall the future
say,
'Twas human glory, or God's majesty?
—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

(1858-1906)

THE RIVER

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN was a Mexican poet famous for his studies of nature in poems arranged for the most part in sonnet-sequences. The best known of these is the *Noche rústica de Walpurgis*.

With graceful waves, ye waters, frolic free;
Uplift your liquid songs, ye eddies bright;
And you, loquacious babbings, day and
night,
Hold converse with the wind and leaves
in glee!
O'er the deep cut, ye jets, gush sportively.
And rend yourselves to foamy tatters
white,
And dash on boulders curved and rocks
upright,
Golconda's pearls and diamonds rich to see!

550	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="414 351 863 531"> I am your sire, the River. Lo, my hair Is moonbeams pale: of yon cerulean sky Mine eyes are mirrors, as I sweep along. Of molten spray is my forehead fair; Transparent mosses for my beard have I; The laughter of the Naiads' is my song. </p> <p data-bbox="579 531 838 557">—<i>Alice Stone Blackwell.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA	551
<p data-bbox="293 517 693 579">MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA (1859-1895)</p> <p data-bbox="397 606 590 628">OUT OF DOORS</p> <p data-bbox="270 659 716 868">MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA, the Mexican precursor of the modernist movement in Spanish poetry, endeavored to amalgamate French spirit and Spanish form and so produce a type of poetry with the qualities of intellectual music. He was one of the founders of <i>La Revista Azul</i> and is generally considered one of the greatest of Mexican poets.</p> <p data-bbox="270 902 716 1133">The Gardenia pleaded—"See how white am I!"— "White, but not so white as She!"—Was my reply. "My light is of the heavens!"—said Sirius afar; "But not so Paradisiac as hers!"—I told the star.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

The swallow twittered in the boughs,
 To nightingale amid the flowers,
 Singing in a glad carouse
 As I listened through the hours.
 "What a pair of tuneless voices
 When compared to notes of hers!
 Nor is there a star rejoices
 With the glow her soft glance stirs,
 Simply telling me—I love thee.
 Take away, O God, the light,
 The scents, the birds, the stars above me!—
 Take away all beauty bright,
 But leave her to my sight!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

WHITE

What thing than the lily unstained is more
 white?
 More pure than the mystic wax taper so
 bright?
 More chaste than the orange-flower,
 tender and fair?
 Than the light mist more virginal—holier
 too

GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA	553
<p>Than the stone where the eucharist stands, ever new, In the Lord's House of Prayer?</p> <p>By the flight of white doves all the air now is cloven; A white robe, from strands of the morning mist woven, Enwraps in the distance the feudal round tower.</p> <p>The trembling acacia, most graceful of trees, Stands up in the orchard and waves in the breeze Her soft, snowy flower.</p> <p>See you not on the mountain the white of the snow? The white tower stands high o'er the village below; The gentle sheep gambol and play, pass- ing by.</p> <p>Swans pure and unspotted now cover the lake; The straight lily sways as the breezes awake;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

The volcano's huge vase is uplifted on
high.

Let us enter the church : shines the eucharist
there;

And of snow seems to be the old pastor's
white hair;

In an alb of fine linen his frail form is
clad.

A hundred fair maidens there sit robed in
white;

They offer bouquets of spring flowers, fresh
and bright,

The blossoms of April, pure, fragrant
and glad.

Let us go to the choir; to the novice's
prayer

Propitiously listens the Virgin so fair;

The white marble Christ on the crucifix
dies;

And there without stain the wax tapers
rise white;

And of lace is the curtain so thin and so
light,

GUITÉRREZ NÁJERA	555
<p>Which the day-dawn already shines through from the skies.</p> <p>Now let us go down to the field. Foaming white, The stream seems a tumult of feathers in flight, As its waters run, foaming and singing in glee.</p> <p>In its airy mantilla of mist cool and pale The mountain is wrapped; the swift bark's lateen sail, Glides out and is lost to our sight on the sea.</p> <p>The lovely young woman now springs from her bed, On her goddess-like shoulders fresh water to shed, On her fair, polished arms and her beautiful neck.</p> <p>Now, singing and smiling, she girds on her gown; Bright, tremulous drops, from her hair shaken down, Her comb of Arabian ivory deck.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

O marble! O snows! O vast, wonderful
whiteness!

Your chaste beauty everywhere sheds its
pure brightness,

O shy, timid vestal, to chastity vowed!
In the statue of beauty eternal are you;
From your soft robe is purity born, ever
new;
You give angels wings, and give mortals a
shroud.

You cover the child to whom life is yet
new,

Crown the brows of the maiden whose
promise is true,

Clothe the page in rich raiment that
shines like a star.

How white are your mantles of ermine, O
queens!

The cradle how white, where the fond
mother leans!

How white, my belovéd, how spotless
you are!

In proud dreams of love, I behold with
delight

The towers of a church rising white in my
sight,
And a home, hid in lilies, that opens to
me;
And a bridal veil hung on your forehead so
fair,
Like a filmy cloud, floating down slow
through the air,
Till it rests on your shoulders, a marvel to
see!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT

O Lord! O Lord!—how are the seas of
thought
Tonight with waves of direst tempest
torn!—
My spirit is in darkness terror-caught
Like Peter's, on Tiberiades borne!

The waves are cleaving so my little bark
That to its last destruction it seems nigh;
Thou who didst shed Thy light on blindness
dark,
Oh, let it now unto my faith reply!

Rise, rise, O Star of Jesus, on the world
That lightly mocks the weakness of my
arms!

My soul is chilled; our earthly hopes are
furled;

Our eyes are closing 'mid the dread
alarms!

Appear across the blackness of the night!—
Our spirits call Thee!—here alone we
wait!—

And coming swiftly let Thy garment white
Appease the waves where there was
tumult late!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO	559
<p data-bbox="319 474 666 498">LOLA RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO</p> <p data-bbox="441 511 544 535">(1859-)</p> <p data-bbox="460 551 525 575">MIST</p> <p data-bbox="267 597 718 751">LOLA RODRÍGUEZ DE Tío is a distinguished figure in the history and literature of the Antilles. She was born in Puerto Rico, but has passed many years of her life in Habana. Her several volumes of poems have enjoyed great appreciation.</p> <p data-bbox="267 782 718 951"> O faint remembrances of vanished days That stole away on such a velvet wing O'er meads and groves, o'er plains and mountain ways, What grief and sorrow to my heart you bring! </p> <p data-bbox="267 987 718 1099"> Come back without the shadow of your care, Come back in silence and without a moan, </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

560	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>As the birds cross the unregarding air Till none may tell the whence or whither flown.</p> <p>Come back amid the pallor of the moon That silvers all the azure rifts at sea, Or in the deadly mist that in a swoon Engulfs afar the green palm's royal tree.</p> <p>Bring back the murmur of the doves that made Their little nests so neighborly to mine; The vibrant airs—the fragrances that played Around the peaks that saw my cradle shine.</p> <p>Sing in my ear the melodies of old, So sweet and joyous to my inmost heart; O faint remembrances two breasts should hold, Two breasts that Destiny was loath to part!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

What matter if a sigh steals through the
dream

That shows the withered vine in flower
again?—

So that remembrances in singing seem,
O tremulous lyre, to speak my endless
pain!

—*Roderick Gill.*

562	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO (1861-)</p> <p>THE CYPRESS</p> <p>ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, the brother of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, was born at Santander. He wrote many successful novels and comedies. For his poems, see <i>Desde mi huerta</i> (1890) and <i>Cancionero de la vida inquieta</i> (1915).</p> <p>There is a cypress in the neighboring grove As black as is the image of my pain; Whose topmost branches in the moon attain Such aspect as some ghostly world would prove. Then vagrant fancy ceaselessly would move, Transforming all the woodland scene again;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Where yesterday a lawn, now sand-
wastes reign;
Where was a wood, today a road would
rove.

Alone it stands, resisting every change!—
And I, in agony from life's dire wound,
Gaze on its heights and all my moan is
hushed;
Learning that,—memory or hope!—there
range
To grow within my life's own garden
ground
High things that man nor wind hath ever
crushed!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIÁN DEL CASAL

(1863-1893)

TO MY MOTHER

JULIÁN DEL CASAL was born in Habana, Cuba. He early became imbued with the ideas of the French decadent poets. He loved Greece as well as Paris, but never visited either. An early death closed a career marred by ill-health and pessimism. His works are *Hojas al viento* (1890), *Nieve* (1891), and *Bustos y rimas* (1893).

More than a mother as a saint to me
 You were in truth. You gave me birth
 and died,
 But Oh! my mother when you left my side
 God kissed an angel in eternity.
 Today when in my dreams methinks I see
 Your smiling face, I gaze on you with pride,
 And sigh, sweet mother, as I oft have
 sighed,
 While tears I shed when I remember thee.



Julián del Casal

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the author to the reader, explaining the purpose of the study and the methods used. The letter is dated 1998 and is addressed to the reader.

2. The second part of the document is a list of references, which includes books, articles, and other sources used in the study. The references are listed in alphabetical order.

3. The third part of the document is a list of figures, which includes tables, graphs, and other visual aids. The figures are listed in alphabetical order.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of tables, which includes tables of data, tables of results, and other tables. The tables are listed in alphabetical order.

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7. The seventh part of the document is a list of indexes, which includes indexes of data, indexes of results, and other indexes. The indexes are listed in alphabetical order.

And should we never, never meet again
 How sad 'twould be, but I shall always
 keep
 Your image in my heart, and not complain;
 For something tells me that you lie asleep
 Because my suff'ring would have caused
 you pain—
 Because my weeping would have made
 you weep.

—*Jorge Godoy.*

MY LOVES—SONNET A LA POMPA-
 DOUR

My loves are bronzes, crystals, porcelains,
 Windows aglow like jewelled treasures,
 Hangings of florid, golden argosies,
 And salvers brilliant with Venetian stains.
 My loves are damosels of ancient reigns,
 The old world's troubadour sweet
 harmonies,
 The steed that bounds to Arabic caprice,
 The German ballad with its tear refrains,
 The ivory-carved piano-keys aflood,
 The sounding horn within the forest
 glade,

568	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="428 366 875 509"> The soft aroma from the censer fumed, The couch of ivory, gold, and sandal-wood, Where virgin loveliness at last is laid, A broken flower of innocence en- tombbed. —<i>Roderick Gill.</i> </p> <p data-bbox="563 589 738 612">CONFIDENCES</p> <p data-bbox="428 648 862 763"> Why weepst thou, my sweetheart pale, Why bendest down thy lovely head?— A dread idea doth assail My mind and turn my heart to lead.— </p> <p data-bbox="428 799 875 942"> Tell me: have they not loved thee well?— Never!—Come, tell the truth to me.— Ah, then; one lover only I can tell Was faithful.—Who?—My misery. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i> </p> <p data-bbox="583 991 728 1014">THE PEARL</p> <p data-bbox="428 1044 841 1128"> Hovering o'er a lovely pearl That the depths of earth were guarding As an offering divine </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

From the hands of the Eternal,
Were two birds of rapine set
With their eyes upon its gleaming,
One with plumage all of gold,
One with plumage black as jet.

Seeing that the pearl was bursting
In its shell within the slime,
They made ready with their beaks
To dissect its broken pieces,—
These two birds of rapine set
With their eyes upon its gleaming,
One with plumage all of gold,
One with plumage black as jet.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

570	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS (1863-)</p> <p>THE AEOLIAN HARP</p> <p>RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS is a native of Havana but settled at Barcelona, where he has revealed his fine sense of critical values in <i>Musgo</i> (Barcelona, 1903). He has also written many poems.</p> <p>Deep in my dreamland garden sways A harp aeolian none remembers more;— Who cares, or listens what it says In music that is o'er?</p> <p>No fingers wake it; 'tis by chance Alone its notes unechoed wake; Think you the flower of beauty's glance Through its dim tones could break?</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

With none to hearken, all alone
Its breathings fugitive it keeps;
When the wind strikes a listless tone
It either sings—or weeps.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

572	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>OLAVO BILAC (1865-1919)</p> <p>FROM <i>CAÇADOR DE ESMERALDAS</i></p> <p>OLAVO BILAC was born at Rio de Janeiro. He devoted his entire life to the practice of letters in his native country, his earliest writings appearing in the <i>Gaceta de Noticias</i>. He also became famous as an orator. Among his works are <i>Cronicas e Novelas</i>, <i>Criticas</i>, <i>Conferencias literarias</i>, <i>Poesias infantiles</i>, <i>Cuentos patrios</i>, <i>A Patria Brasileira</i>. His greatest poem is entitled <i>Caçador de Esmeraldas</i>.</p> <p>Over his dying head the shadowed veil of heaven Pales and grows thin, its nocturn darkness riven By the argent lance of the moon a-sail on high. His eyes, renewed with radiance, seek in the lighted space,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

OLAVO BILAC	573
<p>The wraith of a smile hovers and passes over his face; Fernan Dias opens his arms to earth and sky.</p> <p>In a green heaven the stars break into flames of green; In the green forest glade green flowers dance between Emerald trunks, as oreads dancing on grassy floors; Lightning flashing green all the still heaven fills, The sullen flood of the river breaks into emerald rills; Green from out green skies a rain of emeralds pours.</p> <p>Now as a man from death raised by the hands of a lover, Resurrected, he rises; his dying eyes recover Sight for the vision that tells again of his seven-year seeking; Life in his veins flows new; his eager senses rejoice,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

574	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And to his hearing comes the sound of a clarion Voice, Clear in the hush of the night, from that bright glory speaking:</p> <p>"Die! As in thine hands the stones that thou hast sought Dissolve as a dream fades, in dust returned to nought; What matter? Sleep in peace! Sleep, for thy toil is ended! Link after link, over plain and on rugged mountain slope As a belt of emeralds strewn, as a shining pledge of hope, Green in the desert sands, the towns of thy heart are extended.</p> <p>"Their hands in Fortune's hands, linked to what whim of hers, Marched from the camp each dawn thy band of wanderers; North and south sought they, through plain and forest maze, Shelter and surcease of care. Now on each wild hillside,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

OLAVO BILAC	575
<p>The walls of a homestead stand erect with a victor's pride, And the beacon light of a hearth on the desert sheds its rays.</p> <p>"In all thy wandering, adventure compassless, Thou, like the sun, wert a very fount of fruitfulness; Behind each weary step lay a highway for man's tread; Victory hailed thy name by every charted stream; And as thou wanderedst on, dreaming thy selfish dream, As stirred by the step of a god, the desert blossomed.</p> <p>"Die! From each drop of sweat, from the fount of each burning tear, Fertile, a newer life shall spring in a newer year; Fruitful shall be thy thirst, thy vigil and thy fast. Under the kiss of the sun, harvests shall ripening lie,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

576	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Under the kiss of love thy race shall multiply, And the land whereon thou liest shall burgeon. Then at last</p> <p>"In the voice of the plough thou shalt sing, in the bell's daily song In the tumult of crowded streets, in the midst of the laughing throng, In hymns of blessed peace, in the clamour of man's endeavour; Through veiling mists of time shall rise thy bright renown, Thou ravisher of the desert, thou planter of many a town! In the heart of thy fatherland thy name shall live forever."</p> <p>The fateful voice is stilled. All the earth hushes: The fair high-sailing moon her silver fingers pushes Through the sleeping leaves of the forest majesties; In the maternal arms of Earth, content, enwrapped,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

OLAVO BILAC	577
<p>In the eternal peace of the starry spaces lapped, Forever free from questing, Fernan Dias dies.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Lilian E. Elliott.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

(1865-)

DOMESTIC SCENES

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is a native of Galicia who for many years has been attached to the University of Salamanca, where for some time he acted as Rector. His works on literature and philosophy are numerous, and he has published several books of travel.

I

When shades of night have come
And all my house is sleeping,
The silent peace of home
Its arms about them keeping,
And the only sound I hear
Is my children's measured breathing,—
Then my dream sees life appear
Toward a larger meaning wreathing;

Then their breathing seems a prayer
 Through their voice of dream repeating,
 While their consciousness is bare
 In their God the Father meeting.
 Dream, O Dream, thou art the sign
 Of the life that knows no ending,
 Of that stainless life divine
 On this present life attending!

2

Look not upon me with such eyes, my son;
 I would not have thee read my secret clear,
 Nor would I so deceive my little one
 That poison through thy fragile veins
 should sear.
 Never, O never, may thy father's gloom
 Obstruct thee from the joy and glow of
 day—
 To speak of joy does voice presume?—
 I do not wish thee joy,
 For on this earth
 To live in mirth
 One must be saint or fool;—
 And fool,—God save thee, boy!—
 And saint—I know not of the school.

580	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>3</p> <p>Go, stir the brazier coals, my child; The fire is growing cold. How brief today the sun has smiled! To think the orb that you behold One day shall cinder turn, And God's great brow, the heavens, enfold Its ashes like an urn.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>1</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

(1865-1896)

A POEM

José ASUNCIÓN SILVA, one of the founders of the modernist school of Spanish poetry, was born at Bogotá, Colombia. He modeled many of his reforms on the practice of Edgar Allan Poe, and displayed unusual genius throughout his short and unhappy life, which was ended by his own hand. His works were published in Paris by Baldomero Sanín Cano in 1913.

I planned one time to perpetrate a song,
One of the new kind, pulsing, free and
strong.

I balanced subjects tragic and grotesque,
Conjuring all the rhythms unto my desk;

582	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And then the skittish metres gathered round Joining in shadowy swing and leap and bound</p> <p>Metres sonorous, metres potent, grave, Some with the shock of arms, some, bird- songs brave;</p> <p>From East and West, from South as well as North, Metres and stanzas bowing hurried forth.</p> <p>Chafing their golden bridles, loose of rein, Approach the Tercets, as if coursers vain.</p> <p>And opening up amid the gallant ring, Purple and gold, arrived the Sonnet king.</p> <p>And all began to sing—Among the rabble There rose the spirit of a charming gabble.</p> <p>One pointed strophe wakened my desire With the clear tinkling of a little spire;</p> <p>So above all, I chose it for the bride Adding my crystal, silver rhymes beside.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

And thus I told a tale, with subtle grace,
A tragical, fantastic, never base,—

Though sad enough, a story straight and
terse—

Of a fair lady loved and in her hearse;

And to sustain the mournful note I added
Soft lisps with *ex professo* kisses padded:

I decked the phrase with gold, and music
rare

Of lute and mandolin was sounded there.

I drew the light of distances profound
With solemn mists and melancholies bound;

And 'mid the dim obscure, as in a feast
Of mortals, dancers to the dance released;

Clothed them in words that cloud like
heavy veils,

With midnight masks of satin, velvet
trails;—

584	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And in the background intertwining, wound The mystical and fleshly, as if bound.</p> <p>Then in my author's pride, I added there Heliotrope scent and light of jacinth rare—</p> <p>And brought the poem to a critic grand, Who sent it back—"I fail to understand." —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>NOCTURNE</p> <p>One night, One night all full of murmurs, of perfumes and the brush of wings, Within whose mellow nuptial glooms there shone fantastic fireflies, Meekly at my side, slender, hushed and pale, As though with infinite presentiment of woe Your very depths of being were troubled,— By the path of flowers that led across the plain,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

You came treading,
And the rounded moon
Through heaven's blue and infinite pro-
found was shedding whiteness.

And your shadow
Languid, delicate;
And my shadow,
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray
Upon the solemn sands
Of the path, were joined together,
As one together,
As one together,
As one together in a great single shadow,
As one together in a great single shadow,
As one together in a great single shadow.—

Another night
Alone—all my soul
Suffused with infinite woes and agonies of
death,
Parted from you, by time, by the tomb
and estrangement,
By the infinite gloom
Through which our voices fail to pierce,

Silent and lonely,
Along that road I journeyed—

And the dogs were heard barking at the
moon,
At the pale-faced moon,
And the croaking
Of the frogs—

I was pierced with cold, such cold as on
your bed
Came over your cheeks, your breasts, your
adorable hands,
Between the snowy whiteness
Of your mortuary sheets;
It was the cold of the sepulchre, the chill of
death,
The frost of nothingness.—
And my shadow
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray,
Went on alone,
Went on alone,
Went on alone over the solitary wastes;
And your shadow, slender and light,
Languid, delicate,

As on that soft night of your springtime
 death,
 As on that night filled with murmurs, with
 perfumes and the brush of wings,
 Came near and walked with me,
 Came near and walked with me,
 Came near and walked with me—Oh,
 shadows interlaced!—
 Oh, shadows of the bodies joining in shadow
 of the souls!—
 Oh, shadows running each to each in the
 nights of woes and tears!—
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

THE SERENADE

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
 The moon glides veiled amid cloud-banks
 dun;
 The lattice above is tightly closed,
 And the notes ring clearly one by one
 Under his fingers light and strong,
 While the voice that sings tells tender
 things,
 As the player strikes on his sweet guitar
 The fragile strings.

588	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The street is deserted, the night is cold, A cloud has covered the moon from sight. The lattice above is tightly closed, And the notes are growing more soft and light. Perhaps the sound of the serenade Seeks the soul of the girl who loves and waits, As the swallows seek eaves to build their nests When they come in spring with their gentle mates.</p> <p>The street is deserted, the night is cold, The moon shines out from the clouds aloft; The lattice above is opened now And the notes are growing more low, more soft. The singer with fingers light and strong Clings to the ancient window's bar, And a moan is breathed from the fragile strings Of the sweet guitar.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Alice Stone Blackwell.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS MUÑOZ RIVERA

(1865-1916)

TO HER

LUIS MUÑOS RIVERA was a native of Puerto Rico, who became prominent at the time that island became part of the United States. He was editor of *La Democracia* and served as Commissioner of Puerto Rico to the United States Government. His poems, under the title of *Tropicales*, were published in New York in 1902.

When on my lyre I touch the strings apart
In search of melody serene and rare,
Her memory comes stealing o'er my heart
And gentle thoughts in thousands gather
there.

Her image floats before me in a glance
Of golden wonder hovering at my eyes;
An atmosphere delirious would entrance
My soul with perfumes out of Paradise.

590	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The sparkle of her glances sets aflame The hearth-place of the inmost of my soul; It glows with inspiration; strings acclaim; The chant begins and swells beyond control.</p> <p>Then as the radiant vision dies away, As melts afar some white cloud full of dew, My verses through my mind begin to play, And on the page my pen would catch a few.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Roderick Gill.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FABIO FIALLO	591
<p>FABIO FIALLO (1865-) NOSTALGIA</p> <p>FABIO FIALLO is a native of San Domingo, one of the leaders of the <i>modernista</i> movement, and known widely for his writings in prose and verse.</p> <p>There we were and the good St. Peter Who came to God on high— A dauntless fellow of a crusader, A pretty maid, and I.</p> <p>The soldier prayed that he might ever Fight as on earth he fought: And St. Michael gave his own picked legion As the boon he sought.</p> <p>The maid sobbed out a stammering prayer To return to her lover's sight, And she became the kiss of dawn by day, A ray of the moon by night.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

592	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>My turn next; and God said blandly, "Already I know your will; You desire the harp of My singer David!" —My pride leapt up—but still—</p> <p>"Oh, no, Lord; another thing! To be a tree on the tropic shore Watered by my own Ozama, And there, deep-rooted, to live once more!"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Muna Lee.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

1

2



Rubén Darío

RUBÉN DARÍO	595
<p data-bbox="410 498 598 529">RUBÉN DARÍO</p> <p data-bbox="445 545 563 575">(1867-1916)</p> <p data-bbox="410 591 598 622">TO ROOSEVELT</p> <p data-bbox="284 637 726 930">RUBÉN DARÍO, the leading modernist poet in Spanish, was born at León, Nicaragua. He devoted his early life to journalism in various parts of South America. Later he took up his residence at Madrid where he greatly influenced the writers of his generation. His principal publications are <i>Azul</i> (1888), <i>Prosas profanas</i>, and <i>Cantos de vida y esperanza</i> (1896), <i>El canto errante</i> (1907). Darío returned to León shortly before his death there.</p> <p data-bbox="506 960 517 984">I</p> <p data-bbox="284 1014 726 1130">'Tis only with the Bible or with Walt Whitman's verse, That you, the mighty hunter, are reached by other men.</p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

596	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>You're primitive and modern, you're simple and complex,— A veritable Nimrod with aught of Wash- ington.</p> <p>You are the United States; You are the future foe Of free America that keeps its Indian blood, That prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks in Spanish still</p> <p>You are a fine example of a strong and haughty race; You're learned and you're clever; to Tol- stoy you're opposed; And whether taming horses or slaying savage beasts, You seem an Alexander and Nebuchadnezzar too.</p> <p>(As madmen today are wont to say, You're a great professor of energy.) You seem to be persuaded That life is but combustion, That progress is eruption, And where you send the bullet You bring the future.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RUBÉN DARÍO	597
<p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>The United States are rich, they're powerful and great (They join the cult of Mammon to that of Hercules), And when they stir and roar, the very Andes shake. . . .</p> <p>But our America, which since the ancient times . . . Has had its native poets; which lives on fire and light, On perfumes and on love; our vast America, The land of Montezuma, the Inca's mighty realm, Of Christopher Columbus the fair America, America the Spanish, the Roman Catholic, . . . O men of Saxon eyes and fierce, barbaric soul, This land still lives and dreams, and loves and stirs! Take care! The daughter of the Sun, the Spanish land, doth live!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

598	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And from the Spanish lion a thousand whelps have sprung! 'Tis need, O Roosevelt, that you be God himself . . . Before you hold us fast in your grasping, iron claws.</p> <p>And though you count on all, one thing is lacking: God! —<i>Elijah Clarence Hills.</i></p> <p>SONATINA</p> <p>The Princess mourns—Why is the Princess sighing? Why from her lips are song and laughter dying? Why does she droop upon her chair of gold? Hushed is the music of her royal bower; Beside her in a vase; a single flower Swoons and forgets its petals to unfold.</p> <p>The fool in scarlet pirouettes and flatters, Within the hall the silly dueña chatters;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RUBÉN DARÍO	599
<p>Without, the peacock's regal plumage gleams.</p> <p>The Princess heeds them not; her thoughts are veering Out through the gates of Dawn, past sight and hearing, Where she pursues the phantoms of her dreams.</p> <p>Is it a dream of China that allures her, Or far Golconda's ruler who conjures her But to unveil the laughter of her eyes?— He of the island realms of fragrant roses, Whose treasure flashing diamond hoards discloses, And pearls of Ormuz, rich beyond sur- mise?</p> <p>Alas! The Princess longs to be a swallow, To be a butterfly, to soar, to follow The ray of light that climbs into the sun; To greet the lilies, lost in Springtime wonder, To ride upon the wind, to hear the thunder Of ocean waves where monstrous billows run.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

600	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Her silver distaff fallen in disfavor, Her magic globe shorn of its magic savor, The swans that drift like snow across the lake, The lotus in the garden pool—are mourning; The dahlias and the jasmin flowers adorning The palace gardens, sorrow for her sake.</p> <p>Poor little captive of the blue-eyed glances! A hundred negroes with a hundred lances, A hound, a sleepless dragon, guard her gates.</p> <p>There in the marble of her palace prison The little Princess of the roving vision, Caught in her gold and gauzes, dreams and waits.</p> <p>“Oh” (sighs the Princess), “Oh, to leave behind me My marble cage, the golden chains that bind me, The empty chrysalis the moth forsakes! To fly to where a fairy Prince is dwelling— O radiant vision past all mortal telling, Brighter than April, or the day that breaks!”</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RUBÉN DARÍO	601
<p> "Hush, little Princess," whispers the good fairy, "With sword and goshawk; on his charger airy, The Prince draws near—the lover without blame. Upon his wingéd steed the Prince is fleeting, The conqueror of Death, to bring you greeting, And with his kiss to touch your lips to flame!" </p> <p style="text-align: center;">—<i>John Pierrepont Rice.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">NIGHTFALL IN THE TROPICS</p> <p> There is twilight grey and gloomy Where the sea its velvet trails; Out across the heavens roomy Draw the veils. </p> <p> Bitter and sonorous rises The complaint from out the deeps, And the wave the wind surprises Weeps. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

602	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Viols there amid the gloaming Hail the sun that dies, And the white spray in its foaming "Miserere" sighs.</p> <p>Harmony the heavens embraces, And the breeze is lifting free To the chanting of the races Of the sea.</p> <p>Clarions of horizons calling Strike a symphony most rare, As if mountain voices calling Vibrate there.</p> <p>As though dread, unseen, were waking, As though awesome echoes bore On the distant breeze's quaking The lion's roar.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>CANCIÓN OF AUTUMN IN SPRING- TIME</p> <p>Days of youth, my sacred treasure, Unreturning ye pass by!—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

My poor heart hath been divided
In its days celestial here;
There was a gentle maid, unguided
Through this world's affliction drear;

Like the white dawn was her vision;
Like the flower her gentle smile;
And her dusky locks elysian
Seemed of night and grief the style.

I was but a lad unknowing,—
She, as natural, would play
Through my love's fond ermine, showing
Herodias and Salomé.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears,—I know not why!—

There was another then, more tender,
More sensitive, more subtly kind,
More soothing, more delight to render
Than ever I had thought to find;

604	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>But 'neath her gentleness unceasing A violent passion was concealed And through her filmy robe releasing, A wild Bacchante was revealed.</p> <p>To breast she took my young ideal, And nursed it softly as a child; Then slew it, left it sad, unreal, Of all its light and trust defiled.</p> <p>Days of youth, my sacred treasure, Unreturning ye pass by!— Would I weep?—no tears I measure;— Then my tears—I know not why!—</p> <p>There was another took my kisses To be the casket of her flame; She laughed amid our wildest blisses,— Her teeth against my heart-strings came!</p> <p>Amid the maddest of her passion She looked across with wilful eyes,— As though our fond embrace could fashion The essence of eternal skies;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

As though our fragile flesh were tying
The boughs of endless Edens here;
Unmindful that with Springtime dying
The joys of body disappear.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

And all the others! In how many
Lands and climes,—they ever were!
Pretexts for a rhyme,—or any
Notion in my heart astir!—

Vain my search for that high lady
For whom I have awaited long.
But life is hard and grim and shady,—
There was no princess, save in song!

In spite of Time's unyielding measure,
My thirst for love has never died,—
My gray head bends to scent with pleasure
The roses of the garden-side—

606	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Days of youth, my sacred treasure, Unreturning ye pass by!— Would I weep—no tears I measure;— Then my tears—I know not why!—</p> <p>Mine is still the Dawn of golden treasure!— —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>PORTICO</p> <p>I am the singer who of late put by The verse azulean and the chant profane, Across whose nights a rossignol would cry And prove himself a lark at morn again.</p> <p>Lord was I of my garden-place of dreams, The heaping roses and swan-haunted brakes; Lord of the doves; lord of the silver streams, Of gondolas and lyres upon the lakes.</p> <p>And very eighteenth century; both old And very modern; bold, cosmopolite; Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-told, And thirsting for illusions infinite.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RUBÉN DARÍO	607
<p>From infancy, 'twas sorrow that I knew; My youth—was ever youth my own indeed?—</p> <p>Its roses still their perfume round me strew, Their perfume of a melancholy seed—</p> <p>A reinless colt, my instinct galloped free, My youth bestrode a colt without a rein; Drunken I went, a belted blade with me; If I fell not—'twas God who did sustain—</p> <p>Within my garden stood a statue fair, Of marble seeming yet of flesh and bone, A gentle spirit was incarnate there Of sensitive and sentimental tone.</p> <p>So timid of the world, it fain would hide And from its walls of silence issue not, Save when the spring released upon its tide The hour of melody it had begot—</p> <p>The hour of sunset and the hidden kiss; The hour of gloaming twilight and retreat;</p> <p>The hour of madrigal, the hour of bliss, Of "I adore thee" and "Alas" too sweet.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

608	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And 'mid the gamut of the flute, per- chance, Would come a ripple of crystal mysteries Recalling Pan and his old Grecian dance With the intoning of old Latin keys.</p> <p>With such a sweep and ardor so intense That on the statue suddenly were born The muscled goat-thighs shaggy and immense And on the brows the satyr's pair of horn.</p> <p>As Góngora's Galatea, so in fine The fair marquise of Verlaine captured me; And so unto the passion half divine Was joined a human sensuality;</p> <p>All longing, and all ardor, the mere sense And natural vigor; and without a sign Of stage effect or literature's pretence— If there was ever soul sincere—'twas mine.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RUBÉN DARÍO	609
<p>The ivory tower awakened my desire; I longed to enclose myself in selfish bliss, Yet hungered after space, my thirst on fire For heaven, from out the shades of my abyss.</p> <p>As with the sponge the salt sea saturates Below the oozing wave, so was my heart Tender and soft, bedrenched with bitter fates That world and flesh and devil here impart.</p> <p>But, through the grace of God, my con- science Elected unto good its better part; If there were hardness left in any sense, It melted soft beneath the touch of Art.</p> <p>My intellect was freed from baser thought, My soul was bathed in the Castalian flood, My heart a pilgrim went, and so I caught The harmony from out the sacred wood.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

610	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>O sacred wood! O rumor, that profound Stirs from the sacred woodland's heart divine!</p> <p>O plenteous fountain in whose power is wound And overcome our destiny malign!</p> <p>Grove of ideals, where the real halts, Where flesh is flame alive, and Psyche floats;</p> <p>The while the satyr makes his old assaults, Let Philomel loose her azure-drunken throats.</p> <p>Fantastic pearl and music amorous A-down the green and flowering laurel tops;</p> <p>Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth buss And the faun's mouth the tender stalkings crops.</p> <p>There, where the god pursues the flying maid, Where springs the reed of Pan from out the mire,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RUBÉN DARÍO	611
<p>The Life Eternal hath its furrows laid And wakens the All-Father's mystic choir.</p> <p>The soul that enters there, disrobed should go A-tremble with desire and longing pure, Over the wounding spine and thorn below,— So should it dream, be stirred, and sing secure.</p> <p>Life, Light, and Truth, as in a triple flame Produce the inner radiance infinite; Art, pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim: <i>"I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the Light!"</i></p> <p>The Life is mystery; the Light is blind; The Truth beyond our reach both daunts and fades; The sheer perfection nowhere do we find; The ideal sleeps a secret in the shades.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

612	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Therefore to be sincere is to be strong. Bare as it is what glitter hath the star; The water tells the fountain's soul in song And voice of crystal flowing out afar.</p> <p>Such my intent was,—of my spirit pure To make a star, a fountain music-drawn, With horror of the thing called literature— And mad with madness of the gloam and dawn.</p> <p>From the blue twilight such as gives the word Which the celestial ecstasies inspire, The haze and minor chord,—let flutes be heard! Aurora, daughter of the Sun,—sound, lyres!</p> <p>Let pass the stone if any use the sling; Let pass, should hands of violence point the dart.</p> <p>The stone from out the sling is for the waves a thing, Hate's arrow of the idle wind is part.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RUBÉN DARÍO	613
<p>Virtue is with the tranquil and the brave; The fire interior burneth well and high; The triumph is o'er rancor and the grave; Toward Bethlehem—the caravan goes by!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

614	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="537 468 747 529" style="text-align: center;">LUIS G. URBINA (1867-)</p> <p data-bbox="540 560 743 583" style="text-align: center;">THE MOONBEAM</p> <p data-bbox="420 606 865 737">LUIS G. URBINA is a Mexican poet of the modernist school, much of whose work has been inspired by the natural beauties of Cuba. His principal works are <i>Poema del lago</i> and <i>Poema del Mariel</i>.</p> <p data-bbox="420 771 865 825">Moonbeam, come in! Thou art a welcome guest.</p> <p data-bbox="420 830 865 883">'Tis long since I have seen thy silver flame.</p> <p data-bbox="420 888 865 942">Although I left the casement open wide, Shadows alone into my chamber came.</p> <p data-bbox="420 988 865 1042">Ungrateful comrade, thou art still the same—</p> <p data-bbox="420 1047 865 1101">The beam transparent, gliding through the night,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS G. URBINA	615
<p>The beauteous gleam of splendor from on high, Diaphanous with amber's yellow light.</p> <p>Come in! She is not here; naught canst thou spy. Moonbeam, thou canst not now be indiscreet, Even if thou upon the nuptial couch Shouldst cast thy pearly radiance, clear and sweet.</p> <p>O'erflow the carpet like a glittering rain, Flood all the silent room from wall to wall, And, clinging to the darksome drapery, Give it the semblance of a silver shawl!</p> <p>See'st thou, all things are dusty and unkempt; The heart is chilled to view their mournful air. Upon the blackened nail the bird cage hangs Empty and hushed; the songbirds are not there.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

616	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>See'st thou, around the railing rough the vine Its faded blossoms wreathes; no flower we spy Upon the rose-tree; all the lilies now Are withered, the sweet basil plants are dry.</p> <p>Thou brightness indiscreet, from heaven above! She loved thee in the past: I love thee now. How often have I seen thy glimmering light Reflected from her pure and pensive brow!</p> <p>The girl with golden hair is here no more,— The dreamer, pale and white as ocean foam, Who said, as on thy shifting light she gazed, "It is the smile of God within our home!"</p> <p>Ungrateful comrade, only thou and I Are in this chamber, now a place of dole: Yet welcome, heavenly brightness indis- creet! If thou would'st see her, come into my soul! —<i>Alice Stone Blackwell.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

BLANCO-FOMBONA	617
<p data-bbox="322 494 678 517">RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA</p> <p data-bbox="443 535 557 559">(1868-)</p> <p data-bbox="425 602 575 625">AT PARTING</p> <p data-bbox="282 659 724 974"> RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA is a Venezuelan poet whose political fortunes were bound up with those of President Cipriano Castro, who appointed him governor of the wild Territory of Amazonas. He was imprisoned by President Gómez, and in later years has resided in Paris, associated with the <i>Revista de América</i>. His poems appeared in <i>Pequeña ópera lírica</i> (Paris, 1904) and <i>Cantos de la prisión y del destierro</i> in 1911. He has also published an annotated edition of the correspondence of Bolívar the Liberator. </p> <p data-bbox="305 1013 724 1128"> My love had known fifteen springs— I kissed, and I pressed to me Her lips like a flower, her chestnut hair, Beside a lyric sea. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

618	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="448 351 778 463"> "Think of me; never forget, No matter where I may be!" —And I saw a shooting star Fall suddenly into the sea. </p> <p data-bbox="709 468 847 491">—<i>Muna Lee.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GÓMEZ RESTREPO	619
<p data-bbox="307 494 683 520">ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO</p> <p data-bbox="437 537 553 560">(1869-)</p> <p data-bbox="454 605 517 625">EYES</p> <p data-bbox="273 659 720 840">ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a native Colombian, prominent in the life and national affairs of Bogotá. Besides his own admirable work in poetry, he has edited for the Colombian Government the writings of <i>Rafael Pombo</i> (Bogotá, 1917-18) and the work of <i>Miguel Antonio Caro</i> (Bogotá, 1918).</p> <p data-bbox="297 887 677 1118"> There are eyes so full of dreams That they show us scenes of yore; Eyes whose pensive glances pour Light of other skies and streams; Eyes of grief that nourish themes Dimly seen, as from the shore Halcyon wings that wander o'er Broken waves and clouded gleams. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Eyes there be whose sorrows fair
 Teach oblivion from the skies
 To the hearts whose cross is there;
 Eyes that sweet old gladness prize,
 Whose ethereal cloudings bear
 Stars from a lost Paradise.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

Perched on its yellow peak beneath a sky
 Inclement as of Africa, there lifts
 Toledo, with its brows of wrinkled rifts
 Crowned with the belfries of the long gone-
 by.

The sacred city shuts its midday eye
 To take siesta 'mid the Orient wifths;
 Only from out the forge the rumor drifts
 Where on the sword-blade still the armorers
 ply.

Deep in the choir's ancient glooms, behind
 The Gothic lattices, there bends in
 prayer
 A pallid monk upon his ritual.

And on the balcony outside there wind
 The garlanded carnations burning there
 Fresh as the lips love's earliest sighs
 enthrall.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE GENERALIFE

Alone it stands, an idle heap of dust,
 The dreamland Arab palace on its hill;
 And should Boabdil, its old lord, come
 still,
 His grief would find an equal in its rust.
 The sweet Granada spring herself doth
 trust
 Ungrudging here, and her green charms
 fulfil;
 The fountains play, and dream would
 have its will
 Over the perfumes spilled on every gust.

Who in this gracious tower-retreat, remote,
 Could muse an hour upon the languid
 charm
 Of beauty and the smiling thought of
 love,

622	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="424 346 872 408">And find not through his drowsy senses float</p> <p data-bbox="447 408 872 500">Another voice that sounds the soft alarm Of tears, as in the nightingale's full throat?</p> <p data-bbox="660 500 849 531">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL	623
<p>JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN (1870-1908)</p> <p>TO A RICH MAN</p> <p>José María GABRIEL Y GALÁN was born at Prades de la Sierra, Salamanca, Spain. He gave his life to school-teaching and farming. He enjoys great popularity among the Spanish peoples for his sincere and powerful singing of the simpler things of life. His <i>Obras completas</i> (Madrid-Sevilla, 1909) have gone into several editions.</p> <p>Where did you get this money and estate? 'Twas by your labor honestly acquired, Or left you when your relatives expired, Else it is robber's booty, miser's bait. That which you give the beggar at your gate Is noble if your arms to get it tired; If 'twas a legacy, 'tis nobly squired, If 'twas a theft—good sir, your pride abate!</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

I once beheld a wolf that from his feast
 Unto a starving cur the bones released
 When he himself was gorged and sated
 through;
 So thou, rich glutton, drop the leavings
 there,
 And let the pauper have the mongrel's
 share,—
 Unless the wolf be kinder still than
 you—?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE LORD

In the name of God—who shall open—
 I close the doors of my ancestral dwell-
 ing—
 closing my life out from the horizons,
 closing my God as in a temple!

Oh, there is need of a heart of stone,
 blood of hyenas, and a breast of steel,
 to speak the farewells that in my throat
 are struggling from my brooding breast.

Oh, there is need of a martyr's lips
 to meet today

JOSÉ MARÍA GABRIEL	625
<p>the icy chalice trembling in my hold beneath my clouded eyes of hope.—</p> <p>Now is the house deserted; the elders silently have stolen forth; alone it is for me to seek the loving Christ, there with His arms stretched wide— —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

626	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>AMADO NERVO (1870-1919)</p> <p>TRANSLUCENCY</p> <p>AMADO NERVO was a prolific poet of Mexico, much of whose life was passed in France and other parts of Europe. His <i>Perlas negras</i> and <i>Místicas</i> reveal the hidden character of the man, whose later poems took on a patriotic tone not so artistically effective.</p> <p>I am a pensive soul. Do you know What a pensive soul is?—Sad, But with that cool Melancholy Of all soft Translucencies.—All that exists, Turning diaphanous, is serene and sad.</p> <p>A Sabine pilgrim Beholds in the quick Transparencies of the voicy water</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES



Amado Nervo



AMADO NERVO

629

All the fugitive
Changes of his hair—
O Sabine pilgrim!

A cloud, making a twin of its image, a
cloud
Floats on the fountains, rises on high.

God, in deep silences, God
Sees Himself in the mirror of Himself—

Life knocks at the door
Like a wild woman who wastes her
nights:
—"Open to me! It is time!
You singers, listen
To the external noises!"
"Open and listen
To the external voices! . . ."

My soul does not hear her, my senses are
asleep,
My soul and my senses are slumbering
deep.

HISPANIC NOTES

IV

630	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The river's sin is in its flowing; Quietness, my soul, Is the wisdom Of the fountain. The stars fear To be shipwrecked in the perennial turmoil Of water curling in spirals: When the wave is in ecstasy, the stars people its crystals.</p> <p>Conscience, Be clear; But with that rare Inconsistency Of all projections on a mirror. To importunate Life, return Only a reflection Of its furtive passage in the moonlight.</p> <p>Soul, become deep; That flower and foliage May print on you their fugitive trace; That star and hirsute cloud May mistake their route And in your clear stretches find A divine prolonging of their own abyss.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

So, by the virtue of a singular fortune,
The infinite and you will be the same.

—*Ernest F. Lucas.*

THE CORTÉGE

I march in a cortége perpetual—
I, part of the cortége;—my footsteps fall
Behind the Sacrament that leads ahead
Into the temple. Are our minds at
one—?

Or individual—; Does the same sun
Light all?—O Lord!—what trifling prayers
we said!—

I march in a cortége perpetual,—
Not knowing if my death shall end it all.
Or if through other cycles I am led;
Where with an exile's footsteps I shall go
Through dusty roads forever,—or shall
know,

O humble pilgrim, at the end, instead,
Thy grateful shoulder bending low
Where my last rest is spread.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

632	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>MYSTICAL POETS</p> <p>Bards of brow funereal With your profiles angular As in ancient medals grand,</p> <p>Ye with air seignorial, Ye whose glances lie afar, Ye with voices of command;</p> <p>Theologians grave and tried, Vessels of love's meted grace, Vessels full of sorrows found,</p> <p>Ye who gaze with vision wide, Ye whose Christ is in your face, Ye in tangled locks enwound,—</p> <p>My Muse—a maid marmoreal Who seeks oblivion as her star, Can find alone her raptures fanned</p> <p>Amid your air seignorial, Amid your glance that lies afar, Amid your voices of command.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

AMADO NERVO	633
<p>My soul that doth your spirits trace Behind the incense's rising tide, Within the nave's calm shadow ground.</p> <p>Hath loved the Christ upon your face, Hath loved your sweep of vision wide, Hath loved your tangled locks en- wound.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>ALLEGRO VIVACE</i></p> <p>Listen, O child of woe, What is the band below Starting to play? Where the great halls aglow Gladness betray?</p> <p>Let us begin the dance, Waltz in a dizzy trance;— Madame, the pleasure?— In the mad whirl to prance To the wild measure!</p> <p>Waltzing and spinning, In lovely beginning To twirl to the brink;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

With a kiss at the inning
Ere deathward we sink!

Paolo, thy memory,—
Thine too, Francesca, be
Clear in my mind;
Wild be our dance and free,
Dizzy and blind!—

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;
With a kiss for our sinning
Ere deathward we sink!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALBINO DÁVALOS

(1870-)

MY GLORY

BALBINO DÁVALOS was born in the city of Colima, Mexico. He was one of the favorite contributors to the *Revista Azul* and entered the diplomatic career, serving as secretary of the Mexican embassy at Washington, London, and Lisbon. He has translated much of the poetry of the Greeks, and English, German, and Italian poets.

The azure of thine eyes, the crimson glow
Upon thy lips, thine ambrous locks, thy
cheek
With wondrous texture of white lilies,—
show
Where for his honey my soul's bee may
seek.

Thy smile with all the fulness of its grace,
Its witchery benign and generous,—

636	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="428 343 880 458">The silvery fall thy laughter's courses trace, In sweeping pearl and crystal tremu- lous,—</p> <p data-bbox="428 489 880 574">Thy full surrender to my arms and kiss, Thine humbleness before my passion's claim,—</p> <p data-bbox="428 574 880 659">What glory can life give me more than this, My treasure, my ambition's utmost aim! —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

SERAFÍN AND JOAQUÍN ÁLVAREZ
QUINTERO

(1871-)

(1873-)

PATRIA CHICA OR OLD ANDALUSIA

THE brothers Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, were born at Utrera, near Seville, and have earned a commanding position in Spanish letters through their success in a long series of plays. Their poems are marked by great finish and dash. They are much admired as poets.

Of all Spain I'm the Don!
I hail from the opulent region
Of wine and of sun!
To build me a castle of fancy
I but need a cigar;
To take for a day to my pillow,
A touch of catarrh.

I'm a general—I that can conquer
 Without cannon or frays;
 I plan every winning maneuver
 While I sit in *cafés*.
 I'm a Turk with my wine without water—
 But Inquisitor too;
 I am off to the bulls in the *plaza*
 When the sermons are through.
 “*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*”—
 As I thump at my breast;
 “*Señor presidente*,—a word to your honor,
 'Gainst this bull I protest!”—
 There's no time for repining,
 For of Spain I'm the Don!
 I hail from the opulent region
 Where they barter and barter forever,
 for seats in the shade and the sun!
 —*Thomas Walsh*.

AT THE WINDOW

Within the little street the shadows hide,
 And there a lattice wears a garden smile;
 There is a rose behind its grate, the while
 A faithful gallant makes his court outside.

The happy pair lets not a thought divide
The love that holds them in its honeyed
wile;
She at the grating joys without a guile;
He at his post with ne'er a woe is tried.

Night spreads her veil o'er both; with
chatter bright
And laughter free they pass the hours
away,
Breathing in love their mutual delight;
If to that lover you, perchance, would
say:
"I give you heaven for your place tonight,"
He'd answer, "Heaven is here and here I
stay!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ABANICO

Thy fan is as a butterfly
Upon thy fingers lighted
Since nowhere else it could espy
A rose to take its loving eye
Until thy hand it sighted.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

640	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ (1871-)</p> <p>THROTTLE THE SWAN</p> <p>ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ was born at Guadalajara, Mexico. He became a professor of physiology and a politician. His poetry represents the full revolt against European affectations among American poets, and he urges "that the swan's neck be wrenched," intending an attack on the merely decorative writers. He is greatly admired throughout Spanish America.</p> <p>Wring the neck of the lying-feathered swan That gives a white note to the fountain's blue: Its prettiness is well enough, but on The soul of things it can't say much to you.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Make away with every speech and every
 fashion
 In which deep life's latent rhythm does
 not live;
 Only Life itself adore with passion,
 And make Life feel the homage that you
 give.

Observe the sober owl that takes his flight
 From the Olympian refuge Pallas made,
 And gets himself in silence to that tree.
 Although he has no swan's grace, you can
 see
 His restless profile sharp against the shade,
 Interpreting the mystery of night.

—*Muna Lee.*

THE PRAYER OF THE BARREN ROCK

Lord, round my brow the winds of heaven
 are hurled,
 Under the burning sun I bend my head;
 The cloud that passes, like a bird is
 sped
 Forth to another world.

I know the Winter blasts that freeze and
sting,
The long monotony of Summer rain;
My eyes upturned to heaven implore in
vain
The miracle of Spring.

No forests crowd upon my barren crest,
No singing streams of water, running
bright
Through beds of moss and drowsy
flowers, invite
The traveller to rest.

But even as spectres in their tombs awake,
Haunted by dreams of paradise denied,
My dull heart stirs, and in my soul I hide
A thirst I may not slake.

My feet are buried in the mountain height,
My feet are chained; my hope soars to
the sky.
Men know me not, like strangers they
pass by
My prison bars of light.

And since I am denied the friendly flowers,
The fragrant beds of moss, the singing
stream,
Lord, let the nesting eagles mate and
scream
Above my mountain towers.

Yet by my loneliness would I express,
As in a symbol, that exalted mood
Which in impassioned, godlike solitude
Finds everlastingness.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

644	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p style="text-align: center;">-</p> <p style="text-align: center;">JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA (1871-)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PRE-RAPHAELITISM</p> <p>José JUAN TABLADA was born in Mexico City. He has given his whole life to politics and letters. He has also contributed widely to the reviews and has published <i>El Florilegio</i> (Mexico, 1899) <i>Florilegio</i> (Paris, 1904), <i>El sol y bajo la luna</i> (1917).</p> <p>You have the grace that through a book of hours Some patient monk enscrolls on vellum fair; Or in the imaged dawn and sunset bowers Your figure shines in holy windows rare. Your parted locks are radiance round your brow; White hosts and lilies are upon your cheek;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Your forehead bears the starlight's crown-
ing glow;
Behind you, peacock wings of splendor
speak.

Your hands two lilies fold upon your
breast
Veiled as two lovely and half-hidden
flowers;
Cherubs with timbrels round your feet are
pressed,
And angels lost amid their viol's powers.
Thus as in some mysterious triptych
framed,
Your face adown from other ages shines;
Thus 'mid the gleam of some mosaic,
flamed
With gold and purples, rise your beauty's
shrines.

Soaring aloft to heaven in Gothic spires
Beyond the shadowed cypress groves on
high,
Surge from my dream the old Chartreuse's
choirs
Where you were virgin, and the abbot, I.

Putting aside my beads of olive worn,
My hands grew anxious for the brush
and paint;
Light from my ogive windowed cell was
borne;
The halls with laurel shadows were
acquaint.
There from the stroke of dawn, the sacred
hour
Of Eucharistic joy, until the bell
Of Angelus enswathed the cloister bower
With the vague sadness of its evening
spell,

I painted in a fever mystical
Thy breast's enchantment all in aureole;
Decking your robe with gems purpureal,
Forming your face of hosts and roses
whole.
And as I worked upon your gentle smile
And taught your forehead fairer, whiter
words,
From out a cornice spoke to me the
while
The singing voices of Saint Francis'
birds.

Alas, my habit white! My Gothic spire!
 My heavenly blues, my lilies all in
 flower!—
 This loneliness for that old Chartreuse
 choir
 Where you were virgin, mine the Abbot's
 power!—
 Today is dead, the Umbrian lily, dead!
 From off the friar's palette light hath
 fled,
 Nor doth the slightest gleam of joy
 remain;
 The bitter etching of his grief hath fed
 Upon the red blood of his heart's last
 vein.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

648	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL (1872-1909)</p> <p>JESUS</p> <p>RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL was born in Caracas, Venezuela, being at the time of his death, Venezuelan Consul at Hamburg, Germany. His poetry, which is well known in his native country, has never been collected.</p> <p>Dear Sons of God,—of Him whom Sinai saw Mid rolling thunders trace the road of Right, Clear carven on the tables of the Law,— A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and night.</p> <p>I come not from My Father to enslave, But with the lamp of knowledge that ye crave,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

PIMENTEL CORONEL	649
<p>To hear the prayers of those who grace implore, Drying wet eyes and soothing bosoms sore; Yea, dying on the Cross the world to save.</p> <p>Behold the King of whom the Prophet told! The Son of God—Messiah—see in Me. I quench the flame and quiet down the sea, I guide the child and help the weak and old!</p> <p>If to a stiffened corpse my cry “Arise And live again” be spoken, Look where the cere-cloth fallen lies, And death’s cold seal upon the tomb is broken.</p> <p>No kingly robe I wear; no golden sceptre bear; No haughty frontlet can My brows endure; Love and the lowly heart My treasures rare; My law, the law of all the good and pure.—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

650	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Mine is the army of the worn and sad, Beaten by sun and wind, No spearsmen have I in brave armor clad, Yet thus I come to rule mankind!</p> <p>The works that smile to God as things of worth Can lend no glow to the satanic fires: Strike down the things of evil at their birth, And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.</p> <p>Let little children gather at My knees; Their snow-white innocence shall be The garb of those who mount to Heaven with Me. Verily I say, be ye as one of these!</p> <p>Drive from your soul the vengeful thought; Vengeance is His who rules the realms above, Give good for evil that your foe has wrought; I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of Love!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Do good, do good, but free of vaunt or boast,
 Without vainglorious show,
 So that of which your right hand knows the
 cost,
 Your left hand shall not know.

No golden key of wealth may ope the door
 Of God's great temple in the heavenly
 mead;
 Yea, I who give you precepts, go before,
 To give example of the deed;

Behold Me humbled and a-hungered, poor;
 The fishes have their homes beneath the
 waves,
 The birdling holds his downy nest secure,
 The wild things of the forest have their
 caves,
 The insect has its place of lure. . . .

Jesus alone
 Who comes from sin to bring release
 And free man's life from dread,
 Preaching the faith of poverty and peace,
 Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone
 Whereon to lay His head!

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

652	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>GUILLERMO VALENCIA (1872-)</p> <p><i>SURSUM</i></p> <p>GUILLERMO VALENCIA is a native of Popayán, Cauca, Colombia, and stands high in the estimation of South American critics as a poet. A short experience in politics was followed by his withdrawal to a literary career in his native city. His <i>Ritos</i> were published in London in 1914. See also the article by Baldomero Sanín Caro in <i>La Revista de America</i> (1913, vol. i, pp. 126-36).</p> <p>A pallid taper its long prayer recites Before the altar, where the censers spread Their lifting clouds, and bells toll out their dread, In grief's delirious sanctuary rites. There—like the poor Assisian—invites</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

A cloistered form the peace All-Hal-
lowéd;
Against the dismal portals of the dead
Resting his wearied brows for heavenly
flights.

Grant me the honey-taste of the Divine;
Grant me the ancient parchments' ruddy
sign

Of holy psalmody to read and prize!
For I would mount the heights immortal
crowned,

Where the dark night is 'mid the glories
drowned,

And gaze on God, into His azure eyes!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE TWO BEHEADINGS

*Omnis plaga tristitia cordis est et omnis
malitia nequitia mulieris.*—Ecclesiastes.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

(THESIS)

White and round were the breasts that
subtly stirred

And shone in rhythm with the Hebrew's
tread,
Waking the murmurous harmonies of the
red
Of rubies and the cincture's starlight gird.
Her lip's two jacinths made of every word
A vase of lurking essence harvested;
Her flesh a treasury with honey fed;
Her cheeks by tear or pallor yet unblurred.

Stretched on his sandal couch the Assyrian
Lay prone, the while the uncertain shadows
ran
Lugubrious patterns from the torch's
glow;
And she, as in his sloth he slumbered there,
Lone and inscrutable, the sword laid bare,
Made ready in the darkness for her blow.

As the sleek tigress crouches in the vine,
So Israel's daughter for the deed pre-
pared;
Then, the sheer blade in silent fury
bared,
She clave the head from the great form
supine.

In floods, as from some broken jar of wine,
 The sudden stream broke round her, as
 she dared,
 A murderess amid the crimson snared,
 To raise on high her haggard countersign.

In the blank eyes, the bloodless cheek,
 the beard
 Entangled in the blackened moist that
 clung
 In baleful knots of shadow where the
 white
 Steel bit the ripened pomegranate as it
 seared,—
 The trunkless head amid the darkness
 hung,
 A rose unhallowed in the bowers of night.

SALOMÉ AND JAOKANANN

(ANTITHESIS)

A woman and a serpent formed in one,
 The dancer Salomé swung round and
 round
 Lasciviously unto the crotals' sound,
 Her body bared in perfumed unison.

656	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>All of the Orient through her dance was spun, Pacings that fire the sleeping blood to bound, Or bow to earth the human despot crowned, And leave life flowerless and the soul undone.</p> <p>His eyes inflamed within his parchment face, The ghastly Tetrarch leans him from his place Upon the fair one, murmuring in his greed: "For thy lips' honey, my Tiberiades!"— And she: "Keep thy dead cities; on my knees Grant me the Esenian's head mine eyes to feed!"</p> <p>As the swift wind amid an ancient wood, So passion through the aged Tyrant played; His eyes gave signal; the great slave obeyed</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Whose gleaming sword against his muscles
stood.

Vast was the silence as the Just Man's
blood

Burst in a scarlet stream beneath the
blade;

Then Antipas signed to have the salver
laid

Before the siren in her bestial mood.

A light immortal gleaming from afar

Lit with the radiance of a dying star

The martyr's pallid lips and marble
brows;

And like the foam of some death-brooding
deep,

The holy head all bloodless seemed to keep

The breath of myrrh as from the censer
blows.

THE WORD OF GOD

(SYNTHESIS)

When Jonathan the Rabbin (incarnate

The soul and body of all Bible lore)

658	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>My poem heard,—his lips were smiling for The thought he from the Inspired Text would state.</p> <p>“To womankind,” he said, “trust not your fate; She breedeth madness; she is mandra- gore; Drink of her cup, your conscience lives no more, Your songs are done, your roads are deso- late!”</p> <p>And more he added, “Yet withhold your fear; Woman, man’s ancient enemy, is here Among us flaming like a comet dread; She cleanses earth from love that is but vice, And makes—to ease her burning thirst— suffice The very dewes the wounds of martyrs shed.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

MANUEL MACHADO	659
<p>MANUEL MACHADO (1874-) THE HIDALGO</p> <p>MANUEL MACHADO was born at Seville. He is noted for very fine technical qualities, as shown in his volumes, <i>Alma</i>, <i>Museo</i>, and <i>Can- tares</i> (1907).</p> <p>In Flanders, Italy and Franche-Comté And Portugal he made his twelve campaigns; Now he is forty, and in all the Spains He is the oldest soldier, so they say. Retired with honors, now he passes through The arches of the plaza, solemnly, The sunlight shedding native glory due Unto his medals—stately champion he!—</p> <p>Claiming the battlefield of Nancy still As lost but at the Duke of Alba's will;— His daughter's hand refusing haughtily</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

660	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="428 358 839 443">To rich Don Bela's scant nobility;— Telling his deeds of prowess on a scroll To Olivares for the pension roll. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p data-bbox="595 517 707 540">ADELFOS</p> <p data-bbox="428 563 873 763">I am like all who from my country hail— Of Moorish blood, close ancients of the sun,— Who have gained all and losing all have failed. Firm is the soul we Arab-Spaniards won.</p> <p data-bbox="428 797 873 1002">My longings died one night beneath the moon Wherein I learned neither to dream or love; My one ideal, disillusioned swoon;— And now and then a woman's kiss to prove.</p> <p data-bbox="428 1033 873 1118">Within my soul, a sister of the night, There are no labyrinths; my passion's rose</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

MANUEL MACHADO	661
<p>Is but a simple flower, exotic, quite Without a perfume, form, nor colored shows.</p> <p>Kisses,—why not give them? Glory?— What belongs. Their atmosphere be my full breath awake!</p> <p>Let the waves drive or draw me in their thongs,— But never force me any path to take!</p> <p>Ambition!—None of that! Love I know not. I burn not e'er for faith or gratitude. Mine was a vague desire for art—now half- forgot. No vice controls me, though I seek not good.</p> <p>My aristocracy no man can doubt; One gains not, one inherits blazon- ment; But the devise ancestral is rubbed out To a poor blur; the sun eclipse hath sent.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

662	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>I ask you nought, nor love you, nor would hate; Letting you pass, pray do for me the same. Let life itself arrange my mortal fate; As for myself, I shall not take the blame.</p> <p>My longings died one night beneath the moon Wherein I learned neither to dream or love. From time to time a kiss—a simple boon Of generous lips—that seek no more to prove!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANTONIO MACHADO

(1879-)

COUNSELS

ANTONIO MACHADO is a younger brother of the poet Manuel Machado. He was born at Seville and is distinguished in his *Soledades* (1903) and *Campos de Castilla* (1912) for great simplicity and force.

Learn how to hope, to wait the proper
tide—

As on the coast a bark—then part with-
out a care;

He who knows how to wait wins victory for
bride;

For life is long and art a plaything there.
But should your life prove short

And never come a tide,

Wait still, unsailing, hope is on your side
Art may be long or, else, of no import.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

(1874-)

HOW THE MOUNTAINS TALK

(From *Gesta magna*)

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, recently editor of the *Revue Sud-Amerique*, was born at Cordoba, Argentina. His earlier poems appeared in *Montañas del oro* and *Crepúsculos del jardín*. Later he published *Lunario sentimental*.

One day to Tupungato came a sound from
far away,

Of waves or of battalions, rolling up-
wards to the height.

It rose from out the forests deep upon the
swelling slopes

To mighty Tupungato, mountain of
craters white.

Who from his veins pours waterfalls, whose
peak is like a lance,

LEOPOLDO LUGONES	665
<p>Submerged in dawnlight when the sun, with eye of blazing gold, Looks from that giant balcony of heaven to explore The moveless host of granite rocks, far stretching, manifold.</p> <p>And Tupungato, turret of the winds, the home of storms, White like a pillow vast whereon the age-long dreams repose Of countless generations—he lifted up his voice, And all the world around him heard; the sea, which darkly flows,</p> <p>The forests where on stormy nights the wind wakes deep laments, The green plains, wrinkled over with cattle where they spread. In his great voice, unwonted for a thousand years to speak, He called to Chimborazo: "Be on the watch!" he said.</p> <p>Asleep was Chimborazo. Dead pride of conquered faiths,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

666	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The vanquished, lost religions, that hoary grandsire now Was but a corpse, mute, motionless, a pillar of the sky, Above a waste of ruin lifting a silent brow.</p> <p>He let a hundred winters make white his shoulders broad, And in his beard the condors nest, and rear their fledgings there.</p> <p>In vain the stormy hurricane plucked with its wild, fierce hand At the enormous cataract of his white- flowing hair.</p> <p>The roots of oak trees pierced his sides; the sunsets and the dawns Spread o'er his grim and savage pride their colors delicate.</p> <p>That summit in the distance was terrible to see! When a cloud nimbus veiled his rest, he seemed to meditate.</p> <p>Perhaps the clouds that floated around him were his thoughts.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The tempests talked to him, the winds
hurled at him insults deep,
And in her blooming purity the Dawn upon
him smiled.

The giant kept the silence of disdain.
He was asleep.

But when he heard the cry that stirred the
mountains far and near,

He lifted from his eyes their veil of
hoary lashes white;

He looked and saw the glaciers of the
mighty mountain chain

All flushed and shining, gilded with an
ecstasy of light;

The ocean calm, the cloudless day, just
breaking, diamond clear;

The caravans of trees far off, outlined
o'er vale and hill;

And yonder, almost at his feet, the great
fire of the sun.

All things were swimming in its light,
and all was hushed and still.

The frosty summits mingled the outlines
of their backs

668	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Like sheep that journey in a flock, upon a long march led. The sky its cup inverted above the picture fair— And to the stern, steep mountain the lofty mountain said:</p> <p>"I hear a sudden tempest approaching through the vales; It sweeps on, roaring. It would seem the sea is drawing nigh! The trees are bending, dust-clouds vast rise from the troubled plains; Black, shapeless masses surge along, a torrent wild and high."</p> <p>The other mountain answered and said, "It is the wind." Heavy with sleep, his brow he veiled among the clouds once more. But Tupungato reared his head far up- wards to behold The cause of that broad galloping the mountain echoes bore.</p> <p>Higher it came, all streaked with flame, that sparkled in the sun.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The mountain on his shoulder huge
 lifted the arching sky;
 He saw, and spake: "'Tis not the wind.
 He fancies that in vain!"
 He said to Chimborazo, "'Tis God who
 passes by!

"No, it is Freedom! Bronze and steel
 have crowned her brow with stars.
 The flashes glitter keen and bright, far
 shining in the sun!"
 Then Chimborazo raised his voice above
 the deep abyss,
 And, with a crash of breaking rocks,
 replied, "The two are one!"
 —*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

THE GIFT OF DAY

Amid the glory of the sun, the world
 A-tremble lifts in tossing clouds and blue
 Melodious architraves, with towers un-
 furled
 Like festal banners to the daylight's
 view.

Afar prophetic, sounds the cock's loud call
Hierophant before the gates of light;
Amid his radiant canticle stirs all
His emerald plumage in its joyous might.

And every little pebble shines with gold;
The harvest fields exhale their fragrant
heat;
Swept are the woods with waves of
shadows old;—
Day is like bread, a blessing clean and
sweet.

—*Garret Strange.*

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

(1875-)

THE MAGNOLIA

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO, the greatest exponent of Americanism in Spanish poetry, is a native of Peru. His literary career began in prison on account of the revolutionary activities celebrated in his volume *Iras santas* of 1894. He has spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the south, influencing not only the later poems of Darío, but most of the younger writers of Spanish America.

Deep in the wood, of scent and song the
daughter,
Perfect and bright is the magnolia born;
White as a flake of foam upon still
water,
White as soft fleece upon rough brambles
torn.

672	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Hers is a cup a workman might have fashioned Of Grecian marble in an age remote. Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned, As when a woman bares her rounded throat.</p> <p>There is a tale of how the moon, her lover, Holds her enchanted by some magic spell; Something about a dove that broods above her, Or dies within her breast— I cannot tell.</p> <p>I cannot say where I have heard the story, Upon what poet's lips; but this I know: Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless snow.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>John Pierrepont Rice.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>ODA SELVAJE</i></p> <p>Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity, To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

I stand and greet you from the trembling
sea

That like some white-haired slave before a
queen,

With all its shining foam, fawns at your feet.

I greet you from the sea above whose
combers

Your heavy perfumes break upon the
wind;

Behind them tower your mutilated trunks
And beckon me to the Americas.

I greet you from the sea that woos you
still,

Like some wild chieftain with disheveled
locks,

Knowing that from your undeciphered
heart

Is born the hollow ship that scars its face
And mocks its depths with straining keel
and sail,

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
I stand and greet you from the shining sea.

I turn to you and feel my soul set free:
Forgotten is the stress of modern ways.

I have become for very sight of you,
 Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs,
 Who slept of old upon your tender grass,
 And drank the milk of goats and ate their
 bread

Sweetened with honey of the forest bee.

I look on you and I am comforted,
 For the thick ranks of all your tufted trees
 Recall to me how centuries ago
 With twice ten thousand archers at my
 heels,

I led the way to where the mountains
 smoke

And lift their craters from the shores of
 lakes:

And how, at length, I wandered to the
 realm

Of the great Inca, Yupanqui, and went,
 Following him upon the mountain tops,
 Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes,
 And rested in a tent of condors' wings.

I look on you and I am comforted,
 Because the centuries have marked me out
 To be your poet, and to raise the hymns
 Of joy and grief, that in heroic dawns
 The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone—

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO	675
<p>Legends of Aztec Emperors and songs Of bold Palènkes and Tahuantisúyos, Vanished like Babylon from off this earth.</p> <p>Here in your presence, with your savage spell Leaping in all my veins, the centuries Lift like a vision from the abyss of time And pass before me in unfading youth. So I evoke the ages still unformed That saw your first tree burst its bonds of stone, And all the others headlong on its track, With the ordained disorder of the stars. So I evoke the endless chain of time, Of creeping growth and slow monotony, That passed before your roots were fired with sap, And all your trunks took form beneath their bark; And all the knots of every branch were loosed, To join the hymn of your primeval Spring. And now your flowering branches are a cage For singing birds—fantastic orchestra—,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

676	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Above whose din the fickle mocking-bird Pours its strange song; and only one is mute: The solemn <i>quetzal</i>, that in silence flaunts His rainbow plumage with heraldic pomp Above the tombs of a departed race.</p> <p>Your countless blue and rosy butterflies Flutter and fan themselves coquettishly; Your buzzing insects glitter in the sun, Glimmer and glow like gems and talismans Encrusted in the hilts of ancient swords. Your crickets scold, and when the day is spent, And fire-flies light your depths, where beasts of prey Stalk in the gloom, as through a nightmare gleam The sulphurous pupils of satanic eyes.</p> <p>Yours is the tapir, that in mountain pools Mirrors the shape of his deformity, And rends the jungle with his monstrous head; Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble acrobat,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

That from the branches darts upon his
prey;
And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,
With gums of plush and alabaster fang.
The crocodile is yours, that venerable
Amphibious guardian of crops and streams,
Whose emerald eyes peer from the oozy
caves;
And yours the boa, that seems a mighty
arm
Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe.

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth,
Of tropic growth, you suck each living
thing—
The strength of muscles and the blood of
veins—
There to beget in your exuberance
The warlike plumes of your imperial palms,
Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-gone
day,
The tribes grown weary with long pilgrim-
age.

And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree
Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs
Counseling war or peace beneath its boughs.

And there is Pindar's oak, and there the
tree
Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,
Whose fragrant wood in European courts
The cunning craftsman polishes and
shapes
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of
queens.

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs
bowed,
I greet you from the sea, and breathe this
prayer:
That with the night, the close approaching
night,
You may entomb me in your sacred
dusk
Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults,
And that, to fire my eyes with savage
light
And wild reflection of your revelry,
To burn upon the tip of every tree
That points into the night, you set a
star.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

SUN AND MOON

Between my agéd mother's hands gleam
bright

Her grandson's locks; they seem a handful
fair

Of wheat, a golden sheaf beyond compare—
The sun's gold, stolen from the dawn's
clear light.

Meanwhile her own white tresses in my
sight

Shed brightness all around her in the air—
Foam of Time's wave, a sacred glory rare,
Like spotless eucharistic wafers white.

O flood of gold and silver, full and free!
You make my heart with gladness overrun.
If hatred barks at me, what need I care?

To light my days and nights, where'er I
be,

In my child's curls I always have the
sun,

The moon in my dear mother's silver hair!
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

680	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>A SONG OF THE ROAD</p> <p>The way was black, The night was mad with lightning; I be- strode My wild young colt, upon a mountain road. And, crunching onward, like a monster's jaws, His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm kept, Breaking the glassy surface of the pools, Where hidden waters slept. A million buzzing insects in the air On droning wing made sullen discord there.</p> <p>But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood, Beyond the dark pall of my brooding thought, I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps Among the branches caught. "The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh My broncho felt the lash and neighed with eagerness.</p> <p>And all this time the cool and quiet wood Uttered no sound, as though it understood.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Until there came to me, upon the night,
 A voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet—
 A voice as of a woman singing, and her
 song
 Dropped like soft music winging, at my
 feet,
 And seemed a sigh that, with my spirit
 blending,
 Lengthened and lengthened out, and had
 no ending.

And through the empty silence of the night,
 And through the quiet of the hills, I
 heard
 That music, and the sounds the night wind
 bore me,
 Like spirit voices from an unseen world
 Came drifting o'er me.

I curbed my horse, to catch what she might
 say:
 "At night they come, and they are gone by
 day—"
 And then another voice, with low refrain,
 And untold tenderness, took up the strain:
 "Oh love is but an inn upon life's way";

682	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>“At night they come, and they are gone by day—” Their voices mingled in that wistful lay.</p> <p>Then I dismounted and stretched out my length Beside a pool, and while my mind was bent Upon that mystery within the wood, My eyes grew heavy, and my strength was spent. And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak. And now, when by untrodden paths I go, Through the dim forest, no repose I know At any inn at nightfall, but apart I sleep beneath the stars, for through my heart Echoes the burden of that wistful lay: “At night they come, and they are gone by day, And love is but an inn upon life’s way.” <i>—John Pierrepont Rice.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

HERRERA REISSIG	683
<p data-bbox="335 485 665 511">JULIO HERRERA REISSIG</p> <p data-bbox="441 522 559 548">(1875-1909)</p> <p data-bbox="431 569 567 592">THE <i>CURA</i></p> <p data-bbox="277 619 724 802">JULIO HERRERA REISSIG was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, of a family of distinction, which however did not preserve him from a bitter end. His really remarkable work was not collected until after his death, and only the first collection, <i>Los peregrinos de piedra</i>, has yet made its appearance.</p> <p data-bbox="277 823 724 1114"> He is the Cura—Long the silent peaks Have watched him breast his hardships on his knees,— Risking the passes when the winters freeze,— Taking the lonely routes the midnight seeks.— As though by magic, 'neath his blessing hand A plenteous harvest its responses speaks; </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

His very mule indulgenced graces leaks
That lift the parish to a heavenly land.

From his asperges to his clogs and hook
He turns in readiness to drain his brook
Of mountain gold to deck his altar
rude;

His preaching through a breath of basil
sounds,—

A nephew is his only turpitude—
His piety with cowlike airs abounds.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARISH CHURCH

In blessed silence vegetates the place;
The wax-faced Virgins sleep in their
attire

Of livid velvets and discolored wire,
And Gabriel's trumpet wearies on his face.
A marble yawn the dried-up font would
trace;

There sneezes an old woman in the
choir;

And in the sun-shaft dust the flies aspire,

As though 'twere Jacob's ladder for their
grace.

The good old soul is starting at her chores;
She shakes the poor-box, and in reverence
pores

To find how the Saint Vincent alms are
going;

Then here and there her feather-duster
hies;

While through the vestry doorway, come
the cries

From out the barnyard and the gallant
crowing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CARTS

Long ere the noisy barnyard sounds, or ere
The dusky smithy strikes its morning
lay,—

Ere chemist wakes, or barber starts his
day,

A single lamp burns,—lightless on the
square.

Athwart the melancholy dawning fare

The oxen, throwing up their furrow way;
Beneath the gloom of the unsettled gray
The ploughman mutters rustic curses
there.

Meantime the lordly manor dreams.—The
jet

Through its old marble speaks the foun-
tain's soul;

And where the tranquil shepherd's-star is
set,

Waking the lone path's yearning for its
goal

Of old, slow breathing airs in echo roll

From tinkling carts the daybreaks
ne'er forget.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIO FLORES	687
<p data-bbox="394 483 580 511">JULIO FLORES</p> <p data-bbox="429 520 546 548">(1875-)</p> <p data-bbox="413 566 555 594">GOLD-DUST</p> <p data-bbox="264 616 711 720">JULIO FLORES is a native of Colombia, whose poems have gained him great popularity, and whose literary touch is characterized by an unusual lightness.</p> <p data-bbox="367 760 608 788">HYMN TO AURORA</p> <p data-bbox="264 813 675 985"> Thou heavenly butterfly Whose great and tenuous wings Their gold and rose spread high; Thou that in ample heaven's sight Over the Andes' mighty summits flings In bland and radiant flight!— </p> <p data-bbox="264 1028 594 1114"> From what far garden-place, O butterfly divine, dost race?— What heavenly branch or vine </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Gives thee sustaining wine?—
Perchance the gardens of the night
Strengthened thy wings of light?—

What gleaming flower shall ease
Thine infinite thirst?
Perchance the golden leas
Where heaven's star-blooms burst?—
Perchance the bright horizons filled
With glorious rays
Where gold-dust of thy wings is spilled
O'er seas and mountain ways?—

Thou heavenly butterfly,
Come on my breast to lie;
From thy transcendant sphere
Seek out our poor world here,
Ere thee in winging turn
To ashes day shall burn!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MAGALLANES MOURE	689
<p data-bbox="289 486 697 511">MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE</p> <p data-bbox="433 523 551 548">(1875-)</p> <p data-bbox="410 563 574 588">MY MOTHER</p> <p data-bbox="268 606 715 683">MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE, is a native of Chile, who in his volume <i>Matices</i> sings of her brilliant countryside.</p> <p data-bbox="291 708 601 822">I feel like a small child, lost In a scene of gaiety. Where are you, mother mine? Not there—that is not she—</p> <p data-bbox="291 856 658 970">Nor this one. . . . Mother mine, How can I search? I do not know Which you are! Vainly seeking, My tears fast flow.</p> <p data-bbox="291 1004 617 1118">Just like a little child I weep in misery. Is your cheek dark, O Mother? Or fair to see?</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

This is not you, nor that. . . .
Where are you, Mother mine?
To lighten my dark soul
Your eyes must brightly shine.

Your hands must be soft,
Gentle with tenderness;
Your lips must drip honey
To sweeten my bitterness.

Your kind breast must be
Oblivion of grief;
You must be, O Mother,
Love beyond belief.

Your love must be
A vivifying breath,
And your caresses
Sweet as sweet death.

Are you my mother?
To each woman I pray
Some sigh, some laugh, not knowing
The thing that I say.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

MAGALLANES MOURE	691
<p data-bbox="371 351 603 374">THE RENDEZVOUS</p> <p data-bbox="261 397 709 512"> She will come? She will not come? The passing cloud declares she will; The quiet tree, no longer dumb, Beckons,—She comes not; wait her still. </p> <p data-bbox="261 543 661 659"> She will come? She will not come? The sunlit paths with promise thrill And file away; but waters drum Across the lake—No, wait her still. </p> <p data-bbox="261 689 692 836"> She will come? She will not come? My heart is resolute she will; But, hush, these murmurs troublesome— She will not come—Await her still. —<i>Garret Strange.</i> </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA

(1877-)

THE HESPERIDES

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA was born in Spain at Almería. He is considered a disciple of Rubén Darío in his many fine sonnets and other poems to be found, in part, in *Tristitia rerum* (1907).

Garden of Hesperides, divine
 And golden garden shining in mine eyes,
 Dream or reality?—what paths shall twine
 Unto thy shores, O Paradise of mine?
 So to his dream the pilgrim makes repine
 Falling in mire and blood amid his sighs.
 To seek this garden—destiny is thine,
 But never shalt behold it anywise.

Never to see it, for it lives alone
 Within the bosoms that have sorrow known,
 The treasure-house of all their fantasy—

In vain thine arid eye its gates would find;
 The prose of life is all too near the mind,—
 And far—too far away—is Poesy!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AFTER LAS ÁNIMAS

The aged castellan beside the fire
 Bends o'er his parchment leaves, in his desire
 To learn the wise old proverbs of the past
 That speak of gerfalcons' and hawks' wild
 cast;

The chatelaine her rosary unwinds
 In sleepy fingers; and the buffoon binds
 His bells in imitation, for a laugh,
 Shaking his ruddy hood and tinkling staff.

In silence the fair damsel draws the threads
 Of silk and gold; beneath her lashes sheds
 Her glances on the ruddy page who stands
 Below her dais smiling half in glee,
 The while he plucks the hound's ear
 aimlessly,
 Until a hollow growl sounds 'neath his
 hands.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

694	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>SOME MODERN BRAZILIAN POETS</p> <p>I</p> <p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>THE CANDLE</p> <p>That I might read my page, I lit thee. Sought thy light To bring to my dark room, and to my inner sight, Radiance of knowledge. In vain. Im- mersed in dreaming I saw naught but thy glow, perceived no other gleaming. Then I regarded thee. Thy flame, to the still night given, Ros like a sentient soul, rose like a passion, driven Upwards in strength and might, seeking heaven with its fire, Crying aloud to me: "Here rises thine own desire!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FAQUNDES VARELLA	695
<p>Here is the page immortal knowledge holding, The book of books all ancient lore enfold- ing; Wisdom of Thales, Plato, Paul and Christ anointed,— To that true light is my small flaming pointed.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Lilian E. Elliott.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">II</p> <p style="text-align: center;">FAQUNDES VARELLA</p> <p style="text-align: center;">LIFE IN THE INTERIOR</p> <p>The rocking of a hammock, a cosey fire Under a humble roof of thatch, A talk, a song, a tune on the guitar; A cigarette, a tale, a cup of coffee.</p> <p>A robust horse, pacing more lightly Than the wind blowing from the plains, With a black mane and eyes of fire;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

696	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>His feet scarcely touching the ground as he gallops.</p> <p>And at the end a smile from a pretty country girl Of gentle gestures, kindly words; A girl with bare neck and bare arms, her curls free— A girl at the age of blossoming.</p> <p>Kisses, frankly given under the open sky; Gay laughter, light gossip; A thousand jests in the evening when the sun sinks And a thousand songs at dawn when the sun rises.</p> <p>This is the life of our vast plateaus! Of the great uplands of the Land of the Cross, Upon a soil that yields only flowers and glory; Under a sky that sheds only magic and light.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>L. E. Elliott.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

III

BULHAO PATO

THE TWO MOTHERS

Two mothers met one day at the door of a church.

One entered, full of radiant joy,
Proud and triumphant, carrying in her arms
Her little child for baptism.

The other, the unhappy one, leaving the threshold, .

Also carried a child, but this poor mother
Brought it, dead, for burial.

A few more steps and the two met—
She who bore in her happy arms
The child of her love;
The other, bathed in tears,
Who followed her dead baby.

Their eyes met. And at that moment
It was the happy mother from whose eyes

Tears broke, while the stricken woman
Who had lost her child—
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting her
grief,
At the rosy baby.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

SAMUEL A. LILLO

TO VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA

SAMUEL A. LILLO, is a Chilean poet, whose volumes, *Canciones de Arauca* and *Chile heroico*, are vivid pictures of nature and primitive life in his country.

If in the night a herd of savage buffaloes
Suddenly plunge into a quiet backwater
Beating there into ripples the sleeping
water

With their great bodies,
And blot out all the shining reflection
Of the great moon, trembling and luminous,
That lies like a silver flower upon the
water,

Then the once peaceful pool turns ferocious
Restless and troubled, leaping and tossing;
But when the herd has passed on its way
Once more the heavens gently send
The moon's shimmering image,

700	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Unstable as the faint hue announcing A pallid dawn, But at last it shines with the radiant clarity Of a diamond glowing from its dark bed.</p> <p>So in this world it may be, that ignorant or perverse Men may pass, troubling the even current Reflecting the glory and fame of some hero Of Mars or Minerva; and then, when no longer The sounds of the caravan are heard in the distance, Then in the calm waters of history, Like the silver flower from the feet of the herd There rises, pellucid and bright, The illustrious memory once lost In the stir of the crowd.</p> <p>Thus, across the long years, In this fair land of Columbus Now, free from mistakes and illusions, Thou unfortunate Captain of Spain! There glory shines, lighting thy valiant face,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

SAMUEL A. LILLO

701

Sent to thy grave by envy, because thou
gavest

Splendor and kingdoms to Spain,
And because, conqueror in terrible con-
flicts,

Thy sovereign courage drew from the
depths

Of the mysteries of earth a great ocean,
That doubled the size of the world. .

His was a spirit audacious, adventurous,
Given the wings of the condor, the eyes of
the kite,

A mixture of bully and knight
With a trace of the Spanish hidalgo. . .

—*L. E. Elliott.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

702	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="508 471 787 535" style="text-align: center;">CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ (1879-1903)</p> <p data-bbox="626 559 676 582" style="text-align: center;">AGE</p> <p data-bbox="425 602 877 759">CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ was a native of Santiago de Chile. He devoted his short life to periodical literature. His works, collected after his death, were published by his friends under the title <i>Cárlos Pezoa Véliz, Poetas líricas</i> (Santiago, Valparaíso, 1912).</p> <p data-bbox="425 782 838 897">Few my years, when hopes were many, Dreams were gay, and I sang any— Now my hopes are few, and older Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder.</p> <p data-bbox="425 928 877 1071">I have seen but few hopes tarry On the road where the far years carry; Mine, it seems, by age were frightened,— For Hopes are maids that scorn the white-head!</p> <p data-bbox="658 1078 850 1101" style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

THE HOSPITAL, ONE AFTERNOON

Athwart the fields the drops are falling,
Softly, gently, on the plains;
And through the drops a grief is calling,—
It rains.

Alone amid my sick-ward spacious
Where I my bed of weakness keep,
There's naught to fight my grief voracious,
But sleep.

But mists are gathering around me
With choking hold upon my veins;
I wake from out the sleep that bound me—
It rains.

Then, as if in my final anguish,
Before the landscape's mighty brink,
Amid the mists that fall and languish,
I think.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VIRGILIO DÁVILA

(1880-)

HOLY WEEK

VIRGILIO DÁVILA is a native of Puerto Rico. He has gained great popular esteem by his book of sonnets dealing with the actual life of his people, entitled *Pueblito de antes—Versos criollos* (San Juan, 1917).

I

Here's Holy Week!—How very different
We spent it in our native town at home!
Where everybody still and pious went
And hushed as though beneath some
convent dome.

The merry tinkle of the belfries stilled,
The rattles had begun their hollow roll;
The entrance to the village church was
filled
With pious folk grown anxious for their
soul.

The women had put off their colored
dress
And gaudy flowers and ribbons, to confess
In mourning garb their Jesus' death and
loss;
The men suspending labor now attend,
Dressed in their best, awaiting to the end
"The Seven Last Words" and "Stations
of the Cross."

2

Then the procession—from the crowded
nave—
Moves solemnly, a mighty multitude,
With sacred hymns and attitudes most
grave
As though with mystic powers it were
imbued.
Saint Antony's Sodality is there—
Old women who have made the church
their home;
Each "Child of Mary" and each urchin
bare—
How many in God's honor thither come!

706	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>The Cura forth 'mid chants and incense files Beneath the canopy borne down the aisles By parish notables with airs that brag; But haughtiest of all, the village-mayor, In broidered coat pre-eminently there, Goes first to bear the patriotic flag.</p> <p>3</p> <p>'Tis Holy Saturday; the sunbeams smile As though some sweetheart saw her love appear; Crowds in the church are waiting hopeful while The Lord prepares to rise—for ten is near!— The linen sheet across the chantry parts— “<i>Gloria in excelsis</i>”—scarce the priest has prayed, When the high belfry's jubilation starts, The organ roars—the “Royal March” is played.</p> <p>At once the rattle of old musketry, The sounds of children shouting in their glee</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

VIRGILIO DÁVILA	707
<p>To chase old Judas down the crowded way!— Life seethes in alleys that before were bare, Anew the shopkeepers display their ware, And each heart patters—"Resurrection Day!"</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

(1880-)

HOME OF PEACE AND PURITY

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO is a native of Chile, and a priest whose education was completed in Rome. He is author of *Cantos del camino* (Santiago de Chile, 1918).

In the little room where the day was
dying,

Children bend above their books, their
mother at her toil;

And on the little table within the lamplight
lying

There was set a spray of lilies snowy
from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwell-
ing,—

"Here there is no touch of life upon its
troubled way!"—

LUIS F. CONTARDO	709
<p>So the snowy lilies, fresh and pure are telling, This is what their subtle perfume to young hearts would say. <i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p>THE CALLING</p> <p>LORD, Thou dost know with what implacable hand Life cut its wound across my inmost breast: How I was lost amid the worldly band— How I have suffered where its blade was pressed! Lord, Thou dost know how from all healing banned, No cure I found in all the world possess; How I in gloom would walk, and trembling stand Before Thy mystery with doubt confest!</p> <p>Thy words came then unto mine ear—so sweet,— Yea, sweeter far than mother's lullaby.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

710	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Unto the path, O Lord, Thou drew'st my feet; My wounded wing against Thy breast did fly, And there, as in predestined grief's retreat, Within Thy heart, as in its nest did lie. —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS C. LÓPEZ	711
<p data-bbox="399 489 587 560">LUIS C. LÓPEZ (1880-)</p> <p data-bbox="417 597 569 619">RIVER-FOLK</p> <p data-bbox="270 656 717 760">LUIS C. LÓPEZ was born at Cartagena, in Colombia, where he has been intimately identified with the culture of his native land. His poems are very popular.</p> <p data-bbox="491 797 500 819">I</p> <p data-bbox="378 853 606 874">THE VILLAGE BARBER</p> <p data-bbox="270 917 717 1121">The village barber, in his old straw hat, And dancing pumps and waistcoat of piqué, Plays sharp at cards, and on his knee-bones squat Hears mass, and rails at old Voltaire all day.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

An "old subscriber" to *El Liberal*
 He works and sparkles like a merry
 glass
 Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall
 Timing his gossip of what comes to pass.

With mayor and veterinary, pious folk
 Who say the rosary, he speaks no joke
 Of miracles by Peter Claver wrought;
 A tavern champion, and a cock-pit sage,
 Amid the scissors' clip, his wars he'll
 wage,
 Sparkling like muscatel the light has
 caught.

2

THE VILLAGE MAYOR

The village mayor, in a soiled panama
 With a tricolor ribbon at its crown,
 Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose eclát,
 Glitters with bull-dog face across the
 town.
 A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the tow,
 His dagger's point his only signature,—

When at the night the garlic soup will
flow,

He makes his girdle strap the less secure.

His wife, a nervous, pretty, little thing,

Holds him as in an iron fastening,

Cheering herself the while with Paul de
Kock;

Decked in glass-beads, her eyebrows
painted clear,—

The while her spouse through the back-
town will steer

With stomach jewels and a face of rock.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VERSES TO THE MOON

O Moon, who now look over the roof

Of the church, in the tropical calm

To be saluted by him who has been out all
night,

To be barked at by the dogs of the suburbs,

O moon, who in your silence have laughed
at

All things! In your sidereal silence

714	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>When, keeping carefully in the shadow, the Municipal judge steals from some den—</p> <p>But you offer, saturnine traveler, With what eloquence in mute space Consolation to him whose life is broken,</p> <p>While there sing to you from a drunken brawl Long-haired, neurasthenic bards, And lousy creatures who play dominos. —<i>William G. Williams.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

EMILIO CARRÉRE	715
<p data-bbox="382 474 611 502">EMILIO CARRÉRE</p> <p data-bbox="437 512 556 540">(1881-)</p> <p data-bbox="397 566 594 594">THE MANTILLA</p> <p data-bbox="273 620 720 779"> EMILIO CARRÉRE was born in Madrid. He received his education at the University of Madrid, later publishing many books. Among them are <i>El caballero de la muerte</i>, <i>Románticas</i>, <i>El divino amor humano</i>, and <i>Dietario sentimental</i>. </p> <p data-bbox="273 813 330 840"><i>Black</i></p> <p data-bbox="273 843 720 897"> As though it were a very breath that blows </p> <p data-bbox="273 900 720 1105"> From Madrilenian shadows, in its play And nightly flutter, the mantilla shows The street-girl duchesses of Goya's day. In the light carts by Manzanares' tide The black mantilla held its gallant reign; In Holy Week Sevilla caught its pride Amid her patios and her orange train. </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

716	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>To the blue-shadowed eyes of maids distressed As their own heart-songs, its soft folds brought rest In the infuriate passion of their love; Under its midnight was a lurid glow Upon the breast—a ruddy brooch to show Like a red rose, a gloomy heart above.</p> <p><i>White</i> Silken mantilla, in whose snowy woof Lurk the dark lashes, with their Moorish spell, Of eyes whose midnight gives a deeper proof When the bull's bloodstains on the plaza tell. Tangle of pearl and moonlight, blossoming Of snow and swan and silver sails that shine,— White flowers of Holy Thursday in a ring About the Seven-Dolored Virgin's shrine!</p> <p>Blossom of gallantry, snow-tipped mantilla, With graceful ripples of the seguidilla, Blason of Goya's festivals of old,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

EMILIO CARRÉRE	717
<p>Song, clear and joyous as the vanished strains</p> <p>That shower from silver orange groves like rains</p> <p>Upon our beauties with the flesh of gold!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

718	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="506 478 810 545" style="text-align: center;">JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ (1881-)</p> <p data-bbox="586 571 730 594" style="text-align: center;">ONE NIGHT</p> <p data-bbox="431 625 885 863">JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNES was born at Moguer in Huelva, Spain. He has gained recognition through several collections of poetry revealing a very melancholy nature. He has recently admitted free-verse as a vehicle for his poetry. His publications include <i>Arias tristes</i> (1903), <i>Melancolla</i> (1912), <i>Diario de un poeta recién casado</i> (1917), and <i>Poetas escogidas</i> (Hispanic Society of America, 1917).</p> <p data-bbox="431 902 885 1102">The ancient spiders with a flutter spread Their misty marvels through the with- ered flowers, The windows, by the moonlight pierced, would shed Their trembling garlands pale across the bowers.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

The balconies looked over to the South;
 The night was one immortal and serene;
 From fields afar the newborn springtime's
 mouth
 Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the
 scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its spectral
 moan
 Among the shadowy roses of the sward;
 Love was a fable—shadows overthrown
 Trooped back in myriads from oblivion's
 ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires had
 died—
 The azure stars in languor having known
 The sorrows all the centuries provide,
 With silver crowned me there, remote
 and lone.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GRIEF-WEARINESS

In the dark my grief increaseth;
 A grimmer phantom grows my old re-
 morse;

The shadowy finger never ceaseth
To trace its "Mene, Tekel's" bloody
course.

My bosom, shaken by its weeping,
Is as a mountain sad and drear,
Where clouds are black illusions heaping;
Where dream is chill, and glory, fear.

What hand is there to undo the portal—
To blunt each thorn-point on a rose;
With peace at twilight, and the mortal
Bosom melted to a star that glows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FROM *ETERNIDADES*

Let me draw rein,
Let me put a curb upon
The steed of dawn;
And let me enter—white—upon life.

Oh, how they stare at me,—
The mad

Flowers of all my dreamings,
Lifting their heads unto the moon!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE: FROM *PIEDRA Y CIELO*

My weeping and the starlight
Together met, and joining swift,
Became as though one tear,
Became as though one star.

And I grew blind,—and heaven
Grew blind of love—And all the world
Was nothing more than sorrow
Of a star, and glitter of a tear,

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARK

The ancient spiderwebs of all the halls
Reflect the twilight fires of amethyst;
Each balcony 'mid rains and trees recalls
In faded hues some story time has missed.

It seems as though a dance of long ago
Would waken in this twilight lone and
fair;
The soil is wet; from the chill branch
below
There sounds the muffled sob of love's
despair.

722	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>A hush—the scent of trampled roses— night, Wherein the golden lustres gleaming throng; Down the long avenue there fades from sight An old coach bearing off—alas!—what song!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

(ca. 1883-)

BALLAD OF THE VIOLIN

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA was born at Tongoy, Chile. He has published *Hacia allá* (1906), *El derrotero* (1908), *Selva florida* (1911).

This youth, suffering, weak,
Plays the violin in the sun
For a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

And listen! While he ripples
A Spanish roundelay
Or some Slavic song.
This youth, suffering, weak,

Goes out to seek the sun
To fill his shabby sack
To get a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

Goes out to kill despair
 When he plays the violin,
 Comes out to seek the sun
 As a snail creeps from its shell.

This weak and suffering boy
 Died playing the violin.
 What of it? He came to his end
 With a drink of rum
 And a handful of tobacco.

They found him in the sun
 Claspng his violin.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

THE RETURN

I have come back to the old home—
 therein
 To weep my childhood gone, my father laid
 in death;
 Days, months and years have passed
 upon their way,
 And all the house in ruin lies, from roof
 To cellar, oh, what bitter change o'er all,—
 How everything I knew has met decay!

I come again in weeping for the hours
(Bright-shining mornings, evenings filled
with dreams
And slumberous afternoons!) I once have
known,
Where "he who has returned to us so
changed
With rounded shoulders and his hair like
snow"—
Seems now so different from his young
days flown.

Awaiting ever, ever his return,
We are not quite surprised; we feel his kiss
Upon our foreheads as in days of old;
My mother sighs; the grave domestics gaze
With reverent mien, and the old dog
begins
His barking as if back the years had
rolled.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh how
long!—
And in my years away, how many drouths,
How many mountain glooms and fogs
of dread!—

726	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>A silence falls; it seems each other reads Sorrrows in each, and weariness in some, And worlds of dream and grief o'er every head.</p> <p>How long the voyage, Saviour, oh, how- long!—</p> <p>Here by the frigid hearthstone of my home, With all surrounding me, I bid them tell,</p> <p>If I look older?—They reply to me; “Yes, father dear, we find you very changed.”</p> <p>And I:—“Poor children, you are changed as well.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

PÉREZ-PIERRET	727
<p>ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET (1883-)</p> <p>MY PEGASUS</p> <p>ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He is equally well-known in the United States and the Antilles as a poet of distinction and charm.</p> <p>My mount is Arab-English, firm and strong, With slender, agile legs, and lengthened throat; The nerves upon his flanks in network throng, His beauty has a strange and curious note.</p> <p>The blooded stock to which his sires belong Shines on his forehead with its tangled coat; He paws and curvets 'neath my bridle's thong,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

And sniffs eternities in breaths that
gloat.

In pastures calm he grazes,—but on high
His crest of light goes singing toward the
sky,

His mouth athirst for azure depths afar,
As though to gulp the starry spaces down;
When sudden, with a brutal hand, I drown
His frenzy, and the reins a-trembling are.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

(1884-)

FROM *LAS IMPOSIBLES**(To the Students of Honduras and Nicaragua.)*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ is a native of Honduras, whose work in metre and in prose shows extraordinary imaginative and dramatic qualities. His poems possess a beautiful clarity and great depth.

I am the first love. I am the enchantment.
I am the pain of that white form
the time you wrapped yourself in your
cloak
and studied here or in Salamanca.

Woman is pain. But of all,
I am she who worst wounds and blinds and
maims,

730	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>I am the first night of the nuptials of the soul, to which none ever came.</p> <p>I launch my glances like falcons to all those virgin souls that give easy prey to women. I am she who smiles on the balconies full of the moon, in the outskirts, to the poets and the freshmen.</p> <p>Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin mine, white as the flower of the lemon tree and when you brushed my hand you gave me more than a body entire.</p> <p>Perhaps I gave you my mouth. But be sure that if you kissed it, it was only once astride the wall and I so closely wrapped against the moon that when I saw you go you went drunk, forehead high, in your smile a prayer and you kissed the air; and you went blinded by me as by a light shining in all things.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Students, you whom Honduras
or Nicaragua sends to Guatemala
and who mingle dreams and penury
and live three or four in a room;

Crimson immigration of youths
half bohemians and half singers
sonorous with the preludes of lutes,
luminous with the blood of stars,

Who all know the mad cup
and stand two months in your landlord's
debt;

I am that golden-haired school girl
who, with a kiss which she left on your
mouth,
pinned a wing to your shoulders
and put the sun in your hearts.

—*William G. Williams.*

THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHO PANZA

Today Sancho cloaks himself in various
disguises,
Sancho Panza criticises, Sancho Panza
writes verses.

His bearing is the dominie and his speech
dogmatic.

From two crutches hangs his great plethoric
paunch.

He has the puerilities of grammar
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal,
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the
estrabote
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quixoté.

And the sad and curious thing is that the
insane Don Quixoté
opens a new trail into unknown lands
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably
passes the bell-shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and
upon highways:

"Praise with me all those who renew the
tongue;

I open new pathways for the young."

Never could I tell by what strange accord-
ances

Behind a madman always walk a hundred
sane ones.

Sancho, good Sancho, I admire your rustic
prudence

and I cannot deny that you have in
abundance

a sense of life which laughs at madness,
and which is of a hundred thousand San-
chos the common sense.

Complete, to its very full, your derision
laughs at the adventures of knighthood,
but when peace comes after the battle
you listen to the rebukes of your master
and are silent.

For the ball-men, life is forever lovely
since if it slopes they know how to roll
down it.

Oh, rotund squire of easy soul and broad
face,

without Don Quixote the Good, what
would become of Sancho?

734	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Your master misses a hundred times; but once he hits and that sole time is worth more than all your dead life.</p> <p>In opening to the mind a sealed path, thus history combines the divine pair; in front, the thin master dragging his squire; and behind, the fat servant, laughing, but he comes.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>William G. Williams.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GABRIELA MISTRAL	735
<p style="text-align: center;">GABRIELA MISTRAL (ca. 1885-).</p> <p style="text-align: center;">FROM THE "SONNETS OF DEATH"</p> <p>GABRIELA MISTRAL, or Lucilla Godoy, is a native of Chile where she has given her life to the education of children and the creation of poetry to be sung by them. Her works are as yet uncollected.</p> <p>The hands of evil have been on your life Since when, at signal from the stars, I sowed It 'mid the lilies. Beauteous was it rife Till hands of evil wrecked the fair abode. Unto the Lord I said: "From mortal paths Oh let them bear him,—spirit without guide—; Save him, O Saviour, from the grip of wraths, And plunge him in the dream Thine arms provide!"</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

736	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Lament is vain—in vain I strive to follow; Black is the tempest that drives on his sail; My breast for him, or mow away his flower!— Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of roses swallow— Is pity in my heart of no avail?— Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, speak Thou this hour!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Roderick Gill.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

FERNANDO MARISTANY

(1885-)

FERNANDO MARISTANY is a native of Barcelona where he still continues to reside. He has republished his original poems under the title of *En el azul* (Barcelona, 1919). His contributions to international letters may be studied in his volumes *Poesías excelsas de los grandes poetas*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua francesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua inglesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua portuguesa*.

(*My Soul sings*)

My soul is distant, with a crystal note,
As virginal waters in a hidden moat.

My soul is hushed in haughty solitudes,
As some old lordly manor in the woods.

738	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>My soul is frank and simple in its ways, As the light rain that flecks the rose with sprays.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE PENALTY</p> <p>Fourteen years old— And in the study-hall, Broad and unfurnished, at the school I stayed Alone and friendless, though some other lads Were with me.—It was six o'clock, but we Were kept till eight.—</p> <p style="text-align: right;">It was October's close, And the first chill—and down the garden walks The tossing trees were shaking off their robes; Amid the rustle of dead leaves, a hush More silent than a hush,—amid the sway Of fluttered curtains, struck the deep- voiced clock The hour of six—</p> <p style="text-align: right;">The class in violin—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Adown the staircase broad, the broken
notes
Of tuning—then, O God, arose and lifted
me
To heights undreamt of—trembling, ex-
quisite
Sweetness and bitterness—a pure *nocturne*—
Chopin, my brother, oh, my brother, now
For twenty years I bear within my heart
Your melody divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

(ca. 1885-)

TO MODERN POETS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO^{*} is a native of Chile, where he is well known as a poet and writer for the reviews. He has spent some years in the United States.

Truce to the hunt of gold,
O brothers strong and bold;
Life hath a beauty far
Beyond this traffic jar;
In vain trade's towers on high
Blacken against the sky—
The wind, a wild thing—blows—
And bluer, purer now the heaven shows.

From factory, wharf and wall
Some pallid flower may crawl;
Take it and from your soul
Put off the childish rôle,

MONTENEGRO	741
<p>And, though across a grill, Let sun your ruins fill. Fear not, your little song Can stay machines not long From their gigantic beat; The meadow-lark with fleet Sweep to heaven from the soil A shaft of song is, for the son of toil.</p> <p>Ye heralds of the suns, And swallow-myrmidons,— Lend courage to me now This hour of solemn vow;— That here amid our rude Metropolis may brood Forever fruit of song; That artists, poets, long Their refuge here may find, Comfort and peace of mind; That here all work, all thought, All song, to harvest brought, May see the grim tower to a blossom wrought!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Roderick Gill.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA

(1885-)

THE MANUSCRIPT

José MANUEL POVEDA is a native of Cuba where he has become an associate editor of *El Figaro*. His *Versos precursores* (Manzanillo, 1917) have won him great admiration as a poet.

It rests within its crystal royally,
 With ceremonious bareness set apart;
 Subservient ribbons mark its sovereignty;
 A seal is sign of its authentic heart.
 No fingers dare to turn its pages o'er;
 No modern reader comes to study there;
 Its object now is to be read no more,—
 Its mission sole is but to last fore'er.

In all the *coro* not a single thing
 Displays such haughty air or blazoning
 As does the boast of its antiquity;

Antiquity that ne'er can be destroyed,
Which, while it treasures ages, is employed
To assert abroad its own supremacy.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SONG OF THE CREATIVE VOICE

I turn unto the demiurgic nights
Of cruel, male fecundity;
I turn amid creative, squandering wights
Exultant where the cities be.

The spreading cities feel my anxious passion
In penetration 'gainst their heart,
Forming the letters that at last shall fashion
The word of Song apart.

The city gloats upon its silence dire,—
And shall I then be silent,—no!—
For Destiny would of me song require,
Bidding the city hearken low!

For this I brave the brows of its disdain,
Persistent, in my sorrow strong,
Faithful unto mankind amid my pain,
Till mine shall be his song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MONTOTO DE SEDAS

(1888-)

SPANISH EYES

SANTIAGO MONTOTO DE SEDAS was born at Seville, the son of Don Luis Montoto Rautenstrauch the poet. He is a graduate of the College of San Hermenegildo, and has become Archivist of Seville. His poetical works include *Última hora de Torcuato Tasso* (Seville, 1910), *Poetas* (Seville, 1911).

*"Trust not black eyes' smile or frown,
And be coy of eyes of blue;
Glances of the chestnut brown
Are the only good and true."*

Street Song.

Thinkst thou I can trust thy pleading
With such singing in the town,
When in thy clear eyes I'm reading
Trust not black eyes' smile or frown?

MONTOTO DE SEDAS	745
<p>Nor in thine whose eyes are shining Starry for a love-clasp due, Other warning they are signing,— <i>And be coy of eyes of blue,</i></p> <p>One alone my heart entrances, One with pining bends me down,— She who turns the mellow glances, <i>Glances of the chestnut brown.</i></p> <p>Hers that hold no trace of scheming Nor cajoling in their hue; Eyes that meet me in my dreaming <i>Are the only good and true.</i> —<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

746	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="514 482 773 512">RENÉ LÓPEZ (<i>Cuban</i>)</p> <p data-bbox="552 537 735 560">THE SCULPTOR</p> <p data-bbox="422 591 871 645">Sculpture's great mother was the rock-crowned crest: The frozen granite was her prophet old; In blazoned bronze her lyric praise was told; With molding clay was her fair body dressed.</p> <p data-bbox="422 825 871 940">My chisel is of steel whose flash is manifest As arrows flying past a sun of gold. I am the God of Art: the athlete bold, Proud chiseler of beauty pure and blessed.</p> <p data-bbox="446 970 871 1024">Time crumbles not the shapings of my hands. Under the feet of my great Moses stands Man, trembling as before a presence mighty.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

RENÉ LÓPEZ	747
<p>'Tis I whose hammer-blows, mid hurtling chips, Out of the block made rise from heel to lips The curves implacable of Aphrodite. —<i>Joseph I. C. Clarke.</i></p> <p>MARTINA PIERRA DE POO (<i>Cuban</i>)</p> <p>LOVE'S MIRROR</p> <p>"Girl, gazing in the crystal pool, What see you there to make you merry?" "I see within the waters cool My image—very like me, very." "You find it beautiful?" "Indeed I do." "And that is why you're glad?" "Why, certainly. "My beauty, 'tis,—face, form, and hue— That holds Sebastian dead in love with me."</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

748	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>"Girl, so fair and frank and pure, Sebastian's dying now to net you: God grant that he may not forget you If dies your beauty as the lure." . . .</p> <p>"Poor woman gazing in the crystal pool, What's there so saddening to see?" "I see mine image shining cool In its transparency." "And is it beautiful?" "No longer; no." "And that is why it makes you sad?" "Yes; even so. Sebastian's love lifts up to fret me: My beauty gone, he doth forget me." "Poor woman! Tho' you weep and weep, Tho' life may of your peace take toll: Learn that the only love that's deep Is that which rises from the soul." —<i>Joseph I. C. Clarke.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

DMITRI IVANOVITCH

(1888-)

THE CHILD ASLEEP

DMITRI IVANOVITCH is the pen-name of José Betancourt, the son of Don Julio Betancourt, born at Cartagena, Colombia, and educated at the College of the Pious Schools at Seville, Spain. He is the author of many poems, and one of the editors of *La Prensa*, New York.

In the hushed dwelling, where the plaintive
ray
Of one poor candle's light on roof and
floor
Weaves in its flickerings fantastic store
Of shadowing, a little head doth lie
Upon its snowy pillow while the play
Of rhythmic breathing calmly stirring o'er
The couch mysterious and pure and more
As with a wavelet—sets its depths a-sway.

750	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>There watching at her side, I gently feel Her light breath stir and move against my own That pauses with the awesome thoughts that steal Across me,—stricken to my very soul With the vague dread of life that I have known; I yearn to be her shield, her cloak, her stole.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

GUILLÉN ZELAYA	751
<p data-bbox="319 497 678 525">ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA</p> <p data-bbox="448 535 552 559">(1888-)</p> <p data-bbox="345 582 655 605">LORD, I ASK A GARDEN</p> <p data-bbox="276 636 724 790">ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA is a native of Juticalpa, Honduras, who was educated at the Escuela de Derecho. His principal poetical works are contained in <i>El agua de la fuente</i> about to appear and <i>De la luz ignorada</i> (in preparation).</p> <p data-bbox="276 825 724 1025">Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot Where there may be a brook with a good flow, An humble little house covered with bell- flowers And a woman and a son who shall resemble Thee.</p> <p data-bbox="276 1067 724 1121">I should wish to live many years, free from hates,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

752	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And make my verses, as the rivers That moisten the earth, fresh and pure. Lord, give me a path with trees and birds.</p> <p>I wish that you would never take my mother, For I should wish to tend her as a child And put her to sleep with kisses, when somewhat old, She may need the sun.</p> <p>I wish to sleep well, to have a few books, An affectionate dog that will spring upon my knees, A flock of goats, all things rustic, And to live of the soil tilled by my own hand.</p> <p>To go into the field and flourish with it; To seat myself at evening under the rustic eaves, To drink in the fresh mountain perfumed air And speak to my little one of humble things.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

At night to relate to him some simple tale,
 Teach him to laugh with the laughter of
 water
 And put him to sleep thinking that he
 may later on
 Keep that freshness of the moist grass.

And afterwards, the next day, rise with
 dawn,
 Admiring life, bathe in the brook,
 Milk my goats in the happiness of the
 garden
 And add a strophe to the poem of the
 world.

—*William G. Williams.*

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO

(1889-)

THE VISION

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO was born at Seville and graduated from the College of the Escolapios. His poetical work includes *Cantares* (Seville, 1916).

Between the cloister grates I have had
glimpse

Of her—her brows beneath the snowy
coif concealed;

Yet through the veils, her eyes of azure clear
Like ardent coals of fire were revealed.

Then came again the vision mystical
Of that strange day she took the cloistral
white;

And lone I peer athwart the snowy veils
Into the heavens of her blue eyes of
light.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

DANIEL DE LA VEGA	755
<p>SOME YOUNGER POETS OF CHILI</p> <p>I</p> <p>DANIEL DE LA VEGA</p> <p>(ca. 1890-)</p> <p>THE DOOR</p> <p>My door is always closed and always dark, My old door, crossed and recrossed with bars, Is harsh and hostile—nobody would believe That safe behind it songs and bright raptures glow.</p> <p>Before it sleep, silent, three steps of brick, That lead from the earth into my solitude, The sun of my innocent days rose up them, And knocked at the door with heavenly humbleness.</p> <p>Up to my door, one misty and quiet day, Two little hands of a woman came to knock,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

756	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And the leaves opened with the impetuous haste Of a bird opening its wings for sudden flight.</p> <p>Her little feet hurried and tripped up the steps, Traversed the threshold with light and gentle tread, And the two halves of the door shut themselves, dumbly, Seeming like eyes that do not wish to look.</p> <p>Then perhaps there was heard a light laugh of joy, And the faint sound of a kiss—then the silence of love, But the old door, obstinate, selfish, con- cealed Even the most shadowy echo within its heart.</p> <p>Slowly I move through life. In the restless Depths of each day, comes the future to knock And I say smiling: It is too soon!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Living and singing have still the same
sweetness!

But some day Death will draw near to my
door;

He will enter and silently give me his hand,
While still the future calls with the call of a
brother,

Poets wail for you! This is the final day!
And I, as a poet will cry with my dying
breath:

"It is too soon! Death, you are still too
soon!"

—*L. E. Elliott.*

II

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

THE AZURE SKY

What is the blue of the sky? It cannot
be Thy mantle,

For things corruptible are naught to the
Almighty,

But when on its calm beauty we rest our
tired eyes

758	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>There comes the blessed solace of quick tears.</p> <p>At close of day, painted with flaming clouds, The sky is a dread vision of the City of the Lost, And at dead of night it broods with such veiled mystery That we must fain prostrate ourselves before it.</p> <p>The calm blue of the morning is a sign of Thy omnipotence! For this hast Thou created its pure beauty, For this hast Thou permitted the arts of man To penetrate its depths—and for this, O God! I crave that some day in my sad and restless life Blue eyes may shine upon me with the love of woman.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>L. E. Elliott.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

MARIANO BRULL

(1891-)

INTERIOR

MARIANO BRULL was born at Camaguey, Cuba, and after a long sojourn in Andalusia returned to his native land where he was graduated from the University of Havana in 1913. He became Secretary of the Cuban Legation at Washington in 1917. He has been a frequent contributor to *El Figaro* of Havana and has published a volume of poems *La casa del silencio*, Madrid, 1916. A new volume is in preparation, entitled *En el peñón del vuelo*.

Here in her little room all still and lone
The things that made her life are greeting
me.

It seems as though her body as it went
Had left a spirit footprint, mindfully.

'Twould seem as in the mirror-moon were
shown
The shadowy glimpse of what she used
to be;—
And sing more sad her bird its caged
lament,—
And through the room her absence whisper
free—

Her gilt-edged book of prayers is lying there
Upon the table; and it says: "The care
Is small of worldlings,—Upon God,
thine eye!"

I raise my glance, and in my grief I moan:—
Oh, had I but, that final hour, known
The anguished sweetness of her last
goodbye!

—*Roderick Gill.*

TO THE MOUNTAIN

Just as soon as Mass is over,
Put our pious airs away;
And with luncheon in our baskets,
To the mountain! To the mountain!
To the mountain, for the day!

MARIANO BRULL	761
<p>Hark, the bells of glory ringing From the belfries of the Spring!— Sun and sky!—oh, what a blessing After gloomy days, they bring!</p> <p>How the water o'er the mill-wheel Rumbles furious and fast, Bursting through a thousand echoes Until—there—'tis gone at last!</p> <p>For the woods our hearts are hungry; Every bird hears us reply; Incense seems to sweep our bosoms— To the mountain! To the mountain! To the mountain, let us hie!</p> <p>Every grotto holds a secret; Every cleft its creed and rite; On the slopes is scattered grandeur— Hawthorn flowers and crags in sight!</p> <p>On the peaks the wind is hymning,— Heaven is nigh—the town, far down; Ah, why should not human dwellings All the free-world mountains crown?—</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

762	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>At the nightfall—with our baskets Empty—to the town we haste; All the mountain fills with shadows,— Spirits of the dreaded waste!— —<i>Roderick Gill.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA

(1893-1918)

IDYL

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA was born at Mexico City of a well-known family. He received his education at the Jesuit schools of Mexico City and Washington, D. C., graduating at the National University, Washington, in 1911. Later, political conditions in his native country forced him to take up his residence in New York, where he devoted much of his leisure to literature. He has translated some of Rabindranath Tagore's works into Spanish. His poems are in preparation for publication.

The opal-breasted morning of the spring
Scarce o'er the meads her luminous urn
can swing.

When from the nests the tremulous light
flute

Of songs comes thawing, and the echoes
mute

Awake and mingle with the distant brawl
Of lowing cattle and the shepherds' call:

'Twould seem that, falling from the morn-
ing's turn,
Each ray of light would into singing turn.—

Alone amid the pasture's splendid breast
There stands a tree, a shadowy poem blest.

Among its prescient leaves there lurks a
trace

Of old-world sadness and of pastoral grace;

And bending o'er the field, the green gar-
goyle

Of one long branch from out the trunk
would coil.

A-straddle on the branch a maiden rides,
As though a nymph some haughty centaur
guides;

<p>REQUENA LOGARRETA</p>	<p>765</p>
<p>Blonde is the maid, and naked, tall and fair, With glow transparent as the morning air.</p> <p>A sudden breath along the meadow grass Stirs with a kiss the branch ere it would pass.</p> <p>And she, whom hasty breaths of fever seize, Grips the bough tighter with her snowy knees.</p> <p>The while the icy jewels of the dew Send a sharp chill her silken body through.</p> <p>Her locks float back in airy coronal Above her shoulders, as the dawn rain's fall;</p> <p>And green and rose the shifting boughs appear Like some great butterfly her lips a-near.</p> <p>She sways a moment, then, as some divine Young nymph that Jove enamored would entwine,</p>	
<p>AND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

766	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Her scarlet kisses all the green bough cover,— And the tree trembles,—as it were her lover— —<i>Garret Strange.</i></p> <p>I WOULD ENFOLD YOUR DEATH AND MINE</p> <p>I would enfold your death and mine, as close As our two lives have been together bound; To your dire scar I would conjoin my wound, And bind with yours my fate of joys and woes. I would entwine our wills, until yours chose To be my partisan forever found; For I have gained your love, and sorrow- crowned, You have shown courage to a world of foes. Like the simoon I gather up your dust And heap on high a little pile of trust And hope and pain on pain, to call it ours;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

REQUENA LEGARETTA	767
<p>Here at the gates of an eternal rest, As all our dreams have known the self- same bowers, So shall my soul and yours have but one breast.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>—Thomas Walsh.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

LUIS G. ORTIZ

(1896-)

MY FOUNTAIN

HARD by the cottage, innocent and free,
Where swayed my cradle,—near that
hidden cot,

Its ripples overflowing from their grot,
Bursts forth my fountain, lost in greenery.
When the new moon was mirrored radiantly
On its clear wave in that sequestered spot,
How oft I cried, “Oh, happy is their lot
Who cross the vast expanses of the sea!”

It was God’s will that I the deck should tread
And find my wish to full fruition grown
Amid the billows of the tossing sea.
God in the deeps I saw, and bowed my head;
And now, upon the sea, I dream alone
My humble, sweet and murmurous fount,
of thee!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

MUÑOZ MARÍN

769

MUÑOZ MARÍN

(1898-)

SYMPHONY IN WHITE

MUÑOZ MARÍN, the son of Muñoz Rivera, was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1898. He was educated at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and his published works are *Borrones* (San Juan, 1917), *Madre harapososa* (San Juan, 1917). His *La selva del siglo* is in preparation.

'Twas midnight when she died; her body
lay

White as the wheaten wafer of the priest,
What time the heavens were weeping.

Let us pray,
O friend and servant, for her soul re-
leased!

Good Chaplain, seeing thus her body fair
And white as was the maiden soul it hid,

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

770	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>How shall they know in heaven, the angels there, If welcome to her soul or flesh they bid?</p> <p>Her hair was as the gold on sunset heights; Her body framed as vaguely as the dawn; It seemed that God to form its pure delights Merely a copy of her soul had drawn.</p> <p>There in her casket-boards I saw her lie, The purer even without Ophelia's love, Stretched all agaze upon the star-lit sky In the close shaft that shuts me from above.</p> <p>Now it is morning, Padre, and the sun Is up—the sun that hid behind the rain,— The sun that yester's holocaust has done,— The sun you know so well,—my sun again—</p> <p>I fall to meditation, how where'er Some bureaucrat or alms-dispensing dame Passes away, the sun is always there With share of gold the same!—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

If justice be in God, as light in stars,
 Green in the fields, and in the heavens
 blue,—

Why for her death across the morning bars
 Comes not a double dawn or sun in view?

The Padre bowed his forehead white and
 old

Into the breast of his soutane of black,
 And on his eyelids a slow tear unrolled
 And hung, reflecting the new sunlight
 back.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

772	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

INDEX OF AUTHORS

773

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Alcázar, Baltasar de	212
Aldana, Francisco de	250
Alonso X.	351
Alvarez Gato, Juan	80
Alvarez Quintero, Joaquín }	637
Alvarez Quintero, Seraffín }	
Andrade, Olegario Víctor	506
Anonymous:	
<i>Abenamar</i>	143
<i>Flight from Granada</i>	137
<i>Gentle River</i>	140
<i>Lord Arnaldos</i>	130
<i>Río Verde</i>	126
<i>Razón de Amor</i>	17
<i>Siege and Conquest of Granada</i>	132
<i>The Black Glove</i>	59
<i>The Candle</i>	694
<i>The Lay of the Cid</i>	3
<i>To Christ Crucified</i>	261
<i>Vientecico Murmurador</i>	146
<i>Villancico, Three Dark Maids</i>	581
Arévalo Martínez, R.	729
Argensola, Bartolomé Leonardo de	284
Argensola, Lupercio Leonardo de	263
Argote y Góngora, Luis de	267
Arguijo, Juan de	289

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

774	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	PAGE
Arteaga, Fray Hortensio Felis Paravino de	306
Bécquer, Gustavo Adolfo	495
Bello, Andrés	389
Berceo, Gonzalo de	24
Betancourt, José (<i>Dmitri Ivanovitch</i>)	749
Bilac, Olavo	572
Blanco-Fombona, Rufino	617
Blanco White, José María	387
Borja, Francisco de (<i>Prince of Esquilache</i>)	318
Boscán Almogaver, Juan	113
Bretón de los Herreros, Manuel	401
Brull, Mariano	759
Calderón de la Barca, Pedro	333
Camoëns, Luis Vaz de	177
Campoamor, Ramón de	444
Caro, José Eusebio	452
Caro, Rodrigo	299
Carpio, Sister Marcela de	349
Carrasquilla, Ricardo	465
Carrère, Emilio	715
Casal, Julián del	564
Castillejo, Cristóbal de	109
Castro, Rosalía de	502
Castro y Anaya, Pedro de	148
Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de	237
Chocano, José Santos	671
Cívico, Juan Garneró	754
Contardo, Luis Felipe	708
Cota de Maguaque, Rodrigo	108
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

INDEX OF AUTHORS		775
	PAGE	
Dávila, Virgilio	704	
Dávalos, Balbino	635	
Darío, Rubén	595	
Díaz Mirón, Salvador	535	
Elcina, Juan de la	119	
Ercilla y Zúñiga, Alonso de	221	
Escrivá, Juan (<i>Comendador</i>)	116	
Espinel, Vicente	258	
Espronceda, José de	421	
Esquilache, Prince of (<i>Francisco de Borja</i>)	318	
Fernández de Moratín, Leandro	374	
Fiallo, Fabio	591	
Figuerola, Francisco de	235	
Flóres, Julio	687	
Gabriel y Galán, José María	623	
Gaspar de Jaén (<i>Gasparillo</i>)	352	
Gómez de Avellaneda, Gertrúdis	434	
Gómez Restrepo, Antonio	619	
Góngora, Luis de Argote y	267	
Gonzáles Martínez, Enrique	640	
Gracián y Morales, Baltasar	341	
Gregoria Francisca (<i>Sister</i>)	363	
Guillén Zelaya, Alfonso	751	
Gutiérrez Nájera, Manuel	551	
Hartzenbusch, Juan Eugenio	417	
Heredia, José María	405	
Hernández Míyares, Enrique	538	
Herrera, Fernando de	226	
AND MONOGRAPHS		IV

	PAGE
Herrera Reissig, Julio	683
Hita, Archpriest of (<i>Juan Ruíz</i>)	42
Iglesias de la Casa, José	368
Imperial, Micer Francisco	601
Iriarte, Tomás de	370
Ivanovitch, Dmitri (<i>José Belancourt</i>)	749
Jiménes, Juan Ramón	718
John of the Cross (<i>Saint</i>)	244
Jordi de San Jordi, Mossén	38
Juan II of Castile	70
Juana Inés of the Cross (<i>Sister</i>)	357
Leon, Fray Luis de	188
Lillo, Samuel A.	699
Lopez, Luis C.	711
Lopez, René	746
Lopez de Avala, Pero	50
Lopez de Mendoza, (<i>Marquis of San-</i> <i>ta Fe</i>)	54
Lugones, Leopoldo	664
Luna, Alvaro de	52
Machado, Antonio	663
Machado, Manuel	659
Magallanes Moure, Manuel	689
Martínez, Gómez	76
Martínez, Jorge	82
Marcela de Castro (<i>Sister</i>)	349
Martínez, Fernando	737
Martín de la Haza, Luis	295

